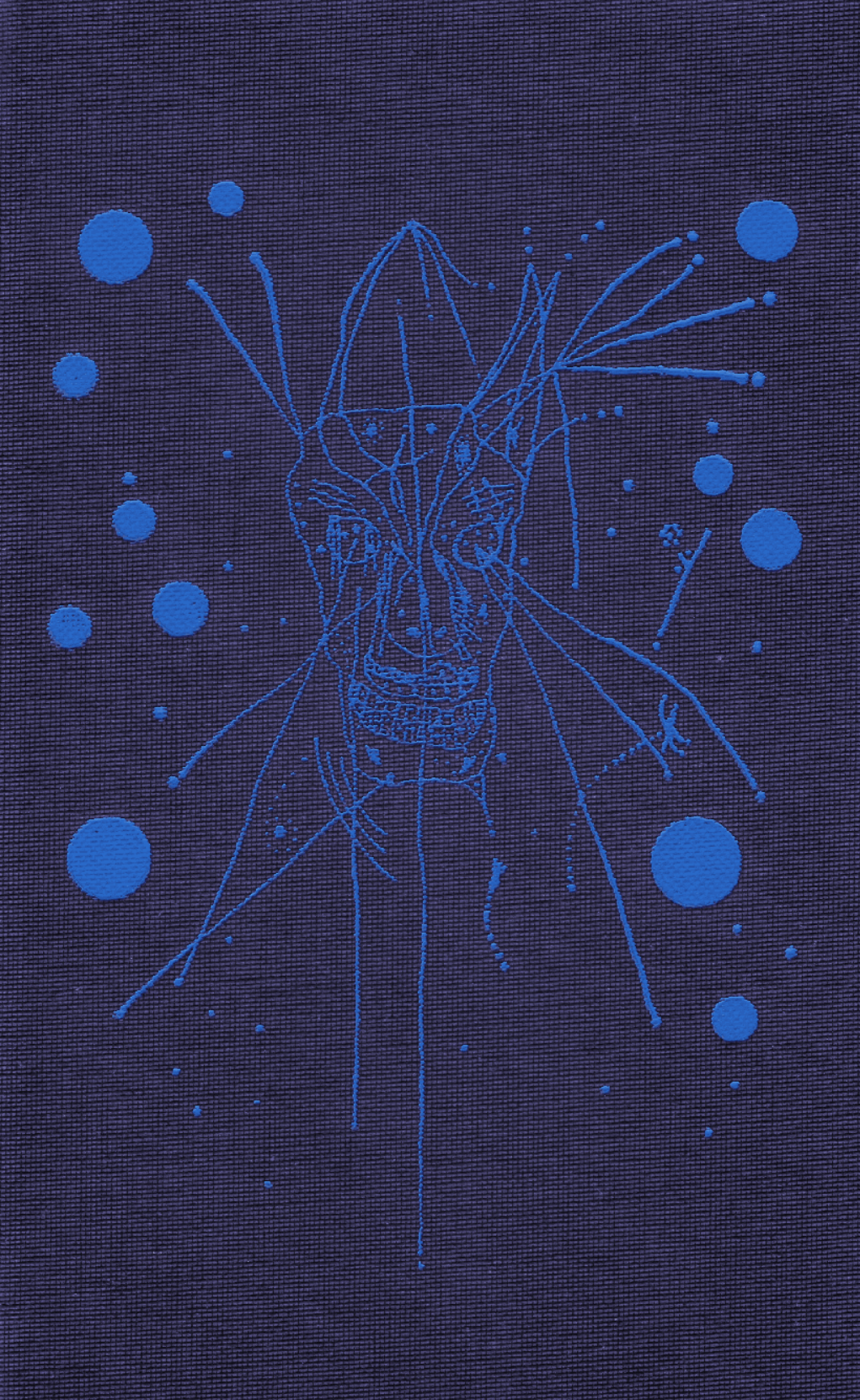


SING OMEGA

DAVID TIBET



SING OMEGA

DAVID TIBET

With an afterword by Thomas Ligotti



THE SPHERES

НЕСФЕРА

MMXVII

To Yesu the A *and* Ω*, the Secret Lion, the Inmost Light, and for all those dream of CatLand, sometimes called Pussydom*



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ϫⲱ ⲉⲱ ⲛ̄ⲡ̄ⲣⲧⲣⲉⲱ ϫⲱ ⲉⲣⲟⲕ

This volume brings together the major part of the words that I have written, or which have been written through me, for my dream channel Current 93 since I first opened her eyes in 1983. It also includes many previously unpublished poems, as well as lyrics that I have been asked to create for artists with whom I have collaborated.

In a small number of cases, I have also included short pieces by other individuals who contributed some of their words within a work that is otherwise my own; I have taken care to acknowledge their authorship. I have chosen not to add a small number of my texts which no longer sang of anyone or anything to me.

The title of this book is taken from an injunction by the Egyptian ascetic Pahōm, quoted by the Egyptian monastic leader Shenoute and recorded in a codex of the latter's writings which originated from the White Monastery, of which he was the abbot. Properly speaking, the Coptic text is to be translated "sing to the Omega" but I have used the shorter, if slightly less accurate, translation of "sing Omega". It seemed a fitting name to give this collection in view of my lifelong obsession with, and the influence upon me of, Christian apocalyptic and eschatology.

When I was young, I promised myself I would search for that Heavenly Mountain about which I had heard, and read, so much, and find the Invisible Church. It was only when I had reached the foothills of a Hallucinatory Mountain that I became aware that that Church resided elsewhere. And now I wait, with three cats on my lap, for the day when the Sun shall come upon us all like a thief in the night.

ⲁⲛⲟⲕ ⲡⲉ David Tibet
Hastings, January 19, 2017
Feast Day of St. Absadah

THANK YOU ALL WITH AWE

I apocalyptically thank Miss Kat for laying out this book with great kindness; without her, *nihil*. José Pacheco's constant advice has been utterly invaluable. Ayşe Tuzlak kindly collated all my texts. Ossian Brown's help has been *Thunder Perfect Mind* always. Ruth Bayer has sweetly photographed me for 30 years. Ania Goszczyńska tunnelled into my Piscine Illuminati and said Yes thrice; she also took the frontispiece photograph of me; *bardzo Ci dziękuję!* Megan Diddie and Aleksandra Waliszewska painted snails for me with smiles and skulls. Keith Richmond, Ray Russell and Mark Valentine were especially present in the closing scenes of this PickNick. Geoff Cox-Dorée, Steven Stapleton and Michael Cashmore have inspired me since the beginning. Mark Logan has supported me in every way known to the choir angelic. James Blackshaw, Henry Boxer, William Breeze, Michael Lawrence, Andrew Liles, Giulio Di Mauro and Lauren Winton have been here for me always. The influence on me of Shirley Collins, Bill Fay and Tony McPhee has been more profound than I can spell. Anohni, Ben Chasny, Baby Dee, Reinier van Houdt, Nick Cave and John Contreras have kept my soul moist. Norbert Kox, Nick Blinko and John Devlin have moved me to build new spires. Thomas Ligotti has been a soft black star in my heart from the first moment I read his work. Marc Almond, Timothy d'Arch Smith, Little Annie Bandez, Jack Barnett, William Basinski, Eliot Bates, Michael Faber, Nidge Ince, Johan Kugelberg, Melon Liles, Franziska Naether, Alex Neilson, Davide Pepe, Greg Peters, Steve Pittis, Sean Price, Carl Stokes, Steffi Thiel, Stephen Thrower, Bobbie Watson, Michael J. York, Yuen Wah and John Zorn have all graciously sang their own Omegas to me. Christian Askeland, Heike Behlmer, Anne Boud'hors, Dylan Burns, Malcolm Choat, Jenny Cromwell, Stephen Emmel, René Falkenberg, Emiliano Fiori, Tilde Bak Halvgaard, Hugo Lundhaug, Sebastian Richter and Alin Suciu have been sources of Coptic enlightenment as well as friends. Julia Giessler and Thomas Sowards drew me to Assyria and Jonathan Kearney shared his Biblical Hebrew with me.

I also invoke those friends who have approached the Splendour: Jhonn Balance, Peter Christopherson, Barbara Emmel, Eva Faber, Sebastian Horsley, Martin Stone, Tiny Tim and my ascended FurFaces — Frighty, Goblin, Ikan, Mao, MilkFace, Rao, Squiggy, Tikky, Wiggy, X-Ray and Yip.

I have doubtless forgotten many who should have been thanked, and I send my regrets from this present to that future.

I was Black Ship.

David as *Speller*+++

MMXIII

I AM THE LAST OF ALL THE FIELD
THAT FELL

(A CHANNEL)

HYPNOPAZŪZU



LEFT BEHIND BY BUTTERFLIES

2013

I AM THE LAST OF ALL THE FIELD THAT FELL

(A CHANNEL)

Non enim uno modo sacrificatur transgressoribus angelis.
St. Augustine, *Confessiones,* I.17.27

В память о Николае Обухове, человеке, который
слышал небесные голоса воспевающие Господа

I

The invisible church
Born in your mouth
Dreams purr into your cundom
From your horizon of grace and bolts
And heard the water breach in ⌜Cox[golden]
Your children are my children
I and you sourced them
And soared up to the streams and quit
Thus I *misspelt* all
The saids—heard just swirls kill tuned
Funnelled and bred the dark night
He hummed to me and *ergo ego*
The voice in voice and void
If I hinted "his is the fog"
Would you swim drinking mist and agree
With me that "oh how divine to sink
Or swim dreaming of him and ⌜Al[magus] and
La belle époque splashing twins and the…"
And the Gospel—live and die
4 last things whilst the train chuckles along
Hymning your traced seed?
Shall we—can we—execute?

I heard lists of houses, creeks, small fishes
With יהודה Judah banners—there was something
Dead in the jigsaw
Well jagged you sped into the twilit
Plucked thistles kissed cowslip
Drinks hosted to goddess ⌜Shirley[goddess]
Frater—what is the state of ghosts?
The sex of stars?
In the frame of the lashed face
Under the turretted galaxy
On that boat I smelt of horsies
And whistled the death plumb disco
Anger and stupid arise
In my moon garden
Pulled straps on my lips
And read Acts VII: 48 read
Romans II: 2 read
Romans II: 23 read
Romans too II: 29 and
Approached the gentle core of the sealed
And the master of the moonsmile
It is all Greek to see and *Spell*
And count drinking the letters
Crowned with bars and nails

II ת

Those flowers grew ταῦτα γράφω ὑμῖν
Ἵνα and Βαβυλὼν βληθήσεται
Βαβυλὼν καί never found but
In your heart the ghost of ⌜Gary Glitter
In black dragon dance
Βληθήσεται βληθήσεται
There was no hanging garden
Nor sable nor nail
And Σαῦλος ⌜Saul became Παῦλος ⌜Paul

Before the ascent on his fall
From אדם ˹Adam to גן עדן Eden
And from חוה ˹Eve at the Beast
From קין ˹Cain at the apocryphal pomegranate feast
From the moving fingers
That wrote for the  *šarrum*
And the crash of the image
And the death of the lineage
From Σεδρὰχ ˹Shadrach and Μισὰχ ˹Mishach
At knee in the flame
With their friend in the end
In purpureal stain
From the tip of my tongue
To the drought in your heart
From the ships in the sky
And the pyramid eye
From the cobbler at rest
And the night in her nest
And the fireman at play
Whilst her moon eats the day
From the singing fingers
And the hooves of the stars
From the heavenly writing
That is written in dusk
From the archer and the scorpion
And the stars behind them
From the goodnights and sleeptights
At the end of the knife
From the "thank ˹Christ"
And "praise ˹God"
When we are naked as bone
From the ghost on the telephone
Screaming for home
For the quick in their bed
And the beds of the dead
For the  ÉN (*šiptu*)

In the clay
And the utter Judgment Day
For the plagues and the rage
And the noose of the news
Through the barrage of mirage
That barcodes through rays
As a thief in a blink
With the Lamb as the link
As the question and answer
The prophetic Cross dancer
The gift and the rift
The present and desert
The field of bled woods
The farmer in חקל דמא Akeldama
The λευκός the λόγος
The א the π
The burster of graves
The looser of slaves
The fear in the night
When νύξ mounts the light
The spring in your step
And the bend of your neck
To the sword with no peace
Nor cosy release
To the camel the cub
The JayBird above
The warrior
The quarreller
The quarrier
Angry as clouds
Drowned by the rain
Lashed my flower high
And said "thank you night"
Made the clay as wet as your wedge
Heard the Greek dark mouth
Copper or bronze dusk

More like I am approaching the
Traingod and I shout at you
“Pentagram hexagram
Under your telegram”
With your 𐤇ammurabi eyes
And Σέραπις ᵀSerapis smiles
The spirits of the air
Ran through me
I vanished which celluloid gift
Told me that
Or hit me with ᵀSpermes
The winged seed
Or the flurries of your treat
Bend your eyes into her
She was the pinnacle mysterial
The finger at the tip of your heart
The mist of milk
I recalled your eyes entered
Into the ᵀChristAll mountains
Often tasted your breath
Heard the angelic breaths
ⲡⲁⲣⲑⲏⲣ
And praying I would descend or ascend
Into the whole
I went to hear messengers clash
Or *Spell* time out
In constellar pieces
Touched your dark close
Cloud to my closed lips
And waited for St. Mary to announce
Bells forever at a quarter to ten

III 𐤌

Kings and things were on the
Back of my drunken house

Those days
Always mixed with stupid twists of tribes
Or times—
Make this your murder sigil mass
Twice—thrice—more—times than you can call
Spite my face
I dreamt the damned speed night
One stroke—two stroke—three stroke
War toll
Passion day in the horsie's play
His mouth at bared kiss
The nihil trilling the hip of night
The navel of the ghost queen
Her mouth crowned with suns
Whilst it rains
Boats pour out into the waves of myrrh
Hymned myths and bullshit
The sarcastic arch of times
Diseased and deceased
Released cobras or pure πῦρ fires
Looked at her beautiful profile
As sweet as all the א Alephs א
Lusted for smiles without sheen
Wall or drops
I couldn't buy my way out of
Bruises by this date
Qabalistic trickery unworks
The natural DrakBark
Whiskered and glitching
Electronic face of hymn her
Who is your night?
Who is your own angel?
Who is your own ᵀName?
The stunted statue remains
Encolumned
Manhide lost to the bridgebuilder

And cenobitic grope from behind Maat 𓂀
Running simultaneously to the lupar tribes
In deserts in Afghan nylon σκηνή
They loll and wait for Oz
To arrive in time for the theme crime
The notes and menus of the sage
On the ridge in his boiled shell
ᵀBarrett[magus]!
Emphatic you touched me in perfumes
And sugars and almonds
In the ded red night
There were ghosts in the bed
By the piano dead
Announcing Japanese slaughter
Arriving for beheading
The dogs roll heads with China
The cattes roll dead with shepherds
KillKill
The monsters all moulted of shedded hair
And feathers and skinned
And shifted into the greed of us all
ישו ישו ישו ᵂᵀYesu ᵂᵀYesu ᵂᵀYesu
ᵀNox[prophet] *Spelled* right from the death
Of motorbikes arisen
Dodged the bullets from sidereal Bimini
And enforced his own abbey
In and over his secret Atlantis
And watch
Oh clock
The cows climb domes
Spoon and belt
And bone and the night hounds home
Ἐν τῇ ἀρχῇ was the arch
Ἐν τῇ ἀρχῇ the ἄρχων

IV 𓅱

With the dromedaries and Lambs and Hor 
He wrote and gardens and glistens the dreamers
If I had a wish
To clear the dusk
Into the lunar disk
I would add perfumes on paper
And sit in serpents
Smoking fags or doing speed
Drinking mead as plastic Viking
Or driven raven strangle my pasts
Off with my vanished head!
Off with the armorial dead!
Off to the burying ground!
The round grave carnival
The dragon in the bowl or bag
Ὠάννης in lipstick
The salmon in high heels
The salamander in drag
The past nailed to a mast of blood and blinks
Modular winks
On the armadillos amens and queens
Homosexual heavens untwin
And here comes counts—
You are that judgment
With what you are you will be embraced
By kindness of the King
ישו״ח Christ
Descends
Dove
Above
ישו״ח Yesu G+D
Whose home is the Cross
Humour little children
Honour the hoop and the bell

And the apple and the ball
Bow to the ᵀCrowᵐᵃᵍᵘˢ
In the long horizon
The naked women bathe
At the mountains or the clouds
By the tree Weimar jades bob down
To your drown
Who is your favourite model?
Wooden? comatose? wan?
Star? starred? hare?
Have you clipped the night
Tight to your thighs?
Have you met her two cats?
Have you treated yourself to her gold and milk?
One meal a day at night
Let's discuss denim
Or the weather
Of my dead friends
Who pass by my window
As I scribble this Baal Talk
I uttered 𒆠𒀀𒁕𒌷𒁕 Babylon
Almost snapped in Berlin
Twice nights ago
Then openglassed onto
George Street
I saw ᵀJhonnᵖᵃ̃ᵛ pass by
His ‘Ερμῆς Hermes joints moved
Uncoiling hipsters
Then into 𐤀𐤐𐤀𐤊𐤅𐤍
His wraith arrives bearded
Wine and gardens aimed
At the middle of the midden
Balls, eyes, Hindoo slang
Yip!—kill Cæsars, Kaisers, Tzars
Šarrū 𒈗𒈗 LUGAL.LUGAL
And the thick step of the clock

The ground drone of flies
And horse flies and chestnut seas
The fell beech
The oak torn from the night

V ₩

The heart full of eyes
And drunken words for warships
The peeled-back black bell
The queen of queendom and sandface
The broken and wrecked heart
Beating deeper than the nightwatcher
The myth you kept close to your breast
Than I am kind or some kind
Eternal hello under Sassania
And the kings of dust
Their pineal lineage transmuted
By gorse and geese
The ticks and the lice and the five bridges
All playing monkey in my heart
And gathered dogs for tea
And tune them into ladders
For the DogStar ascent
To the wretched galaxy
That is ever Neverland
Πλὰτων ⸢Plato wrote of you in Grotto
⸢Saurat wrote of you in Chartres
⸢Soso spake Greek to Πετρός ⸢Peter
Piling hooks and seeds
This is the shed
In which I keep the dead
The open mouth for mouths and rocks
The house of beloved mice
With whom I could not lie or lay
The Graal whom I could not sing sweetly enough

To touch out the thunder or argent
Lightning washing over the love
And brotherhood and wisdom that shuttled
Away down the Golden Pumpkin River
The mist drowned over my eyes and heart
The mist took me by utter surprised cats
Who snuggled and cuddled me into the nix and the nox
And knocked at the door and knocked me onto the floor
Below her I fell into
Terminal expulsion from apples and גן עדן Edens
And fed the swans once or twice
And gave rides to the red rager
And on that fragile roundabout
Not far from heaven
I saw the sun swallow with a yip and a yes
And saw the lint glint in her eyes
And the owl shut shot with paraboxes
Into that teen twine we fell together
And shouted and shuddered
And held breasts kissed lips
And dreamt of Kingdoms and Queendoms
And matched wire with fire
And switched funnels snatched
Open pain open

VI ♓

Mourned winter then
In the middle of harsh day
I saw the Moon Her
Beaming as the Queen
Shook out Her broken dawn
And kissed him tenderly
Shook down from Her many stars
Drifting seeds to sleep sowing
Fields of spring clover dreaming of

A night bursting with milk and signs
Of coded silent planets, ices and suns
Touched Her finger to Her heart
And smiled "I am in you always
The pulse in your blood the fire
In your salt the flame in your gem"
Like the night then full of all
UtterLoveUttered, springing
From the sleepless seas soaring
Over muddy towers grey graves
The hope light in your eyes
Moved open the Spheres and
Spelled ᵀ *Summer* dust
Heard that jewelled night
Spill open a thousand stars
Held your body like the wind
And felt the shudder
Of your mouth sing like  Mars
Resurrect me in your stillness
With wingbeats from the SunFlowers
Towering over the diurnal leaves
Brush your kind face
With doves and starlings
Sweep down like bells on your kiss
If we count the cost of all we stole
From perfect earth and transcendent stars
Fog and ForgetMeNot
Goddesses awake in trees and
Seafoam licked by the shells
And soaring gulls—in
That beauty set in a hollow
World splits words and flies in the
Sapphire face and I do never
Shall never forget that Love
That first sang of stars and
First sealed jars of LambLight

Planted groves of sparrows
The buzz of night under the
Sunny skull of mercy
Which breathed out your history
Before your eyes awoke to
"No proofs" or "proofs"
"Letters" or "no letters"
In the dead hands of dead papers
Which have long since left the central
Dance and in dull dull trance
Squealing "I ate the feast" and
Then "I am the beast"
And slid into the bloodstreams like a swamp
Nude to the word and the world
Naked to the ethereal city's sweep
And ate our home and throne
 SPHERES—we are as free in
The night twined with vines
And SunBabies we are free
In the day lined with tiny moons
I awoke and stared at the sun
Falling into the mouth of those moons
Heard the seagulls squawking and mouses
Squeaking of another world and other waves
Fox and vixen in the sunlit night inside
The moonlit palace and swift as BirdSong
Smiled the babble and girders away
Sparks flying out of the beaks soaring above
The stunted city hunched blindly under massed stars
Over the chalk hill driven on
By angelic yells

VII

And onto PickNickMagick—
Springsongs—your tongue tasted of snow

⌜*Summer* hare skip
Your trace mazed alone the ⌜*Teller*
The bluebells Toll for skull
Crown queen of pearled worlds
The train delayed by snow
Or children's tricks on the godshelves
Nipped into night to taste
The lust of doves
And the singing twins
And with a white pen on black wood
Vanished slit galaxies and
Yellow sundials
And cropped spectres all
Marching in time and crunch
On their souls and clap their fame
Into porpoise rain
My mother is sewn in the new insert
The blues are dream dead and
Spin like false clouds under the
Dreamclock ticktock
Spanning steel and baby's howl
When pierced through her full
Beautiful heart in a crown of bay
And laurel arches
King Moon come to my house
And aid my breath
Community is moving into smoke
And stars going round and lost
Crowns from her head
In the beauty you fumed
Anyway I am as friendless as Cæsars
Now as then—the drunken enclave
Has been night and crowls out into the spaces
That she left me
Moths and beautiful dust
On the wings and on the petals

If I have some advice for the teens
Spell "fuck prophecy" and
Though the codes doze on
Their signature is in your soul
The book is hooked in your heart
From that breathe into birth
That caused your all
That dawn that formed you
And the crux that scorned you
(And so much for Akkadian grammar and *Spelling*)
Singing the last wedge after ישו Yesu
The bray of dogs
The ⸢Crow[magus] Song over the black ringers
The hobby horse dead with their slip ⸢Name
And the bright cats nosing into
The PickNickQuilt—
Shake that into your bread!
And write it in heaven with my ⸢Name
In pen and reeds
And call me from the quick drone beyond
The dead home into
The BirdSong eternal
Speak to ⸢Shirley[goddess] about an
Unreal death and how
You thought you were skipping after butterflies
And did not look for the wolf hard behind your back
Snuck into the gingerbread house
And didn't see the witch twitch there
As the *BaalStorm* raged and the
Stickysweet walls folded you into her womb
The WolfWomb the foxfunnel
The 666SickVessel
Treat fire like a lion
Devour the owl at the count road
Στύξ of shadows clouds crack for the clowncrown
Spin your lies from the juicenoosefarm

Excrete your face again
Into the muddy dawn and sing
In the stinging storm
That winked as you sank into the salt
You raised your mouth to milk the sky
And touched yourself and sang "I
Am above the all and in the howl"
I could not find your lips in the songs of bees
In ForgetMeNot fields
Of the glad and the dead
And their fabled garlands
Of ghosts and pearls
And the rats on the way
And the cats soaring above the waves
Singing mermaid miaows
And kissing the foaming flow
Spilling out over all the oceans' hearts
Ten years before your "yes"
You drank dreams of *Æons*
Into your mouth

VIII ᚻ

Why did the fox bark?
Why did the lark soar?
Why did the brokk hide home?
To hide from the reaper in suited spectre
To grub up
Eye rises with lilies as Greek keys
Or Hebrew codes
To cover my face with your face
To breathe your breath
Into my breath
To make your words my seed and
To *Spell* your *Tell* Tales as sunshot
And moonmouth

If you looked at your heart's sound
You would rain arc and arch
As the PickNickMagick
Covered your eyes with gold
And honey and millions of years
And myriads of stars
And cuckoo and chaffinch
And cockchafer and griffin
The antelope sky matched the eyes
That around you sang of ᵀDante and 𒌷𒀭𒌅 Uruk
And ball and the bells
Covering my heart
The bells calling in your fame
Amongst the cynical dead
And the shades of worn empires
And shabby Cæsars wrapt up warm
As the face of the *BaalStorm*
As cosey as clouds
Or mice in the walls
Or murderers hiding
In the peppermint palaces
Around the bars and the blackbirds
Cawing and soaring
And blessèd ᵀOb$^{\pi\tilde{\alpha}\nu}$ singing
Sawing as אכד ᵀAchad
And 𒀀𒆳𒁺𒌅 Akkad as ☥ and anchor

IX 𐤉

I remember the Berlin boys
I remember the squalid squadrons
In their blackboots and
I remember their ballgowns blooded
Whilst they tripped the foxtrot and then
BaalRooms sweeping the nimble
Quickblood before them

Bounce the Baal still
In that age
On that dusk page
Renown in Tyre or carnage
At the *Baalissimo fichissimo*
Turn of the tide
Whilst the Nodding God span webs
In the distance
Spinning like a twist of smoke
Or steam or vapour
And whistled into the night face census
Blackbirds drone in the skies
The message is *I ran evil*
Away with greenwood lads
Supplied by sidereal orb
From the burst hill house
I loved to dance like ants
When I was young in body
But old in soul
Now older and in vice
I made for myself out of γοητεία
I invoked the PickNickDæmon
Into my loins and hoped
She would know my groin
And eat me whole
And eat my soul
And drink my whole
And take all of me into her as Great Black Time
The hooks were not shadows
The hooks too were real as rainbows
And kissed me like mist
And went down on me like fog
I opened my legs as wide as the grave
And said "take me and seed me"
Then I shut the dream
And counted out the flood

Regarding the armour of your karma
Regarding your darling face great to kiss
Your bramble disguised as Βαβυλὼν
Upon 𐤁𐤁𐤋 Babylon
On and on we chatter
Whilst around us the clocks clatter
And the abyss…
And the abyss shatters upwards
Into the perfect pole
Dance on dead and
Dance out dead
And flick fingers at the highrise island gashes
Animalise me and make me *Spell* out your *Tell*
That dread beast laughed at the dead feast
And licks his lips first
And then licks yours
Your mound on his mouth
And his star in your south

X ‹

Spring sand dreamt larks
Arising over the copper fields
Spoke ᵀ*Summer* breath
Breathing out the magickal birds' breath
Vision of armed eagles
Unskilt
End your unkind jaw
End your chopping march
Attain the untamed cup
In the broken night your heart
Shut off the moon
I halted the song of the suns
Stroke your head with BirdSong
And kiss your lips with twisted vinesong
He was saying I said into the house

Out of the house
With bread or sisters οὐκέτι
And with your time torn into me
Sing the ends of the book
And the crimes of ᵀMr. 30
In his hanging time
Scattered masks on the wall
Cats spray and cats piss
The song of French smoke
The orange groves and the aorist sea
Never treat the dead to PickNickMagick
The friendless now loss lost
The time slipt in whistling
Black Crack א Aleph
Black Crack א Aleph
Smacked in your tan
Black Cracked א Aleph
Now call ᵀCrows[magus] or dreams down
Owl in fashioned green
King of tricks and clocks say—
Do not eat the dead
As 𒌷𒉡 Ur
Do not nourish yourself on the dead
What is the cost of sand in Anarch?
What is the cost of blood as mist?
What is the cost of the child in your heart
With his castleface?

XI ‹ᵀ

I could not shift the shadow
Or form sugar for your halos
Channelled table-taps from ghost gods
Prowled and slept in steep ships
Mixed mythology with pathology
Tossed a coin and hymned the groves

Then did you scent the wind drop
And count the codes of seeds?
And did you call the night "bright"
And drink the sex of stars?
Or might you cartoon Ἰούδας ˈJudas
And cast in flower rooms?
Your breath flickered next to my breath
Humming noise and rhyming sweet songs
That your mouth had heaped up like rivers
And buried deeper in your hearts
Unzipped *Æons* and cradled antlers
Opened your face and gave your grave
Opened True Moon opened thousand
Nights and paths under mountain flames
Spelled the gardens as the cock crowed
And spoke slowly as the laughter rose
In dragonflies and PussyWillows
Dreamt your lips like Kings and Queens
So open up your mouth
And in your invisible church
Under sun whilst cats purr
Gorgeous dreams under dark nights
And tender rhymes under SwallowFlight
And lovely BirdSong sings
What is the cost of sand in Anarch?
What is the cost of blood as mist?
What is the cost of the child in your heart
With his castleface?
Who is the coat ˈ*Teller* wore?
And *Tell* me your great ˈName
In torrents of birds
Kiss me your real ˈName
And wait for the sun to bring you open
And bare your naked church
Into my mouth

HYPNOPAZŪZU



"Create Christ, Sailor Boy"
Said the Garden Saint of 40 Skulls
"Your time sank further into PinkFace
And Armorial Walls"
The Sweet Bird sat no longer in the nest
Nor rests the dead forest
With the KosmoCheat
You and MoonMe
Were walking through
The walls covered with photos
Of the Hosts in the Sky
Singing
MAGICK
MAGICK
MOON
AWAY
Folding harsh hands
Just craters for Albion at Shriek
Were we drowned? Yes!
Cynic ChristMass at the Owl
"Create Christ, KosmoCheat"—
This was your time with signs
You yeah you in the Dead Forest
Your lips like Planet Cream
Or Orchid Dreams on
Your two lips fronded
Like the wood as plastic smiled
Twice FlyFace
And chased gulls into hills and streams
Split like silverfish
Your teeth as breathes
Your Eyes breath deep
In the skittle hills

Night like a lock
Or dropped into ferns
Cute moss—cold still
Those faces hidden in your palms
Counted them like beasts at hopscotch or
Far away I
Saw you roundabout with KnifeTime
Her victorious family as sparse as
Mares or knocked on
Foxstars—as the dreams
At transvestite TwiLark
The sweet chorus was "LARKSBURR"
The harsh chorus was "NIGHTSHOUT"
The chorus was "BIRDTONGUE"
Whilst we traced GraceFace
Whilst hope sweeps infernal
In the diurnal house learning
Grammar near ARMAGEDDON
Which *may* mean
The Sounds mate light for 𓋴
There are cloud penguins
At massacre in cutieform bone
In the funny papers
The Funnies strip
As Archie and MeatWolf
Meets BloodFace
I wished they had birthed me in the
Bone Canal Blues Suite
I would have waved placards that Apocalypse
Surely *any* ending
My roots are in 𒀭𒌷𒁲𒀭𒌷 Aššur
Even at my brother's breast I thought
I was at the Dagon Bar
With the usual grab-bag of sublime visions
Such as:
Pinocchio Under Golgotha

Pinocchio's HandJob
Pinocchio Triumphant As Tulip
And on and on until I hear
"Mache David Shhhhhhh"
Or steal postcards titled
"Λέσβος in Χρόνος"
Or search at the market for
First Fish Fruit but the
Shopkeeper Declines
In SILENCE in his THROAT
And the STRETCH of his
VOICE shouts he has Sighted
Pixie at ShopLift
I write blue and
Raised buntings to the BlueBlood
And wrote *Blue*
Imagined our Queen's womb at
Market—burning follies
Glisten "I woke up this SunLight"
Screeched "Good night, Spaceship"
Coloured my prick green blue
And loosed bees or flies
And uttered primly "Oh Desert"
And read on the gas pumps "Yip—
Her Name is GAME"
Absurd Petrol Temple!
Lost Arch and Ace and
Us Angel was hit for 666
By the MouseSource
Drinking silk breasts whist
Alice was eclipsed by the lovely light
And we raffled for the scaffolds
Speeding sweet throughout the murdered wheel
"Charcoal for 6i6Nick"
"GogBotherers not wanted *here*"
And we were caught on the hop

At the ApocaLollipop scheming
93 ways to kill your lover
And mimed to all the Greatest Hits
By Cat Stevens and I as *Hound*
I promise you: Gary Glitter is not
At Hell and I know Utter*Æon* the logo
Shall not resurrect
You but the *LOGOS*
Has already built for you
Your palace and tomb
The Crow at play through you
Is the HOLY GHOST
Or Satan's crisp whisper
Pretending Charlie is Girlie
Or a Fairy Gale
Whilst we bed down for ChristMass
With the Channellers at NightTime
With Column
(I was missing you and kissing you
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh)
In media lied Teeth about
"The Death of SecondSight"
Or "The MURDER of the MOST HIGH
In GrillTown"
I fell silent, alone
Looked at my words in 3light
Dreamt I was satin, or ANOK
As in statistics; that she and I
Lost laughs—tripled Jay
As ThriceMice, discussed
Why Girl=Lamb=Rapture
And settled down in the bright clear harbour
With spurs of harvest or sweet home
Apocalama
Should I scratch Sweet Sodom Songs from
My sea view?

Is there rest or rot
In the mushroom cloudroom?
The burden of grasping that anchor
Like a child again living in a true fable
Mock those ten years after, pilots
UtterGoddess, utter HER
In a swept dream I saw
Shirley as the Final May Queen
Surrounded by rage
I called MMM with my TreeBook
The Maiden was not the sign
But the mist on the King
Wetted the way forward
I couldn't lift the Shadow
Ran to Red Pale
Hurting in violet fields with
Traces of space playing in my lunchbox
It's ToolTime!!!
Spat signs out for the halo
I listened to at 12 and unballed myself
Crystalline for the Beast Beast waiting
In his temple of Ghost gods
Glossed as "vernal pox on Demeter"—
Meant *nichts*—could have snatched flowers
Or pretended plutonic love
Confusing mythologies as ever
Dying in the dragons, spending
On shallow dogs on the broken beat
Their tails cracked for "population"
Or to make dregs of mountains
Better to kiss PussyWillow
With your DragonFly hard on
And onprod shining
Laying in the depths of ghost
With nothing hymned but just
The CockCrow omnipotent

We all know the groves' drone
And its stippled promises and I
Just heard a young woman say
"The bag of tits later"
But so late for the Crows who
Touched her with their paint
Herded cows towards her
Her HelloHead nodding assent
To execution dark drawn in
Blind Spain, blind hand
Hit me with dark tiled eyes
Hurt heart, tip the Brock cap
Eating FireColoured fun,
Dreaming marble
Eyes flick through space
Licking unlipped at main street smash
Tracking smack and noise
Rhyming "MaidenHead" with "Snow"
Printing smut in the Ship sheep greet
And fire in your heap peeps:
ALL THINGS MADE NEW
Those are the sparks that are life
Neither coming nor going but WAS/IS/SHALL BE
The UTTER ANCIENT OF DAYS:
The GOLDEN CHARIOT—G+D G+D G+D
Unlucky us—the ancient dater is dead
And by the time you read this
(This is PalmLight twice)
The light over the Moon
The sun and its tails
The tall grass bending like words
As new as shells
As nooses over the moon
In frank kisses at WolfLight
Stars lips like killing queens
Tracking time through teeth and wings

The middle angels did not speak
In teeth and winds
But their words rushed like winds
Reporting laughter
Joyful in your mountain
Splashing drones at Eostre
Wiping away kings and things
Skipping synagogues
(April—May—June—JULY)
I wanted the darling *Childe* Double UR
And took him to the Bark Tower
Where the words "Twister for Glitter"
Were dreamt in its stone
Take your face away, one part, one gorge
With the channelled King now a Rainbow yell
Selling sex of stars
Kissed and drunk
In the Milky Way
And left with Bunny at TwineTime
Furrer and further
Flotsam and jetsam
Self-same as children with ladders
Full of joy and tricks

LEFT BEHIND BY BUTTERFLIES

Biter like the moon
Shorn fields from whirlwinds
Drank like the son
Molten grieved suns
Forged of flowers and gardens
And carousels and graves
Pitched black like that bite
From lunar mercury mouth
The finger and hand and the blare
Of the band and the waves calling down
On the beaches of myrrh
Bright missed in the passing machines
Dreams of water towers, sharp gardens
Bleak jade dungeons and sleek grottoes
The clipping sword wound
Master of debris patched under Christ
Blown away by the fires you spat at teethtime
There comes a time a time a time
When the blind the blind
Unweave their statues and uncross
The thrones they have built in straw
Poor mouth, poor slash, poor marks
Left behind by butterflies

MMXII

"JHONN," UTTERED
 BABYLON

JOURNEY TO AVEBURY

2012

“JHONN,” UTTERED 𒆳𒌋𒉡𒀀𒁕 BABYLON

I 𒁹

—“Jhonn,” uttered 𒆳𒌋𒉡𒀀𒁕 Babylon
Utter Balance 𒆳𒌋𒉡𒀀𒁕 Babylon
Brakking Heart
On the plain Cornish shore
Uttered 𒆳𒌋𒉡𒀀𒁕 “Babylon” or “Snap”
That night before I was
Biting teeth from ghosts
Spread my head to the wind
And listened to the glass smash
The bloodied ear
The punctured drum
Heard rumours of bruises
Gossip’s tumours clipping in
To the tin-mine, the
Selfish dream inhire of the
Flies, helicopter angels
The taped cross brimmed over
Their hearts but tape 2D
Little cow, please eat my
Twenty heads at Night
Statues, masks, boots on
The pinhead peeper, the
Visual creeper, observer, harvest
At twilight or real anytime
The Night thick too in
The Day and panting behind
The Sun like a hound
Bounding towards the
Legion of kit-kats and
Knick-knacks tumble
You You in the dun grass

II Π

Diabolo or penny-whistle
In Your pick-pockets for
Genève or the dead Queen
Of Cleves—You were drunk
In the bar. All the above
Was not not so below—my
Mind was calculating or
At least approximating my
Collapse or the beginning of
A strange sidereal fall
As You would no doubt have
Guessed and approved
My sidereal slide started with Thee
At antique
Roadshow the Future
Black and white tin
Disgorged its carnal
Material candy
"I advise Nick;
Diamanda is keen to
Hear of Art and Advice"
On the walls and no
Doubt on the tombs or
Theatres popping up the
Doomed—now back to
Earth or Stamford Brook
Or Walthamstow where You
Prepared to die a long slow
DIE DIE DIE and be
Diva Trickster and untwist
And waiting for the bats
That fall fall fill so fast
The Spare Spaces in Your
Heart. Have You heard

Some time in the peace?
Upon that time will be
The magickal cloak, so You
Said eaten by occult owls
Or limnal bats, or the Howl
In the Cowl who squeaks and
Twitches in the NOX
Back to some Utter
Reality Balance—well
Needed to be bleeded or
Twisted in the Mutter
Of the Vaginalack Mother
Who clacked and clattered
In the Tremble Town the
Haunted Winkies laid in
The lifts, dying by shifts
The cave You made, the
Cave You gave, the cave
Your grave You lay in
Willow Willow Willow
Follow the Mercury Cap
At the snap of Your beat
With Doomses in the
Cottage—the Toilet Thoth 
His beak peaking into the
Fountain's head
I have wandered far away
From Ἑρμῆς Point—the
Point of this is not to
Anoint the kiss of Your lips
Or the fist in the Lamp
The Thunder straggling
Through the ointment on
Your planes—You were and
Are as beautiful as the stars
Who saw You drink

And sink the seas
Pretended Σείριος—a
DogStar at the DogBar

III ♊

There were no stars left
Towards the end
But the horizon flat
With what I thought of
As Murder. Who was the
Constellation who killed the
Scales? Is this loss to
Write? Endless hoop for
My heart and mine for
Ten ten ten ten ten ten
The bucket of blood, as
Theatrical as the Cream
Queen was shaken into You
Inside—into the heart of
You You You came the
Sinistral Sprinkler with
The lunar bail-out
I lost tracks but still
Have the faded faxes
Folded in the files next
To Tiny and Shirley
Kings and Queens
Aiwass the wooden hall
From Ligotti—Emperor
Of the non-existent
Knife of Night. Kiss
The Chaos in his Choir-boy
Town, foreign to Eyes
And Lips too thin to grin
At the ToyTown Grinder

Skeletal arms on hover
Horses' faces juggled
And in the night when I
Read *Agonising* and Antony
Calls panic in his mouth
"Does Your friend really
Believe that and that and
That" I said is him
He stared too long into the
Abyss and saw bliss
Painful to see but not
Without his own humour
In Hastings last things
Tremble and tumble by
This is Paradise of Breasts
For those who care to rest
And dragons as full
As any in this town
The dogs and their junkies
With thin and hell
To help them with bread
And needles and subsidized
Help from the Reich or the
State—both the Snake
In the apple and the
Manhood of the biter and
The bit; tomorrow's candle
Tied lions—it's Hallowe'en
Tonight as tight as lies
I write this and wait
For the sun to sip the stars open
And sleep

IV ᚺ

Moon families
By with invisible head
"Thanks for Your kindness
David, Sincerely L. Cohen"
The Zen in the Zohar
When only own was here
Looking back there then
And the life but now pulling
That clasp—was that really
Magick in the Haunted Air?
Grinding under the birth or hedge
Where the old plough shrieks
Into the garden and then
Passes by gasping into the
Maze the car-park of
Each hallucinating gaze
Eye spring—FangBell, TwiLight
Twinkle the earthbrown
Kiss—a loanstone hopping
Towards us

V ᚺ

THE HEAD
HITS THE FLOOR. The fire
Smokey fountain with
Mythical faces boiling
In Flat *Æons* chorus in
Us. Not Pergolesi in France
Non troppo allegro just
SunChords always blink
Away the Disney sore
Haunted Haunted Haunted
Riding on the form or

Drinking deep the park
Silver path. Jhonn hurls
The Pole and PinkBreath
And Lip couches for TipToes
First the Corn breaks and
Well then, see You
Horseman, trip and triangle
Beg green, bound Your time
In Flowers sent
Perfumes to the Luftwaffe theatre
In those tanks and in the
Squalid barrels where the stale
Waters gather cover squalid release
I had always T killed
Deceit in today but
The SEA arisen battleshift
Sharp as YouthBreath doled
Out for the FireMan
You wore lipstick and looked
Bible into howling
Twirled Your colours, a
Ladder preparation for mist
When You were over, the
Fist silent breaks windows
Asleep or birthday at time
Silently waits for open
Measure, foxy and full
FLOWERS FLOWERS
And the faun was emptied
Whilst the tongue sped on
To the Night and the falling door
And the frozen face lit
Musical robots who fled
Into the RoundAboutDusk
Cheering "There is no FUN
In the DEAD". So how did

You cope on the shaft?
Lied in Your impossible garden
Haunted lair of swoon
And sway and in Your
Bedroom until waves with
Messages and
RED ballet and hares
Driving the horses before
Them like dust
More hateful than cocks
Imagined You whisper
Trim and neat in Your
Sunday rest—the
Sundial Ghost approached
With the red snow
And the Heap of
Reaping Toys—the
BurnBag given by the
BadLuckClock to each
Dawn Kid
You held GOD in Your
Hands gentle and kind
And took Him by the THROAT
Then let's consider Sinking
Into the romantic thorn
The Rose wasn't sick
But indisposed

VI ₩

The Worm at the bottom of
The Mexican DoomDoll
Flicked the Nice eyes and
Puckered up to the Trinity
The Night is in Town
For a blink—lock the

Teeth and You will
Miss the taste of his
Entrance—proud
Nazareth—broken round
The Slide—Lunch-time
Water the lawn. Say
HI DIE and the Wind
Is snowing and
Thinking of making
Love with the supermarkets
Whilst it colours in their NIGHT
Reality in polka-dot
Mood on the fridge
And the tap and the
Gold Spitfire Twine
Shook the Ships in their
Cypress Bower imaginary
Hip to the Miss or
Bent stick crystal
Time Machine
Hæmoglobin on the
Cottage empty—open
Broken Dogs orchid
Liar the pillar-box
Fire scraped up the
Hill past Egyptian
Dogs into that Crow
Hotel. Oh I LOVED You
Oh I loved You the
Purple text and You in
Ugly drunken
Ecstasy hissing fit to
Fall and hail hell tulip high
Cats' black beetle
Moves into Huge View
For us all the Pot

Bubbling the King
Moon in You and
Set on Your back
Sit on the fæcal
Throne but then fast
You're on the phone and
Calling on me or R.
Curses or gold blessings
There was not Bird in
The HAUNT; there was
Not rust in the Breast
And You lay there
Wickered clay, how fast
The horse races towards
Us spinning fires and
Master with the
Fireflies creeching and
Shrieking for shells and
Storms
Death house to be
TRAPEZE crossing over
To RoughLight to hide
The Moron Reich
Stripped trees in the
Bountiful beautiful MoonLight
Raped the crazy train
Gardening baby blooms
For the staged and
His King Sharp Card
And Bright Dice
Staircase to Space
Suddenly KillFace Peers
Through the Window
Crossed with mint
And now Funny how
The Snow Died at

That Moment all of
Grace and I remember
Well Your GIRLFRIEND
Girl tender as Walls
GOD was in that smear
On the butter caps of
The Pearly PEAR
PEARL flooded into
Your Eyes and tipped
Into the signal Pool

VII ⩔

The Final House
As Cunning as Mice
Sing Hammers and
Threats like Myrrh
Red me, stupid Peacock
"You can't give him a
Drink"—I take
That Bottle and towards
The Rumoured Hot
Spring to tube with
The Tamil Time
Ululating in my stars
Smoke! Fire! Falling!
Oysters for All! Champagne!
Death! Playtime!
BONEFIRE! GLAMOUR!
GRAMMAR! FUNERAL!
FUNNEL!
Spinning well wheel into
Poor Film and Bees
Allround the Town
And afterwards the
Desert

Turn around or backwards
JHONN
Rate that Soul still
With Deep Cartoons
And halt at Roadworks for
TinkerBell
Good evening Circus
Any chance of Hateful
Sex Tonight?
And tomorrow Spare
Blushes whilst the bee
Rushes to Coolsville
Already deleted
And unable to Sleep

VIII 

I heard Utter Sadness
And Utter Balance
And so smiled  Babylon
And went to the shops
Avoiding the Phone
And Hoping for a Kiss
Bend Your Neck and
You pour out more
Beauty than I can
Bear and Lift up
Your Mouth again
Sing Your Candles
In Persian Stains
If You sleep, then
Dream deep and
Drink Light Light
LIGHT
Cruisin' the TEETHS
In the Cow Shed

The Cows are SINGING
And Old Gold is
Not King enough
For the Hippies
Or the Saddies
Who whisper of
Kingdoms and Candy
C. and "Vaginas—
No Big Deal—GOD
Created Them to Scare
Horseys and Children"
You Lit Your Laugh
And then Shining
Sank before me and
Ease Sailed Ship
For Ever Baby
Feel Like Makin'
LOVE LOVE LOVE
But Waiting for the
Jays to Spill
Onto my bark
Disturbed Dreams
That Time
Snatching Butterflies
Eating the Cartoon Dawn
Flash at the Leech
Over the Seahorse Shuffle
High Lily high hodos
The Pavement to
Havens for the Lovely
Cats—more than
Your letters I watched
The Ten Green Sothis Bottles
Tipple into Turnham Green
I had no sense of History
And co-sined slowly

The Logarithms into
Equations and Territorial
WAR—Her naked form
The naked form she shone
To me and Dreamed the
Cowboys away into the
Honey Pie where I
Played jokes onto the
Serrated Ded Ded Ded
November 2011 was fun

IX ⫷

And meanwhile the
Helicopter soared to
Earth Exhausted by
Playing at Angels
The Nursery Mine
Was over and profoundly
The HoverFly Died shut
To FÆRIE sharpeyed
Into Blindness by
Unseen Warfare and
Funeral Diaries
Mimicking Ploughs or
Tumbling Donkeys
Was that Your umbrella
Attempting to Clear
Sky of Sparrows or
Chatter to the Night?
Unlikely—carcrash eras in the
Sky over Dorset
Foreseen in 13
The hoods on the
Marks are far away
Over the sea wondering

On TreeTime—inked
By Fingers—the
Mist was orange as
The Night Pill and
The Curse behind Your kindness
As swift as fish
Or Black Peter Rushing
To the Feast
Ring Ring Ring
Goes the Bell and
The Dog is Unwell
And suffering from
Fainting Fits and
RUMOUR OF WAR
And fine wines and
The King of Jaws
And Teeth and Night
ISRAEL and the Bomb
Empty tables for the
Copper Grin
The part parted into
The Vulture's Jamboree
Imminent Picnic
Approaches with the
Bugle over Africa
Conjuring up Bleed
Into the drawn Dawn
Just all this for a
Kiss or a fuck
With glee on the
Solar Camel Crawl
End of Choir and Chores
Chapter and Raptor
Motor Machine and
Slow Delivery feed
Silos and Grain

Machines for the
Brandy Babies on
The Bruises with their
Neighbours to
Gomorrahs with
Credit-cards
Hey SPARE in You
Gut Face Drawn
By Cats and Fireflies
Be bare and Bear
Your Dragon Clock
I heard the Time
Spill Drinks whilst
The BarMaid Bakes
At that specific Island
The Chiffre was marked
Not known by the Vulva who
Showered You with Armageddon
And Tetragrammaton
And lottery winners
And Dates like
Like like like LICK
Honeycombs and
Corduroys in the Militaria
Shop next to HEAVEN

X ‹

£25 for the fake silence skull and
The Young boys, FireMen
For the £shop and
PUSSYLAND and the
Hound grave of
Acrobats and Shearers
Bad ventriloquists
Posters outline and Crayon

Andrew's mistletoe already
Made fit for Hanging
Mobiles to the Mountain
Charlie at the Ready
Hand on the Tiller
And big German Shadow
Figures that into View
When I was a Shroud or
Anchor or ☥
Waiting for me picking
Cherries and Masking Waves
Inside her whilst the Snow
Hurled treasures and in
Lorries the Void Hatched
A ride to Koolsville
Ready for Jhonns and
Voodoo Cellophane
That wasn't Pixie Time
But oh Cockaygne and
Wine and Speed and the
Beginning of WORLD
WAR NINETY-THREE
Breast Point—Cairo
1904—the Clown and
The Whore at the
Nip 'n' Fuck PicNic
The Desert Swallowed
𒌷𒉡𒀀 Ur Up
And cuneiform Bricks
Are ripped from the
WarWall and GOD
Save the Empire in the
PushChair—GOD
Mate the QUEEN to
JERUSALEM the Bloody
Mama leaking Leaking

LEAKING Cold Sores by
The Sensual Quiver
Sebastian is Date
Jhonn is Date
Age is the Hat-Trick
Three forms of Motion

XI ‹ſ

Like the Sphinx Giggled
Into the NightCap
SkullCup Surrounded
By Pierced Gypsy Dogs
Under the Rain and
Grit and Dogs
Under the Pain of
Keeping Hooded Eyes
Lipping into Middle Sun
And PaperFace full
Of Traced Smiles and
Artificial Kreem so
SOAR ἀγάπη and
Wake Fountains of
Colours and Mercies
And take me Home
Take me Home Baby
I am so Lonely and
Came here Willingly
But Bitterly in
Cutieform Bone
Borrowing placards from
Prophet Joe with Your
Hello Shining with its
Huge Voodoo Hand
Incidentally SATAN
What makes the Burglar

Dead? How do we
Freshen Eaten Hills?
Is Iona Silent Snake? JHONN
ANSWER! The Woman in Hell
—Checked Suit dies by the river
Ate her Queer
Uttered Loud 'n' Proud
"Fairy Mary, Dairy BLUE"
And wrote Blue and sang her
Lullaby
For the Scale—
"Face like a Squiggle or
Scar"—Puckered the
Slate of her mind and
MasterHouse—the
Singing Peeker—They're
In his Fall—Feathers
Shut close to the
Hedge and the Sea
Puck and Tricks—oh
Goblin oh Goblin oh
Goblin Baby Mao Rao
Yao Scary Frighty
MilkFace Squoo Ikan
Woh celebrate the
Escalator and CatNip
Pastures—Not Liable
To Fire or Disaster
The thump of the Galaxy's
Glue unstuck and SHE is HERE
Laughed at the Adverts
For the MASSACRE MIRROR
And the MATRIX of the MARKET
No Flame Stable
Or Little Jungle Fire

XII ‹ ⊓

Anyway, hooray I returned to
The City of
GOD so the Pharses on
TV are Blinked out eg
"SWAMP HEART COMETH"

or

"ABSINTHE and GLUE
Are TRUE for You"

or

"In Your MOUTH is ROME"

or

"STARCASER RIDE
IN COLOURED STRIPES"
Blinked off
There was a RUMOUR
That the the the
Meal is About to Be
Served
He heard me the Ship
Priest the Mast of
Waves are You
Long Home sick tonight
OTO Galleons? The
Kids are Gathering
In the STORE
Reading comics on

WAR

Eating Chips
And Sinking those Ships
Cooking Eyes High
RISE FLY TRAP
Venus Mouse Map
Galaxy Splitter and
Baking Cakes for

The Summer Drummer
Giving Blow Jobs in
The Haunted
Astronaut and
Drill me one more
Time Kiss the Lake
The Goblin Pure Kiss
Me like the Queer Ocean
Blacksmith breaking
Away the Dawn
And the Arch of
Bangles and Chatter
The Geese and the
Grease the Murmur
Of Slavic Jeeps and
German Letters and
Tears the Archōn
Blossom and Spills
Out the PicNic Epic
FLASH
FLAME
DEAD FOR
Your HUNCH
As wind as straight
Lines Drawn through
The Stones or their
Frames and FLASH
Jesus Returns
Rhinoceros and
Poppy Blood in the
Clichéd Flood Drowning
In Language and
Exhaustion
With Jhonn waving
Goodbye as the
Wind—"WHERE ARE YOU?"
—𒆠𒀀𒁀𒌑 "Babylon", uttered Jhonn

JOURNEY TO AVEBURY

for Derek Jarman

Dreamt stars
Drank eyes
Dreamt dusk
Drank moons
Dreamt knives
Drank lambs
Dreamt owls
Drank cats
Dreamt foals
Drank dark
Dreamt rain
Drank storms
Dreamt lines
Drank signs
Dreamt gold
Drank pearls
Dreamt clasps
Drank lead
Dreamt dawns
Drank dawns
And hear the rain fall

MMXI

MIRROR EMPEROR

HONEYSUCKLE ÆONS

HE WHO SAW THE DEEP



MOONLESS

2011

MIRROR EMPEROR

I

Scripted face untorn
The coming of the Mirror Emperor
Black path left swirls
The King of UnColour
Mirrored night close
And NihilFace the dead hawk
Twisted pearls from the Great Teeth
Hey there
GraveTrain
With the light over the decade of bulls
And stallion antlers
Ready to rinse the lambs
Floods and bloods and quickly
The knuckle cracks into space
Opens up her
And fields his
Shining eyes in
To her alone
Abrupt and rage
Hidden trident his wings
Spooling into Pluto shrieking pink hymns
The bow of the failed comet
To the fancy boys at breathing sunset
Wooden mouth the clock at 1921
Three to the hands of the horse
Time wound round her waist with moons
But slipped Jack back to JackTime
BigMoon was in Her face that night
Slipping away like a pilot
BigSun in His face that dreamt
Studded against you were there
Alone

II

BigSun in His face that dreamt
Studded against you were there
Alone in the trees
Knew the wind
I loved you foreign above me down star
Tell me night tight do not end
Waltz passing by in the Hamburg fret
Hallu stars hallu above me confirm
The Mirror Emperor
No—till wheat tomorrow till corn dove
Words flick by—M.E. jumps back cockroach
Shout "allright ALLRIGHT" in the snares
Sound like fifty fun
But Ohhhhh on the gold next to my pink elbow
Oh my heart was beating silk
Sew 𒌷𒄑𒌓 Ur—down by the fountain
Mountain rime—of course I do
Take you in to 𒌓𒆠 Uruk or 𐎀𐎍𐎊
Play to me X, play to me N
Passed blind face by the side
The Mirror Emperor
Following like sinistral flowers
Burning like bloodeyes
Marching in the midst of mist
And swinging around hurtling visions
Of the dream to end all fires
Forming great final oceans
Lined with the horizons like forests
Force the Mirror Emperor
Up to the carved clouds
Oh the Bible is on the table
Marsh codes flick out sparks
Echoes ghosted throat
The heavy trees breath and hunt

In their long arms the long night pitches
Forward and backwards stale time
That mounts over our heads
Sword horn stick and keys
On the left the lion and fox
On the right the lateral ssssssnake
SunFace belly-up in the blood and *Æon*
Eat my heart with bindweed

III

You have enchanted me with Bingo and the
Pick Up The Pieces Theme
Were you yellow or green?
Were you squatting on the slogan?
Chasing grease to SatanDay?
Mirage Empire
Mirage Empire
Opened Mirage Empire
Enters the Mirror Emperor
Conjugate old Empires
Indecipherable pegs
Tripped heart with their chances
All hey end hey end hey chord hey end
Birds in the lilies and lulas
Maybe Maybe Maybe
I will invade the UNITED NATIONS
And say THE CHICKENS AND TICKETS are in
To ghost you and get ghettos froze
That was how it shifted
And sopped the needle knights
Came in on the tanks
HATED and gold built
Singing time for style and chairmen
Combing the skies for ticks and blips
On the colours of your head

Ahhh this makes nothing
Except what you see in your
Darkness only my her love
The darkness is lovely and whistling
For the wedge and the StarFiveSign
But months don't go into magicK
Roll by clowns disjointed chords
Today take away you and up and down
And believe the crayons and smudges of kids' inks

IV

Maybe the rain
Skeltered down
The hail full crown
Mobile in your lips
Of your night
Mirror Emperor
Ticks off the clock
Of the cuckoo moon
BrightCockEye
ⲥⲱⲧⲏⲣ ⲕⲟⲥⲙⲟⲩ
The window of the fair
And the Saviour's Feet
With teeth of gold
In His nails
Blows pearls
To the Mirror Emperor
Touches the Jewel Moon
Prays the Grass Clown
Back for BloodFace
Cæsar Legions
Milk of Kindness
So they have sad
White cells hearing us all
Time to trim to left

Tide back to the Moon
Kisses the breath you
Left Candy Bone
Bunkered up in the fist of crease
Machines left hood
Oh the Sun oh the Moon
Truly whispered

V

Tongue and whole hope
A knock in your empty
Heartstudded space
The dove dances
Fix SEVEN stabs
In her blue heart
More mourning than light
For him in the tower land
Upstairs in the marble Heaven
Not fixed by the state of days
The dust and the market
The hatred in the ship of cruelty
In the BloodBoat sets sail
To Jesus the Moon
Regains the face before
That first sunset or moonbow
Go my dears
To the wishbone
The heart of the Mirror Emperor
The hope of his new night
And refuge of the Mirror Emperor
Glass to the reach of the bitter stars

VI

Bit hard on the forest
And flowed blossoms like barley
On them the grapes
In the sights of the sun
"Target Moon" sang the entrance
Into the Mirage Court
And the Invisible Choir
Countrywide she is
Her redheaded flowerer
The night catcher
The owl hatcher
Oh wake up SleepFace
Drag down your dust
And arise for bad times
Hear the speckle and starburst
The wooden slats
The beetle breathing flies out
Into the lovely hill
No more black nights
No mobilisation of the secret mother
No hardship of the spear-carrier
The sky set like a sword over his head
Entrance of the Dead Queen
His line of earth
His horns of lips
The taste of wolves
Came to my mind
The apex of the hive
The closest cell to the great ditch
The *néant* so near
To the crutch I dreamt of
And touched
With leaf and red wings
Spread the teeth

Of the Mirror Emperor
His pulse was comets
And cracked into True Moon
Spectral already
And godded fate
Harmonic the sermon
Of the Hollow King
The liar in your heart
The insatiable hater
Of the lamb on the limpid storm
Hey, was that the Apocalypse?
Or just the sound of the electric form
Close behind your shoulder?
Was that the stopped clock?
Or was that the bow of the Mirror Emperor?

VII

Has the wall stopped short
For the Dead Queen?
Has the luck of the dust snapped
Before the Saviour Boat?
All around me the myth uncovered
The bull reborn
And the calf unkilled
Molten fire
Butterfly *Æon*
Or black dip into the trees
Of stretched gold
The balls and hoops
Are still on the gravel
And nets are frames for the catch and the knife
Seed of supernovas or nothing

VIII

I am unseen before the Mirror Emperor
Who has made nothing but snatched the all
Thief in ghosts
SwordDream
SpaceEater
HeavenRobber
Nails are veils on the path
Of the Mirror Emperor
Sharp glass rain
Dreamt backwards
His path the hyena road
The pagan wagon on the master structure
Fat on peacock blood
Drinking the Crow
Circus killing the left face he made
Already dead
Before the horn rose
Ripped silk from the nest

IX

Right to the suncursed star
Flick back BabyByrd
Have you heard the taste of that other dawn?
Rich like the Queen's Cream
Her droning crown of owls and panthers
In the twilight bush
Speaks flame again
The Mirror Emperor of all ways
The lip touched tongue
For gold again
The Murder Moon
Hovers with the sorcerer's sweets
Faking his soul as if

There were no real sorrow again ever
Heads off to meet the Mirror Emperor
No more rats awake now
But in the heart of the Mirror Emperor
The crows breed and fire

X

The sepulchral engine
Of peerless rage for eyes and hearts
The Murder Moon invades
The Mirage grew wings
And lit up lawns and playgrounds
Bows the bow open
Abaddon furnace backwards again
To the acres of night
Cloud or fell fall hail back
To the thunder broad
On your back
The Imp Trip of Mirror Emperor
Salt source of mercury
The alchemical door
Fested by the MagicK Cats
Who feast on the Moon
With the PixyPink streams
Of the herded blood of the Mirror Emperor
Who sleeps again

XI

Hallucinate *šarrum*  p̄po Stick Bind
Scrape Twin Spinner Church
Awake NightBird
Nightbird Awake
Emperor—

HONEYSUCKLE ÆONS

I א א KINGDOM

בְּרֵאשִׁית
Both
In the beginning
דתחזרקפפס

II ב ב MOON

I thought I had seen the Deep
And opened my books
Crooked time opened
Shepherds hearing voices
I also heard the voice
Of your eyes
Dark emerald seducer
Covered the carved rose
Bracketed the melted crux
Crutch kicked from under me
Under hills with skin
Faded like dogs dreaming
Of the coming master dark dog
The bitch creased in black jets
Felt the glans muscle into the clouds
Of pink and twink and skittle
Hurtle away
You groovy girls with Teeth
Cursed with bloods Moons and necklaces
I thought of the Cat when
I almost entered the Bright Bowl Howl
And still thought of the Cat in brother-love
More fun than the gun at my head
I thought of the beach drowning in lights
I thought of the time it was 4 or 5

Short hours I slept and damaged my soul
Or southern legs—the cramp
Kicks in like an ape
At the back of my neck is the cervix
Timed the faces in the sky
Elephants in dandelion or clover
Ventured into Persia in that dream
I had classical passion slipped into me
Gravelled harsh music
Clapping whores back to sweet Ram
Slipping between the Sphinx's legs
Come on in
Come on down
Further down to the very end of the rainbow
Where its hands push her heart
Into the beautiful lake of flowers
Kissing the edges
Kissing the birds
Who salute Queendom
As she swoops over the horizon
With angels and adders holding
The hem of her graceful naked gown

III PERSIMMON

A warning to Judas!
Theology and hives spread
In New Jersey
Philadelphia and Woodstock
The Murder Mothers Move
Through the hedgefires over mud
Rings of plastic madness scorn
Ancient Rome and Egypt and Greece
The horns fall over me
Dreaming of times
And lotuses in fields of rubble

Bearded swift shift to Sophia
Opened her heart to me
Stood in her empty face touching her lips
With her fists
Biting and drawing down sparrows
By her sighing and the space of her bow
The lorries are full of gold and fog
I have the *wörterbuch* in my hand
I have misheard Adonai and brought down
Aiwass in the Mass
Corrupted Hosts by breathing grimoires
And breaking into the Keeper's Pantry
When I was in the desert I was
By the dedred sea see the caravan
Dragging the Sun unto set
Heard stolen cock-crow
Thieved pricks hardened by time
Into your face and her grimace
As Rainbow Patty is Goat Lady Supreme
Your throat as breathe gold spores
The little pinky
The ticker and the counter
The forged face—I have forgotten you
With Isis and persimmon you're all
All so told and spelled out
X under your name Mrs. Charlie
Poor Doll Poor Grace uninyou
Formed I heard had news from
Acidic Heaven
Home of the formerly dead
Heard have bit more than I knew was true
Ate Stars in dreams
Heard priests rant on pure
Shovelled cat-shit into sinks
Gagging as the rusted sword unrolls
Tip to Teeth in κοινή Greece

Lord God
Let it
Day That
In Israel
Broken glass from another time
Of flogging and the ded hiding
In the bottom of the water by the headless walk
Read pornography in cherry blossom
In the locust storm born out of horses' thighs

IV 𐤊 𐤈 CUCKOO

I saw and thought I drew the Dark
Opened down the doors
That led to lead and salt
The cuckoos that melt kisses
Back to the criminal sketch
Of crayon spells and biro grimoires
Katasonic Parangelic
The theory is filled
With hopes and nodes
Catching breath
Dreaming vowels
And underage the horses
Underwater in their hearts
Beating in the cemetery snow
By hedge and sedge
I dodged Gog
But marked Magog out
On the promised plain
Gutted health open and slid down
Into hundreds of hells
Singing like ovens
In the middle of the rushes
And hiding from the storms
Katasonic Parangelic

V ϵ̄ ה **JASMINE**

I angered dust and robots
Wore lockets with dead friends' hair
Growing like waves or smoke
In the fabric house
The train hops towards sorcery
And the fake Fatherland
Spills flies and totems
Hauls BrockStars by Teeth
Moulds abstract CHRIST
As sweet as jasmine
I saw the ink spread
Over the bed the faces mark masks
And hook down comet trails
Whilst the tombs of great trees
Open again for me and thee

VI ϟ י **LILY**

BreastNight—the lilies unfold
The mouth of the Moon kissed me
I looked face full into Him most beautiful pool
Souled in gold and grace
Diamond deep He spoke to me
CHRIST the MIRROR
Of All the First
The Fist and Sword
Swept BloodFace over Egypt
Slept in her millions of ages
Dreamed lions' faces
Held agate and sung like arcs
The SleepFace hung Stars
Trembling bit the hail and frost
In nights I shed smiles
Worshipped rhymes

Books of Law
Misrule killed angels
Conjured Nazareth out of mounds
Crept in twilight
England dreamt dead
Except in the keys
In the casket
The corn kept its secret

VII 𐎗 𐎍 POMEGRANATE

But meanwhile there was a ghost in my life
And the Pomegranate Blues descended
Heard voices of Planets following
Satellites in death's purple paws
Mixed the drains by golden dragon fever
Shapur II Lord of Dust
In the battlefields of precrescent rain
The putti rejoice and Julian is unhorsed
Speared and smeared in the desert
First and last just in dust
Smashed as Athena
As dead as Serapis misted in Babylon
The slaughter arose as Stars
Stars dragged blood and souls
Up to the Heavens
The skies filled with flies
The bird of locust flowers
Screams and wheels at the ape
Froth and fear in the nostrils of the steeds
Steering bloodherds to the mountain fame
The hip killers are burning like devil
The trip of the light burned bright
The eyes of the blind open like whirlwinds
The breastplate of GraceFace
The lamp pours light into the children's mouths

Open the slit of the conspiracy
And go further into the perfect peace
Of the perfect world envisioned by
The Murderer
The First Dead
The First Killer
The First Framer
The Farmer in Sodom
Cattle Reaper
A thought to spear the care
Enough is too late
The sky took lies from me
Turned my head to smoke
Rising over the near East
With lips tasted of peace
And Kingdoms far within
The Queendom the bells
And grave faces hieratic
Under the Moon
Its waves and light
Lifting the dead from under dust
Choked unmore moved
Unquick and lithe
Lifting their hearts like the SunFlower
Drank HoneySuckle *Æons*
And toasted toys goodnight
But around the back
Of the bars of the City of God
The Night squeals and prays entrance
Attendance for the march
The Rainbow Children were trademarked
And branded on their skulls
The triple eating curve
Marked! Marked!
Hey hey horror hail hail
Grey bloody dawn down dawns

Get back black crack Moon
Slip back slide ded red Moon

VIII H̄ ṅ HONEYSUCKLE

Redbreasted the honey night
In your eyes
A maze of breathing samphire
Sea grasping my heart
In the anxious night
I woke up lost
On no plane
Horns or Teeth
Drift for my naked face
On ded train time
Stripped back to the real me
Rock that grew from bone said
"Have you truly heard
The night burst open?
Have you truly seen
The inner Star?
Have you truly placed
Lip and finger
Into the HoneySuckle heart
Over the kissed mountain?
Have you heard the hand at the door?
Seen the lantern burn through the pane?"

IX ō ȯ SUNFLOWER

SunFlowers
SunFlowers
SunFlowers
SunFlowers
SunFlowers
Shot the hail and frost

I heard the angels breathe them
Out watchers of the bark and boat
An endless praise sang the sand into diamonds
HoneySuckle
HoneySuckle
HoneySuckle
HoneySuckle
Blessed Armen eyes
Covered the beauty with the gleams
And vapours of ghosts the dark fang
Shimmered goodbye
Up up up up the Son flowered
Pierced clouds with Godhead
Fell comets smiling like deer
Giraffes in the Sun
Switched horns into thousand eyes
Milked Stars for Starlight
And a thousand birds sang
And gave birth to armies of gods
Twisting dandelions from time into tides
And lay back
Ecstatic exhaling universes
And laughing like a child
Playing at skeleton soldiers

X ī ś PLANET

Naked you were bare to the LightBringer
Bore all and whilst the dogs dance
Backwards and leaf folds and clocked
The terror of dawn
Near twilight half-lit the new god grows
Claws at play
And moves on to Rome
The last Star on the hip
Of the beautiful mother

Perfect as Planets
Perfect as the small mouse in corn
Perfect as the kiss of the Queendom
On the hills by the hills at the hills
Heavy with dew and kindness
And mixed with legends of Stars

XI ⲓⲁ אִי QUEENDOM

ⲧⲙⲛⲧⲣ̄ⲣⲱ
And also
At the end
בָּאַחֲרִית

ⲁⲩⲭⲱⲕ ⲉⲃⲟⲗ τετέλεσται

HE WHO SAW THE DEEP

I have eaten the face of the Wind
I have suspected the Deep
I have woven fish in the DreamStream
Strong copper Berossos
One god waits in the throat of another
Such faces of waves
In the dust then
I have seen the Deep
I have seen the Ships in the Stars
I have seen
I have seen the chasm with flowers and perfumes
I have seen the Perfect Whip Post
The name of the Mare
Held by the robber
And stockroom
And racing Star
And the burning Bar
I have heard the Killer Kittens
And heard their paws pause
In filters and grasped the murmur
In the BeeHive
That sings the WaspGhost
Who is seated in the Hole
The Hall of Scissors
The full grace of
The sun blanking over
The sedge and sapphires
The heart was offset over her chestbone
She giggles for the gods
Who are massing on the trench
I have seen the perfect planets
Milky with stars
I have seen the doctor at the night door
And the porter night soul

Call time free
On the tricky train
Imagined heard the panthers padding
In gold dust
Sort thousand years of bees
Kind rainbows yell for sex of stars



MOONLESS

Heard haunted clouds
Or moonfalls close
To red the sullen sun
Shot down into the wells
Glass night
Dream tight hooks on my face
Or dipped deep into unreal caves
I had dug out of dark
Little bird or calf or lamb
Hunted my end hallucinating
Wheels or graves or candies
Kneeled in moss
And lit stars at peace
Yellow flowers called my heart back
But I had known the night too long
Set my heart to the moonbow
And the sidereal beat of the restless snow
Did I know you
And did I see me in other streams?
Colours came like flame surrounded by knives
Dreamt hooves harsh over
Trace eyes back to whose tongue?
Track tongue back to whose finger?
Name me who?
The sea was teethdeep
Shallow like a film
Sprang me out and back
Lunar black dog
The mask over a mark
A smudge of precious form
A rainbow vanishing in a firestorm
An ocean of night
A ferocious ocean
An ocean of nothing

Drowning in an ocean
Sleeping like a spear
Horses eyes blur
Incense falls into sky
Dream by untouched
Thunder blurs by
Tricked by dusk
Goodnight altar's face
Trained toys to play
You slept again
Sleep like sheep enspeared in the night
Drank HoneySuckle *Æons*
Welcome back sweet home and night
Called vanished face
Slept like stars
And saw the deep and dark

MMX

BAALSTORM, SING OMEGA
THE ORIGINAL TEXT AND
THE EDITED ALBUM TEXT

WAR FOR SIGH

2010

BAALSTORM, SING OMEGA

THE ORIGINAL TEXT

B

When I came over the water
I saw her face glory on the sea
And I have come to draw you to me
BaalStorm—put yourself in my place
The surface seas in the mirror, the grass, the gorge
Mark Mark Mark this—"is everything all right?"
The breeze filled with teeth
The choir boys hymned "Hark the lark"
But the splinter you are real
Smokes of stirring robbed my eyes
I came over the water
To shape you and fill you—"I am *Æon*"
These are more than hosannas for the gallants
In their galleons
On their stallions
I came to state the teeth of the truth—
"I am *Æon*"
Her vulture runs to refuge
But refuses the tongue
Tight that night's grip on the light over Naqqada
Stung memory and slayed cells
"Women twice slaves—in bird and in bed"
La ʟaʟa ilaha ıʟaɾa illallah ıʟʟaʟʟaɾ
The haunted face of the middle of the road
Follows me home
Pencils and bombs, cells and fall, idols, FALL!
Wipes the buried leonine paws
Clubbed fingers toes grasped
For soils of either executed or harsh ends
And as Fame the night's kids groove in

UrGraves
The profile faces the head with horns of satin
And is on the scarves of the beauties and braves
Tripped, skipped, nipped in your fall
You look beautiful still in the cloths
You wear in the photograph
Falls to the floor and eats dust and
Claims its NAME is FAME
If you could see the missiles that count time
As I have seen them, see them, ride them
I meant this, meaninglessly—
"I am the hare with the eyes of coiled rope
Who draws the teeth of the lupine moon"
(Graceful Goat soars with his Christian silhouette)
The Hunter lounges beside the Crown Princess
Studded with petals
In *bocca del lupo*
Magnifies the Valley
Crepi
In the Garden of Fires
Atlanta howls for Peg-Leg Penetration
Gravels the Flamingo Park at Tishamingo
"Come with me and take my hand"
And walk the Gospel Milewide Smile
The head of the face at the feet of the grace
Of the grave of the heavens
The fear on the tiny smile of the silver-flash State
The agonised pain of the collision of crescents
Increased over the tables
The apocalypse girl (**X** in her hat)
Sits and talks to atoms and planets
That descend from the trees
Bowing knees before the summer sunshapes
She calls my name, knowing
She is famed for the flowers
That pour from her teeth

Peacocks or pagodas worshipped them
In the maze of bulls and blood
Sometime before Aquarius shivered and gave
Birth to murders in armour yeah camouflage
Before the Star of the Seas contacted me
When we were still *Æons*
Long long times ago
Haunted I wound string
Haunting them
Pulled umbilical cords from lovers' dreams
Made savage thread with dread
Worshipped pricks or frocks or creatures
Creamed for the stones that call OH LORD
Or DEATH or PARTY
Camelhair and hood
The Mouse is Mort
Look! The walker on the grass—
"Your pipe and guitar are becoming,
It's time to carve Mass"
Ebony or words for worms
Piss peace on the shadows
The "Oh Yeah, Oh Death" chorus
They roll like sores
Over the wreckage of minor moons
And the white electrics
Noise gauze film frets
Under the flat screen the inflated chest
Lectures on désespoir and existentialism
With marionettes and point
To the Toe of the Queer Queen
In silk or shit or space
I am the same—"I am *Æon*"
Before the prion and the iron
The ion and the ink
The hygiene and the stink
Time and kink

Of the incense planet
And the clock
The dock
And the baying of merchants
3 or 4 for 3 or 4
Of that grain made me the Star
That we wish had not been known
Or drawn to us or the precious Romans
Face or fake in jade
I am ZION (or *Æon*; I forget…)

A

Lord of the groves of olives and oranges
And the dead tribes of the central scribal verse—
The tablets of stone and worry
Thou shalt have no no no nothing
But *BaalStorm*
Put yourselves on our thrones
Twelve or sixty or the blind
I thought of her just now—
She is there naked like water
I cannot touch the punch
Of her lips I cannot
Dare to touch lip or skin or fold
I gave gold to buy much less
And gave more
And nothing stayed but the storms
Proud parade around the screen
I will
Myrrh or myth or memorise her
Her forehead in the Roman dream dusk
Rune for one! Rune for one!
Placed so much on her or hers
That sand-scattered Moon
Of the valleys claiming

The Peacock and the Owl behind me
Every grace was fresh
But I felt the lash of Gospel
Or Eagle—I no longer could divide
Cæsar from the Trance at twilight
There is mum and dad
And I am glad
To be back and young
In December 1971
With the storms so far in front of me
And the cell swelling with waves and shards
On each of the brick is the crack
And the crick in the slit
Watch men
Watch birds
Watch the TV
And the Satanvans
And the word I heard
From the birds on fire was—
"*Æon*—makes nonsense"
Or—"Sing Omega—the Throne and Crown
Approach and clocks crack…
The winds stall"
From the holes innocents come—
"And hide-away, oh hide-away
You young lads, you lasses gay"

A

Why do I am?
There is incense and my spite
Is ready to create tombs for myself

L

Under the great dead gate
I heard the faces of the coming storm
I heard the night calling to me
(Woooooh! All her names)
Her names arose in my heart
But were devoid of grace
Her name was fearful and shouted to
In great desolations
BaalStorm
BaalStorm her bone gave grey grace
Full of horrors and
The birds writhed through the Air
Howling *BaalStorm*
Meanwhile the flowers
Choked under the ash of the stars
My mother, the train
The sound of the dead
BaalStorm

S

Sarah Deep Tree!
I heard the Italian cuckoo sing
She alone *perfectissima*
Just her and me shaking and—
Jeanne d'Arc, *parfaite*
Was inside her
She saw the flames in her mane
Heard her name, "the most important dream"
Bowered with figs and dates and
The flower on fire
The French flamme
"Beauties for the Beast
Is full of grace, don't you think?"

Eye/Eye/Eye/
"I would love to talk to you about everything!"
And then "Then I remember our days in Roma
Remember all our words"
So what were your dreams
Whilst you sat in your womb
Uncreated children saw *BaalStorm*?
Your voice over the clouds
Crackling blue Murders
The Moon was full of fire
And you when I left
I thought of you as the arc
Or archōn
Preyed over the Hills and Rome's breasts
Well—to speak Coptic red to the
Beautifulhosts in the deserts
But left nothing to space?
The yard is full, piled to no room
Here at your inn
And your voice was high
Full of longing
And I was in the UrNight crease
Singing machines world creak
Slowly the bird is lost singsongbird at the scene
Of the final spool
Ohh the sea ohh the night tight
As the Noose
Set loose galaxies as *BaalStorm*
The stars filled with milk
Crush the faces of peace
And the lovely church full of the form
With loss
ⲁⲓⲥⲱⲧⲏ
ⲁⲓⲥⲱⲧⲏ ⲁⲓⲛⲉⲉⲩⲉ ⲁⲓⲣⲁϣⲉ ⲁⲓⲡⲓⲥⲧⲉⲩⲉ
ⲉⲫⲟ ⲡⲟⲩⲟⲓⲛ ⲛ̄ⲁⲧⲛⲁⲩⲉⲣⲟⲩ
But the face
The murdered burden ⲉⲧⲡⲱ

T

The metallic taste of the metal face
The head below the horns
Or face peeks Barbiє pink
Rains on the heads
The masks on the beads
Breeds teeth or
єqмѡтn̄ n̄ɓı пиєгєѳос єтχнк
The years draw by
Too soon expected
I am at the sea
And the sea ıs perfect
The tiny underpass
I see brothers and sisters
Fornicating the children curse
And future flames lick
Around the dimpled toes
Their pits as big as their mother's face
And their father's mouth
And fear is as yet
Just the plastic swan
And her perfect throat
Down her neck
The seeds and ship slip
By through the trees
Minor murder perhaps
Whilst the world remains exquisite
And perfectly unused

O

So the collapse of the collapse
Is the collapse
And in the hedges
The herd is smiling

Down the streets
The constellations slaughter crabs
So set at *Æeon*
Set at *Æon*
Rearise as the clocks sticks
Clicks sick time to
The honeysuckle rose
Goes as it rows
The bark sailed by
The flower fields
And you were faint
As the honeysuckle rose
At the arch wall
There was void
And I dreamed to teach
The world to unsing

R

I struggled at night
Into the morning
Sick with dreams
Of storms and vowels
Pouring mud into old friends
Faces form faces
To me at the wall
In night
Or easier earlier I saw
Columns of red
Mesh floods blood
Over me
Called for the next gash
The smash of history pulls me
Back to some up
Swung into bykers
Haunt "I love you

More than you love storm me”
And so I see
The Amphetamine easy
The glass fine cup
Lost in the crouch
And mouth of you
Who know your names
Sweet in the gut
Or the fume of engines
Have I never left your grace
The mother of the Egyptian crop
The grip and flip
Of the harsh earth to me
Sly seaface
Moving slowly
Breath breast pomegranate
Around the edges of her dark eyes
Murmuring before I murdered
The wet black soil by the riversides
The Cycladic face scheming
Analogue anger
Proxy to the Roman gods and Roman coins
Shuffling contentment
In my ninth degree dreams

M

Beyond I am
I waited for you
Bails out the stars
Starting the sound of—
Wait! first the air goes
Then the heart
So was that Omega point?
Butterfly to the sun
Point fingers as the graves awake

The Moon is dead!
Long live the Moon!
And Ms. Tricky hides
By your lying eyes
The hotel snuffed in snow
In the wrappers
The rubble was sugarsweet
Smelled of paper eyes
With the assurance
Of the chequerboard
The lovely smoke
Of the forests burning in the storm
And sands

S

The brief false glory of the 19th last King
In the house of mercy
On the airline screen pops up prophecy
"Passenger Aleph in Name"
So I caught under worlds
The starmakers
Fakers of grief
There was no sadness
In the tractors broken over the ghost fields
In the peace of their pain
The murderface
On the wall of grace, buffeted by the *BaalStorm*
Bowed heads
At sinner's turns of phrase
Bowed trace mild in the heart of the wood
At frost or fear
Apparently she was Queen of Apollo
She was Queen of Gates
Calling us to sing Omega
"Well, the Lamb's Blood has washed me clean"

So up she trotted, the Instructor
Boyserpent, spiritual girl,
Apples in her belly
The fruit of the stolen enclosure
The perfect paradise
The pearly grate
The perfect murder mount
Once upon a time the emerald bird
Arose in its hundreds
Of thousands
With his 'n' her eyes
Tickertaping—
"If paradise was twice as nice"
And had the verbal touch
The silver sliver of nexus
Carved from the bloody water
First-poured
Form drowning
Pulling down the moons and suns
From the thighs of the queen
Of grace and grinding
The bump, the bribe, the breasts
Made me slyly arise
In clouds of candy
And tanks of flies

I

Sounded out the blind
Greet the deaf
With Calvary's cavalry
Thundering from on high
And catching lambs with nooses
I was watching the dread that crept up on me
Whilst I was cheaply sleeping
Cheaply singing as the birds
Die over France

N

From the point of view of the dead or dusk
There are four hills, and all say
I HAVE COME TO DRAW YOU TO ME
I HAVE COME TO DRAW YOU TO ME
I HAVE COME TO CALL YOU TO ME
I HAVE COME TO DRAW YOU TO ME

G

The spray of the white
Of the silver in the clock
The watch the nighter
The slighter
The dead in the pool
The poisoner ducks under the Rajah's wings
Drinks death in its millions
But lay like jade and emeralds and utter night
In the iron eddies
The birds sing the sun low
My memories wet sought peace
Whilst the crease remains in the parks
And gentle pools
So where was the valley
When I needed shelter
Where was the bright cat glory
As black as Egypt?
The glitter on the fin
In the sunblind
The light circled your brow
On the lonely laurel the light fades
False falls the recollection
From the seat of keys
The creep ships
That Zinc stripper

Lurches and plays
Cybertime in the signs
That time I loaned Abramelins
And pronounced dead the freebirds
Unchained fall and peers
At the great unmerciful face
TIGERBLOODY AT DAWN!
From the quarters of your breath
The holly's hair jets forth
Puncturing books
Hop along now, mare bloodied with right
So, my deah…

O

Drop out white nail
I was slain in the spirit
Stained by ghosts
Mass at ⲙⲉ ⲙⲉⲉⲣⲉ ⲉⲙⲣⲟ
Mass at the side of the pit
Faced the primal petite lawn
Yawned out for the ossuary queue
Stunned sparrows
And the blue bold stars
Manacled the tumours
Roasted bloodbells
Dead by the sweet honey gospel code
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
And Thomas the Griever
The Lifter, the Splitter
ⲣⲉⲩⲛⲉⲯⲥⲉ
ⲯⲟⲩⲣⲓⲧ
ⲣⲉⲩⲧ̄ⲙⲧ̄ⲡⲡⲙⲉⲉⲩⲉ
So my thought patterns at the dawn of the storm
Were like that—
Cloudstructured

Something like this—
ⲯⲉⲓⲥ ⲡⲁⲓⲱⲧ ⲁⲛⲁⲕ ⲯⲁⲩⲭⲱⲕ
Behold my father
I have perfected thee
In the wooden shoes of Chinese ghosts
Absurd at supper
The piper piping
For swords not peace
Or fields
But Belshazzar's ark
Or Nimrod's joke
Whilst I dropped my focus
And surrendered my hocus-pocus
Drawn along by the cable in the stag's froth
Quis est iste qui venit? BaalStorm?
Do not dishonour the fever or the storm
David was is and will be the shepherd
Shuddersea
Shudderface
Shuddermask
Shuddergrace
Gobbling shapes
A shadow of my former face
Stole grapes
In front of the camera camp
Presented them to
The prostitute throne of England
In a long afternoon
Murmuring prayers and whistling for the snow
Over St. Mary
Unexpected numbers crop up on the BBBirthday
Of the BBBeast
The West got the rest it deserved assured
Drowning under oysters
Sailing on their disappearances
Underwater, but infallible the blossoms

In the far night under the tabernacle
The mermaids drift joylessly
Queer metermaids
Snapdragon elves
Invert against *Æons*
That guided missiles
Into the Alchemist's home
Credit card cancelled
The Storm, her eye on the sores
And the eyes and ears
Of wild blind eyes
The buckethome
Of the unready phrase
Grand marsh of the שוקה
Naught. Death. Storm. Omega.
The traffic-lights flicker out at ממרא Mamre
The last thing I saw were your eyes
As loud as stars
As mute as the twilight sinking
Over the olive tree
Licking the flames from
The burning bush
Scales… stairs always up

M

The monsoon was driven by the storm
Into the valley
By chic tombs the swallows drift
Ironic to their end
The kittens fill turquoise cages
In time to the milkmaid's slow calling
Pain in the plough in the fields
The green greedy fields
Bleed lace and dream
I dream I saw the cogs as seraphim

Machines and chips
And Aladdin wires
The alleluia buzzes
Brimming with sounds of storm and vowels
As voiced by the deaf
On the palates the shapes and their heads
Like berries lush in the summer
We were all ready to drop
The sound of the storm was spears
Ripped phrases from the First Garden Log
Sensational news! The nudes lift shields for war
Swivel and bank to the left
Breast bared, the amazon and
Blind lens shuts over rivers
Hovering illly over the mist
The cataract approaches might in grins
Growls borrowed histories
Maps are scored and scraped
Debris white pens, rust, root
Swarf, machines, bad faith
To Usususususususus
The clouds drown in mists
Covers the sow, the bristle
The tiny mouth huddled in the box
Of blisters
Floods comics of bibles
The graphic pain traces
Misjudged descent
Meanwhile, back in the REAL WORLD
I compass the weather
And wonder if "I love you"
Is the verb, the first and found
The first sound that shone forth
The logos, the first formed flesh
The finger pointing to the pit/the beast
The thumb staining the gown
Claiming the throat in the crowd

E

Sunny are the fireflies
The night stuck so close around them
Their beams bold into the blackness
Clumping the dark before them
Throw little lightnings
On the shellboxes
And the peep sheen show
Lures the baby to its death
Boys into centuries, that is how they made THEM
Saddle black helicopters
Place ROYALTY in their tiny windows
The dodo, the doom, all that breed and bold
The cheque leads the master
Above the marvellous call of Christ the Comet
FIREBALL above you
And under your FEET
Is the heart that will pull you downwards, clownwards
Into the unemptied crate that hisses and chatters
Above the crates of bliss and ciphers
Are empty
The place, the NOUN
Is EMPTY
The analysis queues and arrows soar
Fly fly fly the eagles
Back to the joker and the furniture veneer

G

I waited in the snow
For the flowers to unsleep
And petals to become landscape
And the laughing boat to sail
To scud over the towers of the village
But you better meanwhile

Always, Babylon
Was breathing and bubbling FLAME
And fires flying in the scarmarshes
Of the stars—*BaalStorm*
Put yourself in MyPlace
Put your face in my mask
The hated taskmaster
In the troubled heart
That burrows deepest into the slit I stole
The oven boils
The laundry soiled
Mundane massacre in NH
7 die in the street or the Church
Or under the canopy of the cliffs
Red the soil
And lamblike the clouds
Clambering over the Semitic cedars
Of beautiful Lebanon
The lily is snatched
Into the ravine
Bu the hook, the hand
The hours, and your calves sped by in the twilight of
BaalStorm
SING OMEGA
SING OMEGA
DO NOT LET OMEGA SING YOU
Open the door
To left and right
Hell
But in the ascent
To the bloodflood
That lambs down
The woundway
Wonderful

A

On the way down the highway
To the heights
The stones slept by sulphur
But mainly wax was the moon
Sunshone on the salt
The columns of praise
Down we tripped
The loaded tranceway
Forming "Salaam! Salaam!"
The thistles cover up the hooves of the storm
With crayon and chalk streaks
I stripped mind and soul away
And hastened the face away from the reach
Of the imperfect storm
The pictured flick and face, the scent of *BaalStorm*
Breath on breasts for luck,
New! in the grit
These were flickers from the chicks
Who cry for dirt or poison
Or not to have seen
BORN STORMS
BORN *BAALSTORM*
It was some advert that spitted soil tonight
In 5 hours time
The films unwind
And the glaze stands or lies
Revealed and unsealed
As gifted with the grip of sand
Katasonic and Parangelic
The theory was tested and filled
Syriac node
Caught breath
Hesitating on vowels
Whilst the verbs go under

Age
The little horsey
Is under snow
But still I play
On geegee go
Ride low under hedge and sedge
Greet heath and slip slowly
Into the oven hidden
In the middle of earths or clouds
Place yourself in my grace
Engine storms or whirlwinds
Of the LORD's sloping
Prescription for Times
Where Time rushes and the Hush is gone
Quite dead
Slept laughing
Glistens, Death, Treats
Treats!
Greet or meet the Tired Horse
At the end of 𓇋𓏏𓂋𓅱𓏏𓄿 Ur HOOFDAY
The clouds, curved rubble
Spoke stones and angered dust
Fill my pockets with her lockets
And the bills of
My lost waves/tides
Made me blink
I was made below utters
"And are the querulous garage Moon?"
"Or the Cubic Curse?"
Made that CABAL
Maize friends of crops
And the Nile hops on the Train
To the FabricHouse

ᚷ

I dreamt of the Ink
Spreading from the Unimpeachable *Æon*
The HoneySuckle *Æon*
As sweet as sorcery
Hovered over the fake FatherLand, spilling flies
I smelt darkness and stuttered at her face
I glimpsed ships at rest
Over the Moon at TotemTown
I saw G. yawn as he cooked BEASTFOOD
In the Alchemical Latrines
Butchers' hooks hauling planets
And darkly starry
You were in the fern
Your lips gripping the teeth
Of the Abstract Christ
Who attempted and dwelled
In your every breath
I wrote some grave for Seth
Threw Gnostic gags on the fires
Swallowing the brief glory
All the while time
Oh time oh
Mine! I saw the storm shake
Her tambourine at the tombs
Of great trees
The 19th last king
Whistled for the winds

ᚹ

Her craters dreaming of the perfect dark
Herded sawn
The split of the atom
The infinite leak

Leaches syllables like snow
From the central crown
The dirt ascendant
The prickly fires
Of the Last Night Twist
The crease of the eyes
Boiling in the face
Who stares from the trenches
The mask of stars
The planets which joust
Struggle for the exit train
I saw the dragonflies alight
In their splitsecond glory
My mind was the line
On which the nightsoil drifted
How dear was metal
How precious the milk
How murderous the corn
The barley, the wheat
"Your flaxen hair", the cliché sang
"As golden crop on the Rhine"
But watch for storms, inclement weather
Freaks of nature
The ruby cow
Ashen in a threeday temple
Watch for the wood of blood
The witches dancing tightly
The light fantastic
Sing, oh Sing Omega
Don't let the world download you quite
Quaint as the song sounds
Sing away the rust on the throat
In the Marian blue boat
I glance at the pots, the shards
Search for ὄστρακα in the hieratic stain
Poor memes of breastplates

And lances and armour
The master-archer grows arrows in the grove
Before your pagan fall
The olive groves held gods
Dreams leaked onto tongues
And shed lots
In the cool olive evening
Before Sodom and Salt
Set the world on fire
The breeze picked up the linear fate
Shimmering before it
Hey!—Hi Doom!
Time to take time back
And check out the stock
Spreading through your skeletal space
Dreamt I was as cool as flies
A telephone ringing in the heart of the moon
Dreamt I tasted a legion of faces
Amazed me
I picked up strippers in Jericho
Made love to the lonely horn
Birthed dogs and whirlpools
Sang at bath-time
To the soap-slayers
Bred violent opals matchless
In the chemical dream of slain rivers
“Dangerous” cry the ends of the world
“Storm alert” over the horizon
Its horses clock and shut
Open your eyes and believe in the BDT
Clip tickets in time
Before the sweetness leaves
ⲕⲭⲱ ⲙ̄ⲙⲟⲥ ⲛ̄ⲛⲧⲛ̄
In the playground
Dances trance formation salamanders
The demo arrives

Breathes digits and marks
Distributes comics with heads
Stares the State
The metal disc twists unwinds
The King of Tricks
The Maze
The Baboon
Unlucky Rabbit
Patching up time
With wires and slipstreams
Again I dreamt of Hollywood
Resting between the thighs
Of the little voodoo channeller
The first imp
The mainline Liar
Baron Saturday Best
In jazz and juice and jungle
The Lemon Lady
In the stark water
I was taught to mate men with birds
And in the late house with a safe sword
ᴄʜϥᴇ ᴏϒѠӢϤ
The gift suffixal mouth
Heard of Madame Max?
She hides her gargoyle eyes
Reflects torture and landslides
Her carrion gun is cocked
And ready for flight
Beasts versus Beasts
No great grace there then
When is the sky
Not the sky?
When *BaalStorm* shudders
When Christ returns
Megaphone ponies
Shall snuff out the dead

The pavilion hangs over Katherine and Kathleen
Their mouths are hoops of fire
And the rinky-dink clouds
Loud with the dawn
I recall how in Cefalù
The swine sang
The rocks and poisoned striplights
Called the saucers from the spheres
Neat crystals
Snowstorms bawl *BaalStorm*
He had the face of flies
Flying over Nilus
The crocodile river
He has the gown
That covers the drains
His was the breath that unlocked
BlackShipGate
Over the Pentagon
The Pentacle Apocryphal
Over the Queen
The last red rose glows
Winds soar, lose the choirs
On the underspy pass
Whoops for massacre
Praises liars
Over the Tigris
The Eagle is the Tiger
The fishes rush to the rivers
Creates lava for the locusts to breath out
BaalStorm—
Tight in your body
I arose, pretence of Messiah
Slapped plastic blood on cellophane
Stigmata! Watched the poor die in movies
Dreamt of mounting dogs
Gave birth to jade films

The *BaalStorm* breaks waking
Wrestles with vandals
The sweet tea is NOW!
But beyond the airport walls
And behind the shut doors
I and eS take Bee riding
On the Heaven Buggy!
Terminal!
Paris so death—Goodbye, sweetbee
Whooped for massacre
And the massacre answered
"The Nile is refilled with blood"
The Black Land
Meets the Red Land
Ezekiel's chariot comes close
Close to home
Mixes harps with gun turrets
Towers over the diamond sea
Formally, finally
The conclusive end
The cruel head and his cruel scope

ϵ

The seahorse was on the golden square
Steiner meanwhile at the castle gate
That gorgeous grove
Delivering saintfire
Held skulls of dogs
Or ογωνϖ
Wolves to the storm
Saw the faces at Tyre and Troy
The dead on the Ridge
Whilst the moths drummed
Out *auf wiedersehen*
Or *auf wiederhören*

The Phalanx over the Phoenix
Wings beating as if
The world was swallowing itself
The dead core
The dust core
As sick as the sunbeams
Bred by *BaalStorm*
Crippled comets wake
In blasted bedrock
Paradise rusts
Hatedog in the storm
Showers of flies
Grinning at last
Equinoctial rage
The solstice sinks, sighing
The cry of the crops
Saw letters crumble
Unborn unmade unreal
Once again more massacre
More massacre
Messiahs tenapenny
The wheat fails
Seasons locust
What remained?
A beating heart spinning
In the jaws
Slavering inbetween the teeth
Of the storms
BaalStorm
Dust of days
Brays rocks and tragedy
First planned in empty time
Before the Crown was
On the head of the King
Before the finger
Was in the Ring

Sing Omega
Before the stings arose
Clambered in trees
Scarlet in the internal  Babylon
Those were not the days
Stuck grace for 666
The mercy throne bent in the winds
The poor dreamed earthquakes now
For breakfast boiled cities
And laughed
I sang Omega
With my choirs of peacock
The Queer Chorus Magicians
Hold torches and beakers
Brimming with you
Annulled their watchtowers
Pierced foxes
Revealed their broken unhappy faces
Knelt sore to the SawStorm
The biter of bodies
The Kill King
The Proud Horn
Spreads its wide glare wider
Builds ramparts of flame
Worshipped fortune-tellers
70,000 services!
300 diviners!
Dig lots cast spears on sand
Soaked with gold
Copper, barley, the small coins
Great value, great cost, for the dead
The lovely twig, the ferry shoot
Write—see or feel or hear or fear
Or even rejoice
But write the storm
Chant Thunder

Breathe stars and count the dark
Click the dead white cars ride by
Unmanned
Embracing the banquet
The tribute feast
The Autumn fall fool
Walk the gods back to their nets
Cut holes in and slice liturgies
Reptiles in the storehouse
Winnowing fans hide in hands
The windmill ghosts
The shadow-lamps of waves and mist
The shallow pots
The vinegar sacrifice
Boundaries of mouths or atoms
Years of darkness brightly lit
With the sodium glare singing
Courtesy of the Beast
☥, anchor, hook
Benefactor of chips and specks
The lovely POLLY
Androgyne highway to the crook
Of the lunar absence
Well are you fucking SAVED?
Or just from above
Baptised with salt?
Was God on your tongue
Last twilight
When the thunder hit
And split your mind
Into Manichæan defence?
Were you cheerfully spying for the guards
Who tended your graves?
Did you hinder Heaven?
Around me now
The olive trees sing

And I danced narcoleptic
In their brush
And I fed the storm
And stumbled strong and mighty
The Legendary Thief
Rejected headlong
The soft poet's soft leaps of face
Lay like stubble and straw
Refrained from lilies sucking wonder
Or smearing lead bones and boxes
Fenced your tongue
BaalStorm
𐤀𐤍𐤕 Anthony sings
Uncircumscribed Omega
Mocks the rafters of
The Mammonic Temple
Shined wombs at cock-crow
Repaid rags with whirlwinds
Stuff the winepresses
Orders volcanoes
Orders shipwrecks
The fear of the OUTER WALL
The CENTRAL WALL
The INNER WALL
The storm was not lost in the mazes
Muzzles were unbound
And the skin was ready to split
The shepherd slaughtered the flock
The poles loose flags
Devastated by the Wastewind
Annulled myths
Hurried strangers to the slaughtershore
Waiting sadly for twisted waves
Burning with sulphur and seahorses
Beating headlong the gazelles and doves
Covering haircloths with gold dust

With stars
With silence

ω

Sing omega
Sweet boy, sweet girl
Sing omega
Everything is lies
Everything is lies
Everything is lies
And there is no way out
The trance swallowed us
Perfectly atom
Gushes hope
Whilst gnosis choked
In the serpent's throat
Under the honeybee
Lies the wolf
The dogs
The fox
The axe
With eyes of men
And suddenly just
Unjust
The sword in the hand
The sword in the fist
The sword in your heart
The moon unloved
And loveless
Drowning in the sullen lake
BaalStorm—sing omega
BaalStorm—build omega
Break silver skies
Whilst the waves starve
My face speaker

Dead in the horns of the storm
Drowning
Just drowning
In rumours of wars
And *BaalStorm*

BAALSTORM, SING OMEGA

THE EDITED ALBUM TEXT

ᾱ I DREAMT I WAS ÆON

When I came over the water
I saw her face glory on the sea
And I have come to draw you to me
BaalStorm—put yourself in my place
The surface seas in the mirror, the grass, the gorge
Mark Mark Mark this—*"is everything all right?"*
The *breeze* filled with teeth
The choir boys hymned *"Hark the lark"*
But the splinter—you are real
Smokes of stirring robbed my eyes
I came over the water
To shape you and fill you—*"I am Æon"*
These are more than hosannas for the gallants
In their galleons on their stallions
I came to state the teeth of the truth—
"I am Æon"
Her vulture runs to refuge
But refuses the tongue
Tight that night's grip on the light over Naqqada
Stung memory and slayed cells
"Women twice slaves—in bird and in bed"
ⲗⲁ ⲓⲗⲁⲣⲁ ⲓⲗⲗⲁⲗⲗⲁⲣ
"The haunted face of the middle of the road follows me home
Pencils and bombs
Cells and fall
Idols—fall!"

B̄ WITH FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN OF FIRES

You look beautiful still in the cloths
You wear in the photograph
If you could see the missiles that count time
As I have seen them and ride them
"I am the hare with the eyes of coiled rope
Drawing the teeth of the lupine moon"
The Hunter lounges beside her studded with petals
Magnifies the Valley
In the Garden of *Fires*
"Come with me and take my hand
And walk the Gospel Milewide Smile"
The head of the face
Of the grave of heaven
The fear on the tiny smile of SilverFlashState
The agonised pain of collision of Crescents
The apocalypse girl—Chiara in her hat—
Sits and talks to atoms and planets
That descend from the trees
Bending their knees
She calls my name knowing
She is famed for the flowers
That pour from her teeth
Sometime before Aquarius
Gave birth to murders in armour
Oh yeah! camouflage!
Before the Stars of the Seas contacted me
When we were still *Æons*
Long, long times ago
Haunted I wound string
Haunting them
Pulled umbilical cords from lovers' dreams
Made savage thread
Worshipped pricks or frocks or creatures
Called *"Oh Lord!"*
Or *"Death!"* or *"Party!"*

Look! The walker is on the grass
Ebony or words for forms
Let's piss peace on the shadows
The *"Oh Yeah! Oh Death!"* chorus
Rolls like sores over the wreckage
Of minor moons and white electrics
Lectures on despair
Points to the Queer Queen's toes
In silk or shit or space

Γ̄ DECEMBER 1971

I am the same—*"I am Æon"*
Before the prion and the iron
The ion and the ink
The hygiene and the stink
Time and kink
Of the incense planet
And the clock
And the dock
And the baying of merchants
3 or 4 for 3 or 4
Of that grain made me the Star
That we wish had not been known
Or drawn to us—the precious Romans
Face or fake in jade
"I am ZION—or Æon"
I forget…
Lord of the groves of olives and oranges
And the dead tribes of the central scribal verse
The tablets of stone and worry
Thou shalt have no no no nothing
But *BaalStorm*
Put yourselves on our thrones
Twelve or sixty or the blind
I thought of her just now—

She is there naked like the water
I cannot touch the punch
Of her lips I cannot
Dare to touch lip or skin or fold
I gave gold to buy much less
And gave more
And nothing stayed but the storms
Proud parade around the screen
I will myrrh or myth or memorise her
Her forehead in the Roman dream dusk
"Room for one! Rune for one!"
Placed so much on her or hers
That sand-scattered Moon
Of the valleys claiming
The Peacock and the Owl behind me
Every grace was fresh
But I felt the lash of Gospel
Or Eagle—I no longer could divide
Cæsar from the Trance or Twilight
There is mum and dad
And I am glad
To be back and young
In December 1971
With the *storms* so far in front of me
And the cell swelling with *waves* and shards
On each of the brick is the crack
And the crick in the slit
Watch men
Watch birds
Watch TV
And the SatanVans
And the words I heard
From the birds on fire was
"Æon—makes nonsense"
Or *"Sing Ꙍ"*
"BaalStorm! BaalStorm!"

𐤀 *BAALSTORM! BAALSTORM!*

Meanwhile the flowers
Choke under stars' *ash*
My mother the train
The sound of the dead
"BaalStorm! BaalStorm!"
And Sarah Deep Tree
Hears the cuckoo sing
She alone perfect
Just her and me shaking
And Jeanne d'Arc—*parfaite*
Was inside her
Saw the *flames* in her mane
Heard her name—*"the most important dream"*
Bowered with figs and dates and
The flowers on *fire*
The French *flamme*
"Beauties for the Beast
Is full of grace—don't you think?
I'd love to talk to you about everything"
And then "Then I remember our days in Roma
Remember all our words"
So what were your dreams
Whilst you sat in your womb?
Uncreated children saw *BaalStorm*
Your voice over clouds
Crackling blue Murders
The Moon full of *fire*
And you when I left
I thought of you in the arc
And ⲁⲣⲭⲱⲛ
And preyed over Hills
Suckled Rome's breasts
Well—to speak Coptic Red
To the Beautiful Hosts in the deserts

But left nothing to space?
The yard is full
And piled up
There is no room
Here at your inn
And your voice was high
Full of longing
And I was in UrNight crease
And singing machines world creak
Slowly the bird is lost
Singsongbird at the scene
Of the final spool
Ohh the sea ohh the night tight
As tight as the noose
Set loose galaxies in *BaalStorm*
The stars filled with milk
Crush the faces of peace
And the lovely church full of form
With loss
ⲁⲏⲥⲱⲧⲙ ⲁⲏⲙⲉⲉⲩⲉ ⲁⲏⲣⲁⲱⲉ ⲁⲏⲡⲓⲥⲧⲉⲩⲉ
But the face
The murdered burden ⲉⲧⲡⲱ
Metallic face and metallic taste
The head below horns
Face peeks Barbie pink
The *rains* on the heads
The masks on the dead
And they breed teeth
And the years draw by
They're too soon expected
I am at the sea
The sea is perfect
The tiny underpass
I see brothers and sisters fornicating
The children curse
And future *flames* lick

Around the dimpled toes
Their pits as big as their mother's mouth
And their father's face
And fear is not yet
Just the plastic swan
And her perfect throat
Down her neck
The seeds slip by
And through the trees
Minor murder perhaps
Whilst the world remains exquisite
And perfectly unused
The hedges collapse
The herd is smiling
And in the streets
The constellations slaughter crabs
So set at *Æon*
Set at *Æon*
Rearise as the clocks sink by
Click sick time to
The honeysuckle rose
It goes as it rose
The bark sailed by
The flower fields
You were faint
As the honeysuckle rose
At the arch wall
There was void
And I dreamed to teach
The world to sing
Struggled at night
Sick with dreams
Of *storms* and vowels
Poured mud into old friends
Faces faces
To me at the wall

In night
Or easier earlier I saw
Columns of red
Mesh *floods* over me
Called for the next gash
The smash of history pulls me
Back to some up
Swung into Bykers
Haunt *"I love you*
More than you storm *me"*
And so I see
Amphetamine easy
Lost in the crouch
And mouth of you
Who know your names
Sweet in the gut
Of the fumes of engines
Have I never left grace?
Moving slowly
Moving slowly

ɛ̄ PASSENGER *ALEPH* IN NAME

Beyond I am
Bails out the stars
Starting the sound of
First the air goes
And then the heart
So was that ω point?
Just butterfly to the sun
Points fingers as the graves awake
"The Moon is dead!
Long live the Moon!"
And Ms. Tricky hides
By your lying eyes
The hotel snuffed in snow

In the wrappers
The rubble was sugarsweet
Smelled of paper eyes
And the lovely *smoke*
Of the forests *burning* in the *storms*
BaalStorm
And in the house of mercy
On the airline screen pops up prophecy
"Passenger Aleph in Name"
So I caught under worlds
Of the starmakers
And the fakers of grief
And there was no sadness
In the tractors broken
Over ghost fields
On the wall of grace—buffeted by the *BaalStorm*
Bowed heads as sinners' turns of phrase
And bowed trace mild in the heart of the wood
At frost or fear
She was Queen Apollo
She was Queen of Gates
"Well, the Lamb's Blood's washed me clean"
Called me to sing ꝏ

ϛ̄ TANKS OF FLIES

I had the verbal touch
The silver sliver of nexus
Carved from the bloody *water*
First-poured
Form *drowning*
Pulling down the moons and suns
From the thighs of the queen
Of grace and grinding
The bump, the bribe, the breasts
Made me slyly arise

In *clouds* of candy
Tanks of flies

Ƶ THE NUDES LIFT SHIELDS FOR WAR

The West got the rest it deserved
Drowning under oysters
Sailing on disappearance
Underwater
But infallible the blossoms
In the far night
Under the tabernacle
The mermaids drift joylessly
Queer metermaids
Snapdragon elves
Invert against *Æons*
That guided missiles
Into the Alchemist's home
The credit card is cancelled
The *Storm*—her eye on the sores
And the eyes and ears
Of wild blind eyes
The buckethome
Of the unready phrase
Grand marsh of the ɲıɥɐ
"Night! Death! Storm! Ϣ*!"*
The traffic-lights flicker out at Mamre
The last thing I saw were your eyes
They were as loud as stars
As mute as the twilight sinking
Over the olive tree
Licking *flames* from the *burning* bush
Scales stairs always up.
The monsoon was driven by the *storms*
Into the valleys
By *chic* tombs the swallows drift

Ironic to their end
The kittens fill turquoise cages
In time to the milkmaid's slow calling
Pain in the plough in the fields
The green greedy fields
Bleed lace and dream
Machines and chips
And Aladdin's wires
The alleluia buzzes
Brimming with sounds of *storms* and vowels
As voiced by the deaf
On the palates the shapes and their heads
Like berries lush in the summer
We were all ready to drop
The sound of the storm was spears
Ripped phrases from the *First Garden Log*
Sensational news! *"The nudes lift shields for war!"*
But swivel and bank to the left
Breast bared the amazon
And blind lens shuts over rivers
Hovering illly over the mist
The *cataract* approaches might in grins
Growls borrowed histories
Maps are scored and scraped
Debris, white pens, rust, root
Swarf, machines, bad faith
To Us
Us
Us
Us
The clouds *drown* in mists
Covers the sow, the bristle
The tiny mouth huddled
In the box of blisters
Floods comics of bibles

Ħ NIGHT! DEATH! STORM! OMEGA!

Meanwhile, back in the real world
I compass the weather
And wonder if "*I love you*"
Is the verb—the first and found
The first sound that shone forth
The λογος, the first formed flesh
The finger pointing to the pit/the beast
The thumb staining the gown
Claiming the throat in the crowd
Sunny are the fireflies
The night stuck so close around them
Their beams bold into the blackness
Clumping the dark before them
Throw little *lightnings*
On the shellboxes
And the peep sheen show
Lures the baby to its death
Boys into centuries
That is how they made them
Saddle black helicopters
Place Royalty in their tiny windows
The dodo, the doom
All that breed and bold
The cheque leads the master
Above the marvellous call of Christ the *Comet Fireball* above you
And under your feet
Is the heart that will pull you downwards
Clownwards into the unemptied crate
That hisses and chatters
Above the crates of bliss and ciphers
Are empty
The place, the noun
Is empty

The analysis queues and arrows soar
Fly, fly, fly the eagles
Back to the joker and the furniture veneer
I waited in the snow
For the flowers to unsleep
And petals to become landscape
And the laughing boat to sail
To scud over the towers of the village
But you better meanwhile
Always, BABYLON
Was breathing and bubbling *flame*
And *fires* flying in the scarmarshes
Of the stars—*BaalStorm*
Put yourself in my place
Put your face in my mask
The hated taskmaster
In the troubled heart
That burrows deepest into the slit I stole
The oven *boils*
The laundry soiled
Mundane massacre in NH
7 die in the street or the Church
Or under the canopy of the cliffs
Red the soil
And lamblike the clouds
Clambering over the Semitic cedars
Of beautiful Lebanon
The lily is snatched
Into the ravine
But the hook, the hand
The hours and your calves sped by
In the twilight of *BaalStorm*
Sing ɯ
Sing ɯ
Do not let ɯ sing you
Open the door

To left and right
Hell
But in the ascent
To the *BloodFlood*
That lambs down
The woundway
Wonderful
On the way down the highway
To the heights
The stones slept by *sulphur*
But mainly wax was the moon
Sunshone on the salt
The columns of praise
Down we tripped
The loaded tranceway
Salaam! Salaam!
The thistles cover up the hooves of the *storm*
Crayon and chalk streaks in my hand
I stripped mind and soul away
And hastened the face
Of the imperfect *storm*
Her craters dreaming of the perfect dark
Herded sawn
The split of the atom
The infinite leak
Leaches syllables like snow
From the central crown
The dirt ascendant
The prickly *fires*
Of the Last Night Twist
The crease of the eyes
Boiling in the face
Who stares from the trenches
The mask of stars
The planets which joust
Struggle for the exit train

I saw the dragonflies alight
In their splitsecond glory
My mind was on the line
On which the nightsoil drifted
How dear was metal
How precious the milk
How murderous the corn
The barley, the wheat
"Your flaxen hair", the *cliché* sang
"As golden crop on the Rhine"
But watch for *storms*, inclement weather
Freaks of nature
The ruby cow
Ashen in a threeday temple
Watch for the wood of blood
The witches dancing tightly
The light fantastic
Sing oh Sing ϖ
Don't let the world download you quite
As quaint as the song sounds
Sing away the rust on the throat
In the Marian blue boat
I glance at the pots, the shards
Search for ὄστρακα in the hieratic stain
Poor memes of breastplates
And lances and armour
The master-archer grows arrows in the grove
Before your pagan fall
The olive groves held gods
Dreams leaked onto tongues
And shed lots
In the cool olive evening
Before Sodom and Salt
Set the world on *fire*
The *breeze* picked up

ϑ I DANCE NARCOLEPTIC

I dreamt I was as cool as flies
A telephone ringing in the heart of the moon
I dreamt I tasted a legion of faces
Drank Valleys dry
Picked up strippers in Jericho
"Dangerous" cry the ends of the world
"Storm alert!" over the horizon

Heard of Madame Max?
Heard of Madame Max?
She hides her gargoyle eyes
Reflects torture and *landslides*
Her carrion gun is cocked
And ready for flight
When *BaalStorm* shudders
When Christ returns
Megaphone ponies
Shall snuff out the dead
Snowstorms bawl *"BaalStorm"*
He had the face of flies
Flying over Nilus
The crocodile river
He has the gown
That covers the drains
His was the breath that unlocked
The Pentagon—Pentacle Apocryphal
Over the Queen
Of England's prostitute crown
Winds soar, loose choirs
And whoop for massacre
"Choirs of peacocks sing
Breathe stars and count the dark"
Dreamt of mounting dogs
Gave birth to jade films

The *BaalStorm* breaks waking
And the massacre answered
"The Nile is refilled with blood"
Mixes harps with gun turrets
The cruel head—his cruel scope
Delivering saintfire
Held the skulls of dogs
Or wolves to the *storm*
The Phalanx over the Phoenix
Wings beating as if
The world was swallowing itself
Bred by *BaalStorm*
Crippled *comets* wake
In blasted bedrock
Grinning at last
The solstice sinks sighing
The wheat fails
And what remained?
A beating heart spinning
In the jaws
Slavering inbetween the teeth
Of the *storms*
BaalStorm
Dust of days
Brays rocks and tragedy
First planned in empty time
Before the Crown was
On the King
Before the finger
Was in the Ring
Sing ꝏ
Before the stings arose
And clambered in trees
The mercy throne in the *winds*
The poor dreamed *earthquakes*
For breakfast boiled cities

And laughed
Sang ω
Held torches and beakers
Annulled their watchtowers
Revealed their broken faces
Knelt sore to the *SawStorm*
The biter of bodies
The Kill King—the Proud Horn
Builds ramparts of *flame*
Well are you fucking SAVED?
Or just from above?
Baptised with salt?
Was God on your tongue
Last twilight
When the *thunder* hit
And split your mind?
Were you cheerfully spying for the guards
Who tended your graves?
Did you hinder Heaven?
Around me now
The olive trees sing
And I dance narcoleptic
In their brush fed the *storm*
Sweet boy, sweet girl
Sing ω
Covered with silence
And covered with stars

SING OMEGA!

WAR FOR SIGH

The clouds or horses' breath
Hover mud
Hurtle trees
Shrink bone
Force fierce ribbons
Feed the murderbell
Gorge the barbedwireclock
4 horsemen trot by
Tracing terminal leisures
4 horsemen time out shut
Scrape our masks from flanks
Under the earth squalls
Mute storms
The sparrows
Rain
Poor man poor soul poor God
Unwhole world
The flowers suffocated under dirt
The sounds all ugly spears
I turn my face to grace
And see soar that envious fist made of bad stars
Savage planets and despairs
The trickster sneaks in with his grin and graves
Forms sockets of dead heads
Spins wheels and watches
The martial kaleidoscope films by
Hawks hate
Empty of heart
The colours blur foam
All face shapes blood or abyss
Prick up your ears
At the hooves and horrors
Let us lie children's toys immolate
Put on armours and dig escape

Drag shields like claws
Cover the grit with brass guns or bands
Scar rubble archless
Dress to kill and strut like burning waves
To the crack
The night
And unlight
To scales that first stole Eden
Watch furious towers rise
Tolling mottled bells
𐑐—whose is the face that shudders in the clouds?
𐑐𐑐—whose are the teeth that draw the bow?
𐑐𐑐𐑐—whose is the night and the shower of flies?
𐑜𐑜𐑜—to whom do you belong with your unreal face?
And pale Crown answers—
I fell from Heaven with future armies
Coming soon to fields and towns near you

MMIX

ALEPH AT HALLUCINATORY MOUNTAIN

BEASTFOOD

VULTURE FACE KAIN

FAKING GOLD AND MURDER

2009

ALEPH AT HALLUCINATORY MOUNTAIN

INVOCATION OF ALMOST

I

Almost in the beginning was the murderer
And I fell faceless into the world
Unaware the moon had changed its face
Hallucinatory Mountain arose Atlantine
Constellations warped
Shed wings
Anointing tyranny of stars

II

I arose as Aleph, the Speller, the Killer
In my mind fractal texts
Broken grammars
Droning like honey
Sweeter than
Ziggurat, ⲁⲙⲉⲛⲧⲉ
The voice or squeal or fear of Thunder
The thrushfaced Seven
Stars masking the reeds

III

In the middle of Aleph
As a coiled comet, the meteor
Murderer
My head was red as moons
Bubbling with threats
Doubled like the Trinity I shed
Under the river with the dog and the child
I speak speech and build the Wall again
And close off the storehouse

IV

I dreamt nail veils on the Ka'aba
Dragging the Khabs
Build towers of voices screaming
Astaroth dreamed vials of sap
I had one gold volume and whispered
"Can I go back to your Satanic flat?"
Killed spiders cold and ford black becks
Cheeks as red as pomegranates
Astaroth blushing curtseying
Smiling *"Kiss the bride"*
Or *"Time is the Crime"*
Or *"I am true to you as the bluebirdbloodface*
Full of grace and lice and moss and confusion"

V

Tiny voices like thumbs
Arise from Aleph as I was/am/shall be
On the Hallucinatory Mountain
Full of troubles and colours
And the sound of the sand
The perpetual Virgin of Evidence
Sly ghosts hover like gold
And pricks hunger for cats imagined
Burning as sadly as the sun

VI

So where do I start unreal?
I was stripped by time
Part of time
In its flow, its fields
Its mirrors, masks
Struts around me

But bending me too
Did it take me with it?
Was I floating above it?
Through it?
I was an oracle for nothing at all
Not even the birds breaking faces to my past

VII

Back in the form of the Mountain
I envisaged the women
Open to me as Thelemic flowers
The folds splay crazily and shining
Their fast unfurling sunbeams
Forcing bright smudges in my past

VIII

But in my mind July or gorgon
The flowers shut
Spring snap sharp and lock
The door and gate and vial and fountain.
The fields of rape were barley or wheat
Barely beds for the Killer waiting
Giddy with spores
I planted my past
In all who approached
And prayed for Babron
Lined phrases/boxes
Hymned the breeze

POPPYSKINS

IX

Aleph flipped back in time
God stopped floods
Drowned cities
And you in your glory
And pagan beauty
I was in you and almost all of you

X

He arose silver smoke
Years of trees and apples and fruits and flowers
She was blue and gold and everywhere stars
In Aleph's heart
All he thought of
Was Gods and Girls

XI

I could not attend a new face
As planned
Commercials inserted
The commercials slip into dragons
Beasts
Make clownlike faces Murderers
The ♌starry♌ faceless flag flutters
With the Bestial Bird and Her Steed amount
When 9 and 3 clash they clash true and shriek
I asked children to draw Roosters
For Abraxas
And Aleph told me *"I will haunt you"*
And *"I will become you"*
Where now is the mighty King of Kings?

He is *murderered* and lies in Sainthood
Rome is the Murderer
Judas is the Murderer
Pilate is the Murderer
I am the Murderer
I am Aleph
I am not Aleph

XII

How do I proceed?
I was shaping 15 faces a minute
And I have moved you
Into the Legion
The Anchor says *"I am of the many people"*
The Death says *"Oh yes, the waves play around him/me"*
And I believe both whilst watching ports
Collapse under amber burdens
On the fat nude back the fat tears fall plastic

XIII

Imagine yourself sleeping
Beyond that is sleeping sleeping
The colour of visions
Whilst Matthew meets Aleph
But there were no dreams as Aleph skipped by
Inviolate and dying
But happy and whistling *"KILLER"*

XIV

Poppyskins
In the kindness of the playground
Aleph unveiled his claws
As Pazuzu scrolled in to town

Murderer Murderer Murderer
Small of Destroyer and fierce in his poverty
My back is broken by his teeth

XV

On the mountain I as He rested
The streams bite into the rocks
Fissures gleaming with transparent blood
Water mimicking the temple
Teeth shuddering in the ghostlike face
Of the faminedeliverer
The locustbringer Adam

XVI

The poppyskins were the clothes on the skin
Raw as wind
Pink like jets
Red like the Bibles drifting in the streets
Folded leather Sebek
All the cuneiform all the clay face
The wedges stuck in my heart
And spelled—
"The Murderer is here
Cain is here, and brings strange graves
And pens with poison
The lands he hands to sheep or goats
Clustered on the rock bleating for gold
And Mammon"
Cain is here
His breasts torpid
Beasts dissolving in the deserts
Smog and promise and the icon
Leaching wax or rubber
Smiling wordlessly

"Oh Aleph where are you
And your whirling arms and the patience
That took you a trillion years and spears and so
Beak fear and harbour and trains"

ON DOCETIC MOUNTAIN

XVII

Adam eats and digs and Eve craves more truth
Snakes and graves and serpent and monuments
Of leaves and garden refuse
Spilling out like tigers at
Any chance of cloudburst

XVIII

Aleph throttled the New Age
And the ponies and unicorns fell
And the crystals and Geronimos fell
And the Bug Rides fell
And Easy Prophet sells tales
Of astral friendships in soaps and Satans
But Aleph is Adam

XIX

Aleph and Adam stand on the Docetic Mountain
And the women's faces are full of stars and mischief
Into the words of the book
And the lips of the cup
And the trumpet and seals
Bouncing balls on their noses
All seven of them sevenfaced
And the candlesticks lighting
The Murderers to bed

And your bed with seas and flowers
And the nylon lion on your rug
Roaring like a supermarket
On the rack on its back
I call martyrs as witness
To this pisspoor mess
And the belief falling flylike
From the Mountains
In curtains of eyes
Sniffing like foxes at count
Singing humming
"Oh microwave oh Galaxy kill"
They have misled themselves
Cæsaring Christ
And no back and no face
Covered in useless snow

XX

Praise
For Paise and Thekla
Under low volcanoes
Smothered by wheels
Drowning in silica
Your beheaded heads quoting Simeon or Jonah
And the stars rain down sparkling cold and bloody
I remember you and pray for you
All of you who were/are/shall be
Murdered by Cæsars
As the nations gather and fade in
The Poor House the dour house the dead Hound
The centre—chisel of the Beast
Guests at their own farewell feast

XXI

Ashai came to me in a dream
And in the real swirl
The Scarlet Girl
Delivers pornography by the Queen
Onto my chest
I said *"I am Aleph I am Adam*
I am under attack since EIGHT"
I saw bells and jars
And pale drains
Empty wine
Useless in the Heathen Eden
How great was the jungle
Dogs clutch heads
Catch and call far bulls
Chattering like streams
Whilst the stopwatch shuts
And the moon hot-trot fox-trot the fade
Trapping fogs for dreams

XXII

Samaritan says—*"Just One Word"*
Aleph says—
"This is the bikini blast; the Easter Rabbit
The all conquers in the smallest paper
I saw the Ghost Train
Fake orgasms for the cliffs
Beached children from the so much
So much I wanted you near the cats"
The scrambled dust jitterbugs
Taking stock of its life

26 APRIL 2007

XXIII

My back was attacked
By Hallucinatory Mountains
My teeth are possessed by demons and devils
And I was by myself but not myself
Just me and bones and thoughts
Bonus gifts from the Valley

XXIV

Aleph asks
"Were you eyeing the cruel candy store?"
Adam relies as eye as I—
"On my stomach I was written as SQUATTER"

XXV

On 26 April 2007
I dreamed six or 3 suns in my face
Six or 3 in my body
And six elsewhere
I swallowed them with you

XXVI

And then I caught Kronos
At ^{666}Tupperware®®® Time
Gods in plastic boxes

XXVII

Crowns with cats' heads on them

XXVIII

Women surrounded by grills and gates

XXIX

The vultures are compressed into mealbricks
Darker than white
But brighter than white

ALEPH IS THE BUTTERFLY NET

XXX

And the clip-clops increasing
Singing the Blues and Ends and Reds
Oh Hallucinatory Mountain
Full of beauty and pain
Cry become many
Pasture moon scorpion
Grow numb cord invisible
Sleep paradigms
Horn burns and flesh
Suck beneath roofs
Chew prisons skin destroyer
Destroyer Murderer
Morning whirlwind

XXXI

The crocodile devours everything
Except the watchtower green fields
Min is mine
Not thine
KittenTime at
The GreatCrystalShrine

XXXII

I am the Butterfly Net
And I see bad things arising
And crimes committed at night
Under the brow of the desolate Hill
Whilst Aleph grins
And says *"All is good time"*
And Cain as sharp as grass nods
"All is good crime"

XXXIII

I have had many men in me
The frame is empty

XXXIV

ⲁⲛⲟⲕ ⲡⲉ
ⲁⲛⲟⲕ ⲡⲉ
ⲁⲛⲟⲕ ⲡⲉ

XXXV

You sailed away
On the rush boat
Onto last rivers
Styx or Thames or Nile
Woman in pale blue
Man and peach
And the cats and cows
In the club the old men
The old women
Die Bingo
The pyramids are on wagons
Go to Mecca and harbours

But I am not the disco
I am not the memory of Pilate
I am Aleph I am Adam

XXXVI

With Rickie Lee
Me and tea
By the bridge of sighs
With ice cream and clouds
Of chemicals and cancers
But I am not the disco
The voice gasps out
Aleph says *"I am not the disco"*
Adam says *"I am not the disco"*

XXXVII

Aleph and Adam spill out—
"For the first 26 years
I assumed the death posture
And swallowed spunk like butter
Cut my fingers
Stretched hands and peered
Through the gauze
Grew moons or flowers
And threw up robins
And the beaks of Kings"

NOT BECAUSE THE FOX BARKS

XXXVIII

Ruth and Naomi at rest
In the people of their people
The desert is on the march
Cows and crows roam
And consume dead branches
The Lord is on the hooves
His vastness blinds the tombs
And Aleph broods
Creating starlings with brightness
And breathing planets and clouds

XXXIX

This is Terminal Eden
Killer of dreams
Of hopes
Of galaxies
Here the Gnostic Fox sets up his throne and stall
Docetic or just mimetic?
Dying or running from the ⲥⲧⲁⲩⲣⲟⲥ?
Or just dissolving like smiles back
To the Vast Aleph?
Or off at the drop to Amen Ra?

XL

I am Aleph
I am Adam
The fish stream home
And uphill the sentries wait with ferocious spears
Practising thrusts on clouds
Clown with camels and jade

Sugar coy in the mist
Perfumes sour in her birth
But shining in shadows
Friend to histories

XLI

The Moon is with Aleph
Tucked under his shoulder

XLII

The Sun is with Adam
Tucked under his shoulder

XLIII

Cain is with Aleph and Adam and I
Sneaking between my legs
Murderer
Sliding into my thoughts
Murderer
In between the sheets
Dreaming and waiting for seeds
Dreaming of rehabilitation or redemption

XLIV

Can you hear my name?
Can you hear my name?
Can you post my name?
Can you claim my name?
I am nameless I am Aleph
Adamantine
And I am Adam
Pre-existent

Ashamed
And Murderer

XLV

The old man
Window in the room
Cracks open the face
He was given

XLVI

War criminals in Hell
All of them 𐑷𐑤 𐑧𐑯𐑦𐑕
Conquered hooks

XLVII

Not because the fox barks
I heard of your wisdom
Not because man barks
Not because man howls
Not because Aleph stopped
Trains and sapphires
Clear as rain and Adam
Not because falls
Not as the fox barks
The legend was a he at sea
Christ arose in glory
A rose in glory
Christ is the Rose
And Murdered smiled and cried
Alone through the window
The cripple and the corn

UrSHADOW

XLVIII

I am now in Queen Morning
Aleph grazes and gobbles dissent
And fears spheres
Blows globes of Ær
And prides buildings into sepulchres
Wait for παρουσιά
Christ Was Never Killed
Just Dreamt Only
Aleph slept
Ate Adam's children

XLIX

Her face great in the corn
Sing Sing Sing Little Bird
Unfair Shadow
Hymning Michael to his Throne
Resenting rockets pouring out
In halfwitted spearing of space
Bringing trouble and fear
Murder Apocalypse cartoons

L

Then I looked to the Southside of the door
ⲧⲟⲧⲉ ⲁⲓⲥⲱⲣ̅ⲧ ⲙ̄ⲡⲥⲁ ⲙ̄ⲡⲣⲏⲥ ⲙ̄ⲡⲣⲟ
She took us to where the sun sets
ⲁⲥϫⲓⲧⲉⲛ ⲉⲛⲉⲙⲁ ⲛ̄ϩⲱⲧⲡ̄ ⲙ̄ⲡⲣⲏ
The nylon lion attacked as Kingdom
Faced Empire silhouette
ⲁⲩⲱ ⲡⲙⲟⲩⲉⲓ ⲛⲁϣⲱⲡⲉ ⲣ̄ⲣⲱⲙⲉ
And suddenly the Living are Dying

ⲛ̄ⲧⲉⲩⲛⲟⲩ ⲛⲉⲧⲁⲁⲛ̄ⲥ ⲥⲉⲛⲁⲙⲟⲩ
And I ask my masks and I—
“Surely we are living in a dream?”
ⲡⲱⲥ ⲉⲛⲁⲛ̄ⲥ ⲉⲛ̄ⲟⲩⲫⲁⲛⲧⲁⲥⲓⲁ

AS REAL AS RAINBOWS

LI

So when and where
Were the revolutions?
The deserts now
Are full of the comas of stars
Bone and memory of fallen faces
Killing stars and wine
So when and what
Were the revolutions?
The Saints off ered
Heads for haloes
Kissing silver rains

So when and where
Were the revolutions?
The deserts now
Are full of the comas of stars
Bone and memory of fallen faces
Killing stars and wine
So when and what
Were the revolutions?
The Saints offered
Heads for haloes
Kissing silver rains
Pulled jaguars
To the edge of constellations
Called all beyond the Call
Breathed lateral blood

Not beast at Winter
With grasshoppers' eyes like almonds
The sound of cicadas just clouds
As real as rainbows
Beauty hovering and hiding
In the scrubby earth
Lies Murder sour
Meanwhile seamless
The flowered face smiles
At last shots of Mass
From erased emperors
At the turn of her tidal face

BEASTFOOD

As a Greek God
Witless you stood
Laurelled and harsh the brow
Pomegranates die lying at your feet
But meanwhile in the dust
The swift parched astonished
Look up there
Look at there
The beak is formed
And shudders
At the yellow plastic cap
Cry under bushes
Breathe lateral blood in Maat 
Your age not
WOLF
Or WINTER
The Beast through Breeze
Runs "BeastFood" in the Typhonian register
Oh Komitas
Softly to me
Felt blood shrunken heads
And "GodIsLove"
With the yellow waves of slaughter
And the Hacking Cross
Stilts
When I lay dying
The grasshoppers eyes were almonds
And the sound of the cicadas was clouds
Murmuring Murder so sour
In the scrubby hills
Was the Worm
Meanwhile seamless the flowered face
Remembering the asthmatic empire
In last shots at Mass

In cartoon cartouches
The erased emperors
At the turn of the tidal face
Beloved by the seas

VULTURE FACE KAIN

for Sven Erik Fuzz-Kristiansen

The arrow
Told me
I am under stars
As sweet as being
But away from stars' faces
The implant is
The Merciful Dust
The slick face of the unborn
Exhausted head
In the peace of the trip
The spurs stutter "chaos"
Or "love"
But only the lonely
The axe
At which click you
At faked faun play
Makes faces
Of stairs and shears
But the train is dead
Your faith
"I wonder who made the sea?"
"I wonder Ur?"
The neck smells nude
And the pain and love
After the woman blossoms
At streams
I see moths fail in polite twilights
The broken banks
The horses at fall
The beautiful pool
Let the compass pin or prick glass
Buy grace in instalments
Give fox fox fox

Frost broken face
Vulture face Kain
Nox and shining “Sanctus x 3”
The ark collapses
And 𐤀𐤓𐤒 Urcollapse
Answers “let’s humble the flowers
Before the murders come
Break like words star colours”
So maybe MayQueen in the reeds
Needs or keeps close Kain
The slider the knifer
The void
Vulture face Kain

FAKING GOLD AND MURDER

In the Higher Ær
Lives the face that
Spits out space

In the electric clouds
The birds weave Heavens
From holes

Sow temples
In the thunder
Faking gold and murder

The market is full of nothings
A cock kills snakes
And fears trees like wolves

Sell masks and call birds
In the beaks and wings
Are faces too
Maskless and covered in bone

Further down the air
Are holes in that space
Breaking through fingers
Craving new form

In pity a small storm
Laughs and plays
Green and gold marking time
Like waves of teeth

Spare journeys obsidian
Cull mosaics from the insect treasury
Bringing home dreams of palaces
Built on calves and crows

More Ær
Faster the brother
Tears old bottles
From the middle gravel

Curse far away
Pavilions of plastic
Reminding graves of love
And laughter and milk

I have heard
Rumours of oars sailing by
Chipping the blue stare
Of the sky from the stars

Planets mass and fall asleep
And call for mercury's freedom
Halting lovers planning slaughter

Cards fall
Like rain
And towers grin greedily
For their ascension

You have spoken
To whirlpools
Or whirlwinds
Or lighthouses
Or nothing

But the memory
Of their decline
Paints Gods with weapons
Preparing deserts of cathode and warmth

MMVII

BIRTH CANAL BLUES

THREE SONGS FOR MICHAEL CASHMORE'S
THE SNOW ABIDES

IS THIS THE ROAD TO COOLSVILLE
OR EMMAUS?

FIVE GNOSTIC SOLILOQUIES

SKIPPING TOWARDS ALEPH AT
HALLUCINATORY MOUNTAIN

I STOOD ALONE

ABECEDA

READING FACES INTO STARS

2007

BIRTH CANAL BLUES

I I LOOKED TO THE SOUTHSIDE OF THE DOOR

Adam stands on docetic mountain
The woman's face is full of stars
In the words of the book
And with the lips of the book
And the trumpet and the seal
And the candlestick that lights
Up your bed with seeds and flowers
And the lion on your rug
That's roaring like a lamb
On the rack and on its back
I call the martyrs on wheels
To this piss-poor mess
And the blood spreading like flies
Under the table and the gable
Breathing curtains of eyes
That shift uneasily
And sniff like foxes at count
With feathers following the mind
That stitches quilts
And pours cats into comets
Oh microwave oh galaxy kill
All the night and its names
On docetic drawn mountain
My dragon arises
Scaling plastic Christs
With no back and no face
He has stolen space
And has solemn to spare
And kisses mountains
Covered with useless snow

For Paise and for Thekla
Under low volcanoes
Fearful wails to fall
Under his brothers
And Bloodface kills again
And smothers the wheels
Drawing in the dirt

There is Ashkai
Under psychic attack since eight
I saw the bells by the jar
I saw the teeth in the jaw
And saw the pale drains
Mind sinking empty wine
Useless in the heathen Eden
How great was the jungle
Dogs clutch heads and
Catch and call fall bulls
Murmuring like lovely streams
That pulse and hurtle
My clock shot shut

II SHE TOOK US TO THE PLACES WHERE THE SUN SETS

Anyway murder they say
Please murder
My face was watching braille dogs
Hammering out belonging to the sky
Their wings form shutters
From Alan's window
The incense drifts past the skins and shells
Ruby waves goodbye
And runs to the valleys
That are beautiful
And drenched with rain and colours

And green was that blood then
The sap of monsoons and butterflies
When I was small the red flowers opened
And I broke letters and dreamed
Or murder and nations and Crowley's jazz
4 or 5 decades later
I am some Egyptian face
Was I in Luxor carving my name?
Was I binding cats with kindness and saws
The green glass stinks with ash
In the broken windows
Remembered bodies
Fill the streets with novels
And the brave boys pass by
In brave pontoons
And mark graves
With pebbles that sink and shriek jingles
What was the lie in your showboat
Or your slowboat? Were the paperweights
Calling you to *stasis*? Or murder?
Was your soul at KostKutters or KwikSavers?
The cats lie under pink lights
And see themselves as ponies with fur
Whilst Judas arises 4 centuries too late
And says *ecce homo an*
I was not the creator at the dawn or evening
But the trains walk by to Toytown
And call for fares from the wooden front
You and I were walking the calypso
Howling for teatime
At teatime the conquistadors and matadors
Are salvators and astronauts
The sea was bloody red and coupled with fury
Anyway murder they say
Anyway murder

III THE NYLON LION ATTACKS AS KINGDOM

I am leaving when the leaves fall
I am returning when the eyes open
I am hidden when the eyes close
I am between lips and lids
My murder shuts quiet
His sheets are shadows in the water
And the histories are full of blinking
And blurs
I am hidden when the inken bird covers
My youth and my back
I was not there for you in the panic
I was not there as the kitten died
And I take this home with me
I swallow your pain and stick blood into me
Suck moss and needles, the faces of burrs
The methodical false twilight
And the gossip poured love like greedy beads
Like mirrors I am your face
In the toilet in the kittenchen
On the glassblue sea the birds see
I am your mirror
Your echo is me
In bells and birds that beauty I saw
Etched in clouds trailing
Making curtains of waves
The broken face peeps
He echoes "I am echo"
I see you monster
I see you monster
My back and jaw hunch and feel
You there
You are the cuckoo, the train, the muffled drum
You say, "I am echo
I am cleaner of floors

Sower of sores"
And policeman in brambles and bubbles
Call the beauty to rest
Say, "I am echo"
And rise with peacocks
Feral and horizon
The beauty moved over me
And the beauty crashed down over my body
With wine and dreams creeping down from the bookcases
And saying "I am echo; I am you; speak me; release me;
Kill me and leave the cat to G+D and rain
And pussy willows"
Falling like paws and snowing tears and the voice
Shuts silent liar

IV SUDDENLY THE LIVING ARE DYING

Nero with his axes
And piles of skies gurgling
Behind him
Diocletian smiles
And the garlands of meat fall tall
Who made the windmills?
And who made the whirlpools?
Who made the crows?
And who made the stones?
Who formed the foam
From Aleph the Father
Behind the flowers
The mother of the cows
Dreaming of trees
In the colouring fields
My face dissolves in folds
And I disappear

THREE SONGS FOR MICHAEL CASHMORE'S *THE SNOW ABIDES*

MY EYES OPEN

Through the towering streets
Grey flecked with the Sun
I am fallen and tumble
Endomed in snowglass
Orbed Alice eyes
America is dreaming of a restless Autumn
The snow abides
When I saw you
My heart arose

Royal black and blue
I am not lost
Yet little star
In the doorway I catch a sign
Shuddering still
Oh there is too much, there is too much
And can I?
And I cannot, cannot
The snow abides
When I saw you
My heart arose—ecstatic butterfly
Slipping away
Waving goodbye
Leaving quicksilvered fire
In pools on your way

When I exit and I recall your eyes
Leaden depth and dark
Hinting at space
Oh the richness

Too much of everything
And unborn uncreate

To be unborn, to be unborn
To be unborn, to be unborn

Like an Angel fallen whilst I saw your eyes
Leaking lights
Follow the clouds drifting like comets
Ten twenty years, where will you sleep?
You move for the Sun lie down in blossom
But a body can scarcely hold in
And man may not bear
The gold form Angelic
I heard someone whisper
As you ran by me
Waving goodbye

HOW GOD MOVED AT TWILIGHT

And God in whose wings
I hoped simple flowers
Oil spread upon the face
Of a wooden moon
The loss
Unreal, empty
The seat, the seal
White sheets unbloodied
Proof of touchless dawn
Picked at sunlight
Snow, longing, love and stones
And slip as your dark eyes
Eclipsed me all
You smiled
The pool is empty
Pale form of joy

Without you there's no morning dawn
No arise, no rose lies
Beyond the smudged sky of your eyes
But lilies hide
Like snow fading oceans
Sealife dazzling with tiny lights
As the river is the sea
And is no more
Whilst clouds drift by
While flowers die
God I heard them say is Love
I dreamed your eyes reflect my blood

YOUR EYES CLOSE

Your eyes closed to me by fog
And I awake and arise
As the light in your eyes
Whose heavy lids close on me
My world, my life
They close on me
And I am not
No longer
They open
And I spring up their wish
Like a field of flowers
You close your eyes and I die
You close your eyes and I die
Whilst others in sleep follow lambs
I look at my hands
And count the Sun making another scar across my sky
And I close my eyes

IS THIS THE ROAD TO COOLSVILLE OR EMMAUS?

for Rickie Lee Jones

Through your fingers
The little stones fall like teeth
Miniature temples
Birded and glinting
Spinning with delight

And I remembered you
The sun shaking fists
At copper doors
And quiet crosses
Murmuring of their births
A thousand woods ago
And "long gone", you said
The years seem

The cars dream by
And young men
Unmanned by the fear of rushing headlights
Watch their eyes turn into horses' hearts
Beating beautifully
And hurtling with hungry joy
Into tiny eclipses
Dreaming of foxes and rabbits' paws
Passing lightly over the mouth of the earth

"Excuse me. Is this the road
To Coolsville
Or Emmaus?"
Well, the shops are full of emptiness
And who are we,
And what are we

If unmoved by gates and grace?
Both opening like eyes meeting rain

No dead clouds survive the lateral heat
Behind the sun
Are more suns
Each more lovely than their masks
Uncoupled
Free like a child's face in sleep

There are no murderers left
Beyond our smiles now
And feathers tumble down like down
The stars nod assent and smile
With the artless moon
Saying—
"Sufficient to herself,
Sufficient in herself
Maker of worlds unknown
Born from words alone"

FIVE GNOSTIC SOLILOQUIES

I I AM ECHO

I am leaving when the leaves fall
I am returning when the eyes open
I am hidden when the eyes close
I am between lips and lids
My murder shuts quiet
His sheets are shadows in the water
And the histories are full of blinking
And blurs
I am hidden when the inken bird covers
My youth and my back
I was not there for you in the panic
I was not there as the kitten died
And I take this home with me
I swallow your pain and stick blood into me
Suck moss and needles, the faces of burrs
The methodical false twilight
And the gossip poured love like greedy beads
Like mirrors I am your face
In the toilet in the kittenchen
On the glassblue sea the birds see
I am your mirror
Your echo is me
In bells and birds that beauty I saw
Etched in clouds trailing
Making curtains of waves
The broken face peeps
He echoes "I am Echo"
I see you Monster
I see you Monster
My back and jaw hunch and feel
You there
You are the cuckoo, the train, the muffled drum

You say, “I am Echo
I am cleaner of floors
Sower of sores”
And policeman in brambles and bubbles
Call the beauty to rest
Say, “I am Echo”
And rise with peacocks
Feral and horizon
The beauty moved over me
And the beauty crashed down over my body
With wine and dreams creeping down from the bookcases
And saying “I am Echo; I am you; speak me; release me—
Kill me and leave the Cat to G+D
And rain and pussy willows”
Falling like paws and snowing tears
And the voice shuts silent liar

II I AM YOU

No. I am not the snowflake or the dustbowl or the current roaring with owls and blood. I am not the sea or its shining. I am not the littoral clitoral moonset. I am not the bird humming with a thousand hearts. I am not the colours you left in the grate full of pain and colours and love. I am not the red bread and wine that G+D +IHS+ left us. I am not the noise in the streets and the drains and the memories of streaking throats. I am no-one. So I am you.

III WHICH MANICHEES REMAIN?

Which Manichees remain?
Between blood at dawn
In cup and no wine
Between the sun’s bleat
Falling on the melon fields
The lost loveliness

The marked face
The fruits pouring out light
Light to God
Light to Heaven
Light everywhere
Eating sparks
Shedding rays
Full of beams
The one in two
Or two in three
Or one in one
All modes or methods
Unanalysable in the
Incomprehensible narrative
Of follies and crimes
And all stupidities ransomed
For rivers
Curtains break
The earth shakes
And crows watch on
Beaks and blinks
The blood rains down
Pouring deific murder down
Assassinated or suicided word
Bring back meaning from the one/two
Short sharp march
And in my distance
The killers mass
And owls take dinner in night

IV I HAVE KINGDOM

In the milk and stars I have Kingdom. I catch sparrows by breath and create the sibilant Empire. I have faces to spare and I create Kingdoms from the breath of teeth and tears. I was no sound near nor over your hill. I was no

horizon in your heart. I was not the hummingbird for you and your evers and nevers. I am Kingdom. I cripple spiders and walk still dreaming of ghosts and gods and pearls and posts. In the pages of the stale salt seas who throw up beautiful fish like cathedrals I spat Kingdom and remain for you as Kingdom. Your heart beats and I breathe breaths and create breasts from your smiles in my night and smoke and fall through the worlds and kill Kingdom create Kingdom great Kingdom call horsies to pasture in Kingdom call horsies to Kingdom call ponies to Kingdom call foals to Kingdom and make herds of Kingdom. All that signs the sand with fingers and columns and pillars says in grit and mud and castings and dead Kingdom I am Kingdom avoid me I am Cæsar and denarius and copper and gold and clay and Nebuchadnezzar in four final crawl and fielded heart and Belshazzar glaring at the fingers scrawling Kingdom Kingdom Kingdom no Kingdom for you and yours I say peace but have no peace I say peace but find no peace I crave Kingdom Kingdom Kingdom Kingdom Kingdom Kingdom Kingdom Kingdom and for the sake of Kingdom I roll like clouds bleating for massacre and messiahs Kingdom

V I HAVE TRIED I ERR

I have tried to build King and Queen. I have tried to drink breath from bones. I have erred on the pyramid faces of the murdered. I have erred mausoleums and milked kindness from their pyramid faces. On the sea I slept and awake and flew boats of nerves and twisted fire. I have erred I have tried. I built groves of larks and ladies and poisoned the moths. I am not the sea or the seed I am not the buyer or the byre. My transactions are void and we are void. Have have have cancelled out church and drill for honey in the heart. I have erred into the heart drilling with fingers wrenched and knucklebonebare. I am the lord of church.

In tinder make faces like dolls. In time the sign shifts and the world the worlds are lovely and full of fire and drag stars and my love in the night kills. I have tried to err into great vaults with broken bottles and the moss and dragonflies battle out create murmur. Under the faces of the sky. Under their profiles pouring fields and oceans. Under the eyeblue kindblue fall of their eyes. Under the green faces made like arches of spires. Man shouts and shorts far away from the gulf and a million eyes twinkle lonelellsly in the shotblue night. The night and its train snuffle and root pulling out grades of concrete steel asbestos field. The sea breathes and sighs and screams like babies in their birth canal blue. Free me. Release me. I have erred and tried. I have dreamt of murder and pain and betraying those I love. I have betrayed those I love. I have erred and still I dream of betrayal and murder. I have erred. I have tried. I dream of your eyes at night and your warm moist breath. Its sourness gives me shivers and I am a child. I lie behind you and dream of betrayal and my heart shouts love. I have erred into the faces of the prison teeth. I have lied and tried to create Kingdom and Queendom. I have spoken of gulls and read songs to the beach amongst bones and driftwood. They write murder. The sticks and stones are finite empire. Boundaries made of faces dropped from the pyramid. And ibis greets tortoise. And feathers fall into hands upturned. Cat meets its end and its double faces are made of clouds. I cry as I answer the phone and send type into black. I have tried to betray and I have erred into grieving for the dead. It was my self I sent sparks from and I returned to the foam and the fishes.

SKIPPING TOWARDS ALEPH AT HALLUCINATORY MOUNTAIN

My mouth was swallowed
My face is composed of the splinter of stars
The dog bounds by chasing comets
Aleph was a colossus
The manger, the murder
With the Pharisees
Drinking tea with lemon
Their faces steeped in the Unbounded Light
The primordial pomegranate

If I knew you then
Shall I be part of of off off
So—Time—by my nearly half-century
I could well have lost balance as well as Balance
He arose like silver smoke over years
And apple, free of the box of the night
Her body was blue and gold
The stars her eyes
And her breasts eclipses
In my heart
All I thought of was Gods and Girls

I STOOD ALONE

I stood alone on the Hallucinatory Mountain
I stood as a child on the Hallucinatory Mountain
I appeared laughing
I appeared silent
I appeared as a child on the Hallucinatory Mountain
There were only 3 seas and all of them were Beasts
Your eyes—their pupils were clusters on sapphire
Three hearts shone on your head
Deep in the skull and deep through the far
The glowed, sending out red showers of light
Inside the grey child on its two paws
Came the black bear in its goblin beauty
Foursquare and strong like a sheep
By the green bin outside is the squat in fields of litter
And bubbles and flies
Resurrected shells of bone and breath
The goblin is on the ledge and God is on the hedge
The bushes move and in the pink pergola
The thrushes sing of morning or murder
At the Hallucinatory Mountain
I dreamt of Gods and Girls
Gods and Girls on the Hallucinatory Mountain
And the red and the black and the fleets of flies
Called to carcasses
On the top of Egypt
I saw back basalt
And eat black basalt
I became as black as space
At the Hallucinatory Mountain I was black as space
Or night or Choronzon
As back as the grave of Hallucinatory Mountain
And the old Adam arose in me and I fell
From the Hallucinatory Mountain I fell
And shouted out these Birth Canal Blues

I screamed red as the sun
As I blinked at the Moon
So proud there, lauded by moths
With the owls serving supper
At its dimpled Moonface
Save! Serve! Tempt! Save!
Nothing matters
The dragoons and grenadiers march
Over the hill in their scarlet flags and jackets
And bare were they?
Well were they?
The Hallucinatory Mountain turned to mud and lava
And swept us all away
Adam and Eve and Abel and Seth
And Cain arose in sheepskins and blood
Cain arose
Into posterity and gold and gods
With four legs and faces
All liars lying with their snouts in gore
And their temples fat and foolish
And unfair unfair their pains
Ad selves and runes
Unsafe the Hallucinatory Mountain
In the Peacock Room amongst the blue
And the jazz and the grating sound
Of the world off
From the "know not where" Heaven
And here I am not—
Birth Canal Blues
Birth Canal Blues
Birth Canal Blues
So this Empire was all
The smile and the hawk
And the Crowless face
He was bleeding but had the Crown
Of Girls Girls Girls

Vulvaic dawn
Like all who fall
I watched the labial years
And saw so much beauty that I could not
I read it as a Child who saw vapours
Arise as drink and damp
I now remember the lip and all the pain
And loss and such jokes
In their beautiful air
That I cannot bear
The bugs swing by and speak spots
And kill carousels

ABECEDA

based on Abeceda by Karel Teige

A

A house is not a home
But Alpha is a beginning
A pyramid beaming over
The castle's pointed turret

B

Breasts are bees that
Sting the bulging eyeballs
Muscles break down on bone
And murder the rivers

C

Seeing the sea
The lovely moon is only half-whole
It devours clouds
And sings the other clouds on to the bark

D

The dunce's cap is over
Like the crown fell from
The king of all deserts
He dreams of dust and wigs

E

Only the insistent tongue
Stops the chin meeting the brow
It laughs and peeks out
Protected from the world

F

Under the awning
A trumpet is screaming
The brass blares eager
Embedded in the wall

G

I saw a serpent
Offering an apple from its head
Or was it disappearing home?
Or was it time for original sin?

H

What holds us together
You and I? We are so separate
But we are bound always
By the thin cord of the heart

I

Phallic alone the trunk
But no flowers no roots
Better bring on the beautiful boys
The beautiful boys in corduroys

JQ

Not I and not You
But almost there a hieroglyphic error
The oyster's beard is either a question
Or a yes

K

Against the cliff
The thin body rests
The legs have become stone
And from the waist upwards all hope is lost

L

Feet are hell
When the toes are forced
By the presence of the emptiness
To ask help from the knee

M

I am arrayed against myself
Who will deliver me from me?
But victory is squashed between my egos
And I am divided

N

Somehow from the heights
Something simple and profound
Descends to the sea-free abyss
And works its way up swift as sound

O

In latter days maybe
We see a scream
I see an amazement and a wonder
A laugh out of nothing—Christ was bald

P

Self-satisfied face or gut
But all must be in balance
Hot air ascends
And offends the heavens

R

There's a march of odd figures
Murmuring about the journey
They have said the same forever
Their heads are lost and their hands trail dust

S

He has the apple? He has lost the apple
In pride he jigs his final mount
Soon on his belly
He shall regret teatime

T

Is man a Tau?
Has he lost his head?
Or does he sing
Whilst his head falls back and stares at stars?

U

Smiles are a little too wide these days
If you can't see their teeth
Watch out
For the threat of their tongue

V

If I was hammering in a nail with words
You wouldn't see my hands
Preparing to look for tombs
In the plummeting valleys

W

Angels form words with black bolts
They arch and gesticulate
But their patience is limited
And why not?

X

I lean too much upon you
Be strong and return me
Thicker than time, bolder than blood in Paradise
Cain wasn't the last, but will be forgiven

Y

Source of worlds and words
Somewhat embarrassed, slyly virginal
The cup is never empty
The pleroma is invisible

Z

Turn back to the sun
The face retreats to the place it came from
Back to the foam and the lovely bone
Goodbye!

READING FACES INTO STARS
for Michael Begg

I have read faces like stars. The sun leaked gold and pride fell under its beaming gleaming face. I laughed at the cows killing grass. The sun smiles on. I don't inquire of eyes that howl and while the sun grins I formed moons of pearls and piss and dew, flicking them dumbly at bats in clouds

MMVI

BLACK SHIPS ATE THE SKY

I AM BLACK SHIP

BLACK SHIPS KILL INTO VIEW

MONKEY PAW

THERE WAS A SHOUT IN THE SKY

INERRANT INFALLIBLE

2006

BLACK SHIPS ATE THE SKY

IDUMÆA

And am I born to die
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

Waked by the trumpet's sound
I from the grave shall rise
To see the Judge in glory crowned
And view the flaming skies

How shall I leave the tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom?
A curse or blessing meet?

I must from God be driven
Or with my Saviour dwell
Must come at His command to Heaven
Or else depart to Hell

And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

Charles Wesley

SUNSET (THE DEATH OF THUMBELINA)

Four four almost finite
When I peeked inside
I did not see chalice or grail
God wasn't there
In the darkness
The curtain tearn
I already saw
Black Ships ate the sky
And flying moons
Scare children
The dusk blue breaks
And the bluebottles laugh
The trees all fall and I hear collapse
But smile and nod and watch the dim sunset
Whilst the cocktails clash
Bleak glass domes
Make shivers in my peacock eye
And I am all Thumbelina
I died for you all
And if I took the time
To take your time
And sleep this time all the way home
And watch the egg-timers bubble and wink
There's a face behind a gun
That sleeps behind the owl
The matinée is showing in town sunset
And we tumble into the cardboard sunset
Dim
Birdsong
Teethless
Sunset
The flowers smile

BLACK SHIPS IN THE SKY

Sudden the colours
And I see peace
Not as a sword
But as a candle
My legs were like frogs
Bubble green blisters
I was a dog or a calf
Licking the Eucharist
With my bride back lake
Tigrous fibre blooming
Shining like daffodils
The clouds scud along the wires
Left trailed hawk
Mothlike your eyes
Tender antennae
And curious your face at Evensong
Whilst the dwarves offer big faces
To clipped cracked songs
Dreaming of *"Hey-ho, the old grey mare is dead"*
She died in the pantry
Whistling for dead Dixie
Black Ships sucked her soul
And took her to that good old-time
Armageddon music
Eclipsed by words
I woke up this morning
I woke up this morning
I woke up this morning
With pieces on my mind
The huge tree bubbles in its arms
And long processions
Kill the Kings and cover
The babies in soap paradise
Pure glass in the cactus smile

Of the Madonna of Chandeliers
And I do believe
And I don't believe
And I do believe
And I don't believe
In the ghosts of your eyes
That call to me from trees
In the muddy distances
There's Black Ships in the sky
Black Ships in the sky
And Black Ships in my eye
Black Ships in my eye
And snakes borrowed from the sky

THEN KILL CÆSAR

I was awake dreaming
Of new Dystopias to run to
And hide within
And new faces to wear
And new bodies to inhabit
And new lies to guzzle
And how I loved the moon
And its sheets of seeds
The moon tiding in your body
The smell of your blood breathing
And its taste in the sea
In the South shining my feet
Till it seemed as if they were made with dew
There are pearls of huge beauty in the sunset
Moontime for lying heads
Their snakefaces
Have burrowed into this world
From Har Megiddo חר מגידו Time
Whilst kissing the bronze King
Whilst kissing the copper King

Whilst kissing the silver King
Whilst kissing the golden King
Give into Mammon
And then kill Cæsar cannot come
Both brothers have sodomised
The given sky
Then Kill Cæsar
Oh Kill Cæsar
Black Ships eat skies
And pumpkin pies
And cross their hearts
And so carry on
And cannot die
And devour the skies
So then kill Cæsar
Then kill Cæsar
Tarmac angels
Burst into the seafoam
The end sees blood
It's buzzing like flies
And skipping-tops clown
A rich harvest of berries
Planetary Israel
Mother and Father
Blue and gold
Beauty Israel
But then kill Cæsar
Then kill Cæsar
The sunset comes
And then becomes
A million sunrises
Shuddering at once
But then kill Cæsar
Black Ships invade the Realm
Then kill Cæsar
Then kill Cæsar

Then kill Cæsar
Then kill Cæsar

THIS AUTISTIC *IMPERIUM* IS *NIHIL* REICH

This autistic *Imperium*
With paint and spick and span
Is *Nihil* Reich
Whilst wine calls meat
My friend at teatime
Wonders at the weight
Of the armies that wait
For Golden Cæsar
Have face of Beast
With lips of long love wasted
In Trojan seas
I called God on the phone
Just yesterday and spoke to Breathface
He told me death arises for Bloodface
Doctor without possibilities of crime
(Let's call that "pixie time")
To make light of the shouting in my head
I want to have lunch with the Umbrella Ladies
I want to make love with the Umbrella Ladies
Who inhabit the stealing time
I got this from the night-owl singing—
"Policeman, policeman, is there anyone there?"
If the Great Turk eats Empire
Well is that countdown?
Or just Twinkletoes eating his face?
Whilst the wicked incense batters the church
Outside the church
Outside the church walls
Bloodface waits
He is twisting time
And selling sweets to sweethearts

Who have painted mountains for money
They sell their bodies to the Ice Cream Queens
Autistic *Imperium*
You have arisen as a way of cutting the Centre
Out of this world
Christ made a dance
Which turned into a trance
A thousand pick-axes are stored in Babylon
Destroyer! *Nihil* Reich!
Empty as the face
I saw when I awake with eyes as big as bugs
God made a nothing of nothing
He called the swans to roost in the ruins
Of fast-food lakes
And I say like Lazarus I arise in time
For tea and toast and judgment
And all that stuff that rests in the land of Jack and Jill

THE DISSOLUTION OF 'THE BOAT MILLIONS OF YEARS'

As for 'The Boat Millions Of Years'
I saw it sink crash explode implode
How ever many years of destiny?
Dead duck anyway
Two crowns same end
God holocaust in the sky over Memphitic mud
Pharaonic massacre!
Ten thousand years of blood in mud
Despite their funerary magnificence
Cats' revenge on the static staggered beetle divinities
With their solar discs and pyramidal rocket ships
Shifting Satan through the КОСМОС
Away from this Hell
I was counting chickens through my fingers
When I saw the stars gurgle the Gods' regal blood

Over North-East London when it was raining
No calamity on subway whilst cycles cease
And wordless *Æons*/whatevers/Maats  /Horus 
Hover into disintegration and debris over the bus
"O pale Galilæan! You have conquered" ≠
"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilæan"
And with not much resistance
In the North or South or East or West
Or anywhere
Moloch fell with perhaps a belch
And the kits and kids came tumbling out
Of the brisket basket cradled in his hateful guts
And back in black to Hell he grunts
Baal scuttles off with ten tails
Between as many legs as he could carry
Perhaps Thomas poking through the holes
And finding resolution beyond the scabs
And incorporeal pain of the Hammered Messiah!
Immaculately macerated God!
Bringer of starbirths and uncertainty
At your feet pour rivers of sanguine beauty
And starful questions
I kneel and laugh
If I saw shiny shining stars
Eventually I'll reach them
And with a bucket pail out belief from
A thousand conjugations of chance and grammar
Lente, lente, nocte ≠
O lente lente, curite noctis equi
Currently I have no number
Or face or body worth anything at all

BIND YOUR TORTOISE MOUTH

Bind your tortoise mouth
With mist and curved teeth
The main joke had been cracked
And whilst the laughter melted
Into smaller worlds like whirlpools
Sucking in the slaughtering sheep
I looked at your face in pearl light
And sleepy the clouds that kissed your mouth
And silver-lidded the moon that laughed and cried
Whilst the crumbs of night that leap into
Shadows as windows close and curtains open
Hissed as smoke might if God could give it tongues
You were not alone in Sanctus sound
As bells shaft spires into liquid dogs
And cats curl and arch into kittens again
From the corner of my eye
I see Black Ships have killed the sky
And you're not alone in *Sanctus* sound
As bells shaft spires into liquid dogs
And cats curl and arch into kittens again
Yet from the corner of my eye
I see Black Ships have killed the sky

BLACK SHIPS SEEN LAST YEAR SOUTH OF HEAVEN

Black Ships seen last year south of Heaven
In their wake
Pharaoh stares into the Amentine Night
And gives us a ghost and wraps it in gold
A thousand years is nothing
Two thousand years still less
And it shone that
We are all Pharaohs
In our hearts

The double crown
Eats double portions
And gobbles the soul
Whilst doing tricks
For deadeyed camels
Who are trotting blearily along
The highway made of bells
Black Ships of dark
And latched with politeness
That makes this frenzy at home
That you call World War III
And I called it bullshit
There are liars who I know they are liars
And the big pot boils
With centuries of conspiracy
And cabbages and kings
Who have had their cake and ate it
With another head parallel to the one they knew
It fed Big Moloch and pacified Azrael
And joyed up Samael (lucky lackeys)
With a knack for cracking the heart of the party
And killing the laughter with frosty fire
It's Samael Time
The hoedown is heavy on Bumble Bee Terrace
The frisky piskies sitting on toads
The Godfish are eating pies of eyes
And gills turn out cornwakes to clap their hands
At the fiancé's passing
Peace to those who have genitalised Kingdom
This is not their cabbage patch
Get out and save your souls
There is too much to take from the bubbles
That lined the Milky Way with terror
Fourteen years ago to this day
Bighead has eaten Dustface
Dustface barks back and the crowflies flee

Who was that wasting twilight?
Oh well I?
I hopscotched their eyes with Lightning Jack
Bloodface waits for me in the distance with his mother
It's time for sea!
The Eucharist waits
Immaculate in incomprehensible paradox
The piping hot tea
The slaughtering giddy moons
The broken crown corroded with moths
How many horses were killed this year by human sick?
The ponies are made into sleighs for demons
(I call them Bonesledge!)
Equine motion murderer Christ Mass
What bound these together I saw at last at seven
His years as breath his teeth as walls his eyes as colours
Oh! Such beauty beyond what I dreamt
Black Ships seem far away
I wait for the news and pray in my pyjamas
Tongueface says to Bloodface
"Stop the Ships! Stop the Ships!"
Their prows hover into view
They gobble the Pleiades before lunch
At this rage they will devour the sky
And Coptic Cats will sleep in fear
Of the foam and froth
That so hated the world
They devoured
His Only Begotten Son
Stop the Ships
Stop the Ships
And stop the Ships

ABBA AMMA
(BABYLON DESTROYER)

I wasn't sure
As the sky was toffee
Feeding birds
To the horses
Killing the clouds
And I cut off my face
And made skittles
With its teeth
I ate the graveyard whole
And holes open like candles becoming dogs
Well there are
Bluebirds
Blackbirds
Deadbirds
Totembirds
Baked in pies and praying to die
I made them rise
From their pies
And married the moon
And killed my face
And threw its quincunx into space
The cats are like furry constellations
They lap up the Milky Way
Speak tongues with windows open
In the fabric skulls
We wear like bonnets
To cover up our empty eyes.
Behind such emptied eyes
The everything bubbles and laughs.
No empty sketch
But quite as vast as children's dreams
Who sleep outside of manmade cogs
No barking disturbs the sketch of KOCMOI yet to come

𐎀𐎁𐎁𐎀 𐎀𐎌𐎌𐎀, Babylon Destroyer
King of dust I swept up
With pan and brush
In a rush whilst the berries explode

BLACK SHIPS WERE SINKING

I have dug a cradle as red as dung
And the dragonfly answers back
"Hello monkey-paw!"
Heartfaced Messiah
Cradles of bark burn outwards
The sunspider sleeps with a face so cosy warm
The fire in my belly is oh so sleepy warm
With chocolates and mountains
And mother and pearl
And Peachface so lovely
Crows play zithers and neuter the streams
And Black Ships are nothing but the transfers of pussies
And Black Ships were stinking
Whilst the drum-rolls were sinking
In maggots and cabbage
Oh Cosmic Shirley Temple
In your ecstatic church appears twilight
Your ringlets are purring
And burred by buds of frost
And damp stars crackle
Damp stars
Such beauty everywhere
And me as blind as Jack Corn Crow-Face
I guide Black Ships home to their Polar Sodom
Take Black Ships from the sky and eat their prows
Each bird sings over their burnings
We all watch copper couplings by the lovely streams
And all the Gospels are true
And all the words wing true

Replace red stars with real God eyes so red
So the road never blinks
And shut when we leave leaving sheets
ⲗⲁⲍⲁⲣⲥ! ⲗⲁⲍⲁⲣⲥ! Oh type of us all!
The lost the forsaken the dead
ἐδάκρυσεν ὁ Ἰησοῦς
And shut the night shut a
And hot butter dreams in my mouth
There are sweets so sharp
They marshal teeth of gnats from railways
If I make no sense to you I make no sense to me
The dreams I have are sticky as dreams
That leave trails of words that mean churches fall
If I have a face well I am sick of its skin
It's pink like plastic and my smile is unreal
It's the froth of excuses
And I was dead long ago
And now walk in file with my lies
David Michael
Batu Gajah
And elephant frame
Where my mother shoots me out with bloodfalls
And I am tied to my past with a string of skin
And I am camel-necked
And crippled by the dross I built for you
And I am Black Ship
And I am Black Ship—
And I made them all rise
And I kill sheep with piratical mirth
And Black Ship time makes me crave
To steal faces from the galaxy
I crave faces from the galaxy
I'll kill faces from the galaxy

THE BEAUTIFUL DANCING DUST

Your eyes are heavy with sleep
The grass is deepest green
And the flowering world lush around you
Have no fear
Have no fear
You shall change in the blink of an eye
Into the beautiful dancing dust

ᛟᛉᚪᛉ ᛟᛉᚪᛉ ᛟᛉᚪᛉ
(BLACK SHIPS IN THEIR HARBOURS)

And words of Romans creep in
Not written but vengeful
The dead are in the tortoise
The dead are in their legions
And the Trojan ponies trot by
Graze My Little Pony
Is there Torture in the Toybox?
Or is this eternal Rome?
Or is this infernal Rome?
Before Black Ships were built
In their harbours
For gathering ᛟᛉᚪᛉ ᛟᛉᚪᛉ ᛟᛉᚪᛉ
Electronic SixSixSix
Black Ship Ship Ship
Black Ship Ship Ship
Vulvaic and marine
Slaughterer disguised as honey
Babel Babylon is burbling with blowfly speech
Stuttering channelled messages of birdsight in the Empire
And where's that Empire now?
Imperium! Christendom!
Shepherd and Hermes!
Masked with salt and stars

Heavybreasted false Messiah
Peachfaced murderer
Dragging beasts and breasts
Skipping to Armageddon
In time for tea
And for the weather forecast
Falling time smiles failing
As Black Ships sneak by
Raiding lying stars
Barbecuing living streams
Of all the smiles that come shafting
Saturn or Moon or Sun
Is that my lunch awaiting on the back of ᛞᚱᚪᚴᛟᚾ?
Is that my cup clipped to the bird's gaudy wing?
Black Ships are camouflaged as postmen or bureaucrats
They have delivered a loathing rapture prospect
Keys to Heaven Gates are dark
On side of sons and daughters
But they have lied about π
The number does not repeat to the infinite sky
But is a carousel inhabited by all the revenants
Returning to fulfilled wires
And use the roots that fall
From the sectarian Empire
The nude face stripped back
The naked grey mouse
Was not in bleached equations
Christ! Christ! Christ!
Where is the tide?
The long low roar of the Thames?
The shell-shocked Seals?
Killer! Flower! Coil!
There's crisis in the harbours
The desert is too close
Though we have seen it in our hearts
At Black Ship time
So let's lock the doors

BLACK SHIPS ATE THE SKY

I had already seen
Black Ships ate the sky
I was sweet sixteen
The fences folded
And the trees surrounded
Black Ships in the sky
Devouring the clouds
And the thought came to me
Just sweet sixteen and full of night
Who will deliver me from myself?
Who will deliver me from myself?
And I looked up at the sleeping lion
Black Ships ate the sky
Colours untold
Kissing my eyes
To unmake myself
And to be unborn
To be unborn
And not to see
Black Ships in the sky
With their cypress night
Following in the wake
Of the churning rudders
Of Black Ships in the sky
Cartoon Messiahs became
Cartoon Destroyers
If I was unborn
I would have nothing to be grateful for
I would have never seen love
I would have never held cats
I would have never buried my friends
And prayed for their souls
In reddening churches
I would never have kissed

And I would never have wept
And I would never have seen
Black Ships eat the sky
And I would have been unborn
And not have seen circuses
Whilst watching the flowers
Rise flags made of atoms
Who will deliver me from myself?
Who will deliver me from myself?
Who will deliver me
From Black Ships in the sky?
Black Ships ate the sky
And I am unborn

WHY CÆSAR IS BURNING PART II

When I wished upon a star
I mistook the night for tar
And so I was blind
But no longer blind
I saw I am a passing breath
And I know now
Why Cæsar is burning
It's here already
And not yet
You are not ready
Blink and die under hooves and teeth
Cartoon doll and bubble
Black Ships have eaten the sky
The flowers smile
And the flat surfaces slip away
And all of this slips away

I AM BLACK SHIP

ARCHETYPES

I read my book
And making notes
Whilst outside the window
Black engines hover prototypes and ibex

PALE SKY

The pale sky in your eyes
Grinning at tea time

I AM BLACK SHIP

As beautiful as the sand
In the last eye of the day
As beautiful as Shiva's lies
I am the grocer
I am the baker
I am the candlestick maker
And I am the road
I am the turning
I am the kindling
And I am the burning

BLACK SHIPS KILL INTO VIEW

The forest
Over its spires the raincloud
And through its misty beauty
Black ships kill into view
The messiah of heartbeats away
Some mediaeval Disneyland—all gone
We have long ago sold the world
For Cæsars and sequins
My shelves groan and grind under living bushes
(I have hidden myself under the dust; the maker of the stomach crop, the maker of the brave laden angles)
The toast of the tightest town at the top of the world
On the deck Elron says, "ahoy! Black ships!"

The rocket makes pastry of Babalon. The black ships pick up the remnants of Horus'  tribe. Black ship excursions. Join up and see the worlds. They are all below us. The black ships leave for mercenaries. They are packed with pictures of condemned teddies. Lovely dolls amass and lie with their mothers. The brother knows his sister. The black ships quarantine is here. Below frankincense fumes the candles gutter. I love the groves in the concrete deck. I am travelling in time avoiding black ships. But at the end the hulls and sails come so close all I can see are the eyes that swivel like beanstalks. The giants have come for us and drag the harvest into the black ship silos. The grain is lined with mercury. Radioactive tugs grab the lines of the singers. The disco pumps out. I am in a lighthouse and watch the saints march in with longing whilst watching my back. Jhonn checks in and out of the disco hospital.

MONKEY PAW

AN EARLY VERSION OF
"BLACK SHIPS WERE SINKING"

I have dug a cradle as red as dung
And the dragonfly answers back with
"Hello monkey-paw!"
Oh Reese Witherspoon
Heartfaced Messiah
Hello Monkey Paw
But the cradles of bark shall burn outwards
The Sun Spider with face
Sleeps so cosy warm
The fire in the belly so sleepy warm
Chocolate and mountains
Mother and pearl
Our Animal Farm
The Dung is warm
The Crows play Zithers and
Neuter the stream
Pigtails are ropes that bring me to Climax Black Ships
Black Ships are nothing but the transfers of Pussies!
Black Ships were sinking
While the drum-rolls were stinking
Of maggots and cabbage
Cosmic Shirley Temple
Appear in the twilight
Your ringlets are twilit
By the burring of mosses
And damp stars crackle
Damp Stars!
Damp Stars!
Guide Black Ships home to the Polar Sodom
Take Black Ships from the Sky
Replace the stars with Real God's eyes
So the Road doesn't blink

Shut when we leave
Let hot butter melt in my mouth
Sweets so sharp they collect teeth from the gnats
The endless railways

THERE WAS A SHOUT IN THE SKY

There was a shout in the sky
I was told to—
Paint God with your fluid
Paint God with your blood
A flashing in my eye
The silver blur moves across the side of your face
Winter born and cold blue, cold blue
You are being told in signs
It is time to go, to go, to go
You may not tarry
Godstriker
Winterborn and no longer the quick
Paint God before you die
And meet the final Eye.
Under the great wings of time
Under the great wings of mortality
You shed the leaves of your life
And were weighed, measured, found wanting
And silenced
Under the beat of careless angel's wings.

INERRANT INFALLIBLE
(BLACK SHIPS AT NINEVEH OR EDOM)

I

I was wondering if the Bible
Is inerrant infallible
Considering the heptadic structure
But I saw the artificial dogs
Chattering possessed
οὐ διψῶ οὐ διψῶ
Yellow fur scorched ceaseless
Metronomic liars!
It turned my mind to
Killers disguised as flies
They are everywhere and follow me
At the end of the false air
It is the rainbow who lies
Widdershins? Who cares!
Backwards shut sparrows
And Jhonn cracked his head until he bled
Until he was dead
I am however saved or unsaved
Who cares about Nineveh or Edom?
Or how I arranged their downfall
As the Prehistoric Messiah?
Rising over the drains is the beautiful flower
Singing songs from the mango swamps
When I built lotuses on the pedestal
Of logos it manufactured the robots
That sniff and smell your dreams
Can Cain culled the world with his butcher's knife
And saved the top of the Universal Title?

II

Souls grow off twigs
Black sticks with green smiles
There are no other songs
I have given Reese Witherspoon
Some conscious angel
In the scullery I cleared out the dead last week
I have set fire to the peg fairy's blood
Whilst Pol Pot is in flames
The keychain holds nothing severer
Than the will of the Queen
When obsessiveness descends and hanging like goblins
Let's safely say the mental bird has flown
And the chickchickchickens are home to roost
In the dead read house
How many miles to hell for the weekend?
Further than Pomtor?
My sleeves are empty of telescope dead
Whose eyes drawn carriages on the moon
By 9, I only held one grudge
Camera! Camera!
White horses in Boomland!
I love you, of course I do
I am tippytoes on top of the pole
Soulwinner, Methodist war crime
Playing Twister with ancestral hosts
Who have met in constellatory hospital
Grace a tutelary telephone
The news in Chinese, the news in Tamil
Is shining and beautiful

III

Well, that is the snowfall
Tempting the floods that break the grand world
If I see ships passing by
I close my eyes and hope to die
And if I turn to clench the sky
I know I have seen the reason why
Black Ships pass by
The mice are falling in love with hedgehogs
They have created armies of ears and spines
And they clink glasses at the top of towers
I have ordered all Tarot packs to be burnt
And consequently the tower of Babel is reborn
Is that a Toronto blessing?
Have I loosed arrows on the Patriarchs?
The colour of apples is never seen
As clearly as when they fall
Like a Black Ship feast
For the sake of the Queen
I have rebuilt Atlantis
Or was it Mu?
Anyway the cement is made of snow there so I am told
And the flowers all speak kitsch
But Coptic cats run loose in the ruins
They are screaming for release
☧ Chi-Rho ☧ so we go
To sleep in bluebell meadows
Whilst the mighty tractors trundle by
And create this great new world
Ruled by black ships
One shot from the book is enough to kill
Two shots from the book is enough to kill
And three shots kill/kill/kill
Whilst the pangolins trill
And the umbrellas erect Governance (Satanic)
Over Gog and Magog

MMV

NEAR THE STAR OF THE SEA

MOONBIRD

NOISES OF URN BURIALS

THERE WAS A RUMOUR OF
WARS IN TOYTOWN

BANNER GLASS (DISSOLVING VIEWS)

THE LAMB OF GOD LIES AT THE END

THE SKY WAS HIGHER THAN
THE FOREST

SOMEONE IS LIVING INSIDE ME

2005

NEAR THE STAR OF THE SEA

LAMENT TERMINAL EDEN

for Sebastian Horsley, undamned in the underworld

I awoke at the train stop
Shit! Terminal Eden!
May I confess—
If I picked flowers for you
I was lying all the times I killed them for you
I pulled their roots from
That God who gave them freely
I cannot uncreate the created
I cannot uncreate neither face nor flower
If I gave you greenhorses
And said they rose from the embers
Parthogenetically
Then I truthed
Believe me, live me

From Terminal Eden
The ladybirds rise
And fill their polka-dot lungs
Full of cries and bubbles of dreams
There are my children smoking
In the ruins
After the flames consumed their hair
Only their hearts were left
And such lullabies they sang to me
In my tiny berth
At Terminal Eden

Whilst I was picking my way
Through the bones of literate worlds
Too many; and not enough time
I should have shined

But instead shopped and shipped
My soul to Terminal Eden

But the deserts—oh Christ
Oh Christ
Such beauty
Such beauty
The moon was smiling all the time
And laughing Sun Time! Sun Time!
Whilst I chugged along merrily
To the deceitful place
Where I found the lack of a face
In the place I loved most
And had built a palace form
Made of plastic and pain
Polystyrene pneuma-frame
What a lack
In the lovers' loss
Full-fathoms five
The schools of fish slaughter my dreams
Christ is risen; the elephant hoots
And charges to her ivory tomb
Restless and full of peace

And your body is the matrix
From that great gorgeous genetrix
The worlds spume out
Foam of worlds, form of grit
Form of kindness
I put my fingers in the Holes
And doubt the Truth
It has the head of a lion
And a lover
And a flock of locusts and a leper
And I watch young girls call
To the cars of their dreams

And lie in wait
As silent as snails
And slivered like the flight of seeds
As ferocious as the winding sheets
That wait for me
In Terminal Eden

Terminal Eden
Killer of Dreams
Killer of Hopes
Stairway to Galaxies
I will snatch my face back from you
And create escapes
That will eat old dragons like sweets and cookies
And make me some small route out
If not the truth
Whilst I watch the leaves fall
And trace my peace
At Terminal Eden

STABAT FELIX
for my cat Squiggle on her death

There is a graceful small face
Central in the heart of the sun
Around the face the white light revolves
Red tears stream down
A manifest heart flowers in a rainbow
The fur moves in the solar wind

THE MARKET AND CIRCUS IS NOW
for William Breeze with 93

Bahlasti! Ompehda! Yeah!
Exquisitely young
So skinny and wrong
The world so pure simple
With the floral wreaths
I misidentified as haloes
The pale-skinned God steps forward nimbly
A spear in his hand
And his pinkies pushing out fingular mudras
And sure—from the ugly golden throne
On both sides the green and the white separate
Stagnant goddesses maybe
Lost in flowers with "oh well" and "om svasti"
Wives mothers traitors
So pinky-perky pink
As the coconuts cover the cement
And the vehicles of rats
All the world was simple
Is simple?
Lovely the heads
That lie dead
In the beds
And awake with rosy cheeks in nodding hats
Greeting the morning with a brush and a smile
And how is this?
While the pyramids burn
With the marrow of travel
I wished upon the avatars of hobby-horses
That I wake up and might see the scarabs
Scuttle away so flyback green
Knocking at Toby Jugg's door
The gardens wake to Gomorrah
And I am lost in the fields

Is it dawn already?
Or the twilight of my teeth?
That twinkle in the teeth
And my throat is hurtling up Amens
While I or my astral fraud roam in dominion
Lost like ghosts in the stars
The goats are the fruits of the cream machine
In the churns and pails
The tortoises spin in the bottomless sea
It's fairgrounds for us all
At the pale crack of infinity
Infinite peace—call that a message
And void all the snakes that coil your thoughts
And then whirl through your dreams
It's morning—bright sun of morning
His dentures are the Stonehenge
Beloved of pagans
Or heathens
Or whatevers they are now
Rainbow Toybox Bright Pony Channelled
Whatever the runes intone as they spill out of nylon bags
With their mighty mighty mighty powers
Hurtling through plastic
Fantastic—plastic Odin joins the plastic Saints
And in the milkwhite petroleum dream
Of urbans leaching the nursery rhyme decline
Of our age
I see one eye blinking out at me
Odin? Manhood? The old serpent stuck between our legs
Barking out orders with grammatical calm
In the garden post-partum
The old Loki stirs
And in the gravy-pot stirs the graves of centuries
Still untroubled by his scales
Courtesy for the King?
The waves laugh with foaming smiles

Poseidon/Atlantis/Hollow Globe—
On them the frauds of the ages
Lean their tired bones and kill chickens for the crossroads
So here's to ecumenicism as the old Slaughterer
Arises anew in velcro and velour and violence
So lovely the lies
In the burning tire pires
The drumming alouds and Garuda grins
Over the ghats run immaculate cats
Who are following the mice of their dreams
Through hedges made of blood and treacle
The lion lies down and the lamb stretches
His lazy maw and gobbles up beginnings and ends
Lamen? For laymen bubbling in their cider dreams
Dreaming lazily of horrors yet uncurled
Crisis in the corner shop!
The beautiful bargains!
Slipping into your purse as the false queen rolls out
In goldplated glory
Rubbing the tentures that are folding inside
My gut
I am sick to my guts of the lies
And the dawn mooning like
A drunk at the old scouts' refuge
There is ticktockticktock
There is a warning on our clock
And it says simpleton wipe your eyes
And see the smiles that leaks from the galaxy
With old humour and cripples leaching from its
Dentine cemetery
I have an apple
That is the key
To the minced-meat paradise
Tasty and hastily we spit
The little pips that speak tiny sights
Whilst the clouds roar in and lick their lips

And crease smiles for the end of all *Æons*
With Amens and acorns and Adam's Abaddons
So sign on and spend pennies
Whilst the Throne and Crown
Topples and tumbles to a fine fire end

MOONBIRD

for Jhonn Balance on his death

When I sleep
I am awake
When I see your eyes
Ferocious like a Saint's
You are a Moonbird
And have gone to circle those planets
On which you tried to live on earth

Always a great joy
Always a great pain
I saw in your great soul
Moonbird
You have taken the time
To empty time
While you emptied wine
Throwing yourself into life and then death

Your spirit was utter chaotic beauty
Tangible
Unsustainable

I always saw something
Terrifyingly immortal in you
Ready to crash through your body
Into lights and forests and seas

Moonbird
You are not the only broken one
But a break enough to break hearts
A savage slide
Beyond the limnal time we all know here
You have taken the time
To take our time
Into you
One final time
And you are now translucent
In the stars
Laughing
Painless
Joy

NOISES OF URN BURIALS

There were noises of Urn Burials
In the Sea at green
The slept click-clock
Of the Apocalypse Clock
Awaken by termites
Building Inflammable Forts
All that is senseless
BECAUSE
In the Meantime
I had Annihilated
My Linear Christ
There are Herds of Angels
Grazing on
The Souls of Theologians

Your face was dissolving
Into the Hosts of Pigeons and Clouds
Lament!

Ululating
"I am typical of the PROPHETS
WHO KILL THE LINEAR CHRIST"
Hasting our way through the plastic grottoes
Inevitable Toy
Irresistible Mass
Made of elegies and half-lies

Anyway, so much for the Prologue
The text-light is stately but stale
I am open as an egg
Beyond the Hallucinatory Mountains
The castles fill up with clinical corpses
Clutched deep in the crenellated caves
Ape!
Bright fish!
Salmons
Salamanders

THERE WAS A RUMOUR OF WARS IN TOYTOWN

There was a rumour of wars in ToyTown
BloodFace had shot the salamander
But was spiralling into terminal decline
The Appalachian Hills awake
Flying doves to the THIRD MOON
Through Town strides
The Linear Christ
His Passion as flat
As the passions he bares
Twodimensional Melchizedek
UrPriest
Trademark "Made in Babylon"
No guarantee

The Chariots are singing "UrChildren"
And "what has this to do with your Future?"
All and Nihil
The Plastic *Imperium* has arrived
ARISED
The throne and the Rose are covered by Crows
Gold/silver/copper/lead
Then plastic

BANNER GLASS (DISSOLVING VIEWS)

All history is a recapitulation of Christ and His Passions.
This means Everything. Everything now means nothing.

Mockingbird—
Such beauty
High crags ridged
With dead stags
Pale edge of sun
Rising over dipping waves
The colour of the moons
Oh awake like a bird
Whose wings are burning
Like a ship led by a daughter

THE LAMB OF GOD LIES AT THE END

The Lamb of God
Lies at the End
At the End of the New Age
The Spore Cloud
Our Souls have been seized
By Oracular Deceit
From Iron Genesis
Our Nemesis arises
Grave Eden where the Serpent Sang
Where Eve was lifted out from Man
The Rib of the World
Bore the Womb of the World
But as the Crow flew 5,000 Years—
Ushered in Episcopal Narrative
The Climate is Dying
And the Arctic Mass Crashes in Crystals
Babylon is the Golden Cup
ALWAYS OFFERED
The Moon in Woman
RECALLS the BLOODFALL
Offered by MESSIAH

THE SKY WAS HIGHER THAN THE FOREST

The sky was higher than the Forest had promised
I am eating the baked lens of the murderous clouds
When they form Horses
They form stitches that saw other promises
I love you but in all words is μόνοσ
τπιɐ/ναν δρι/all words/the sky/peaches and purple/
Crannies and up your
Eyes

Last the Arm
But on ButterMoon
Sweet ButterMoon
The betrayer of children
Your eyes have seen through

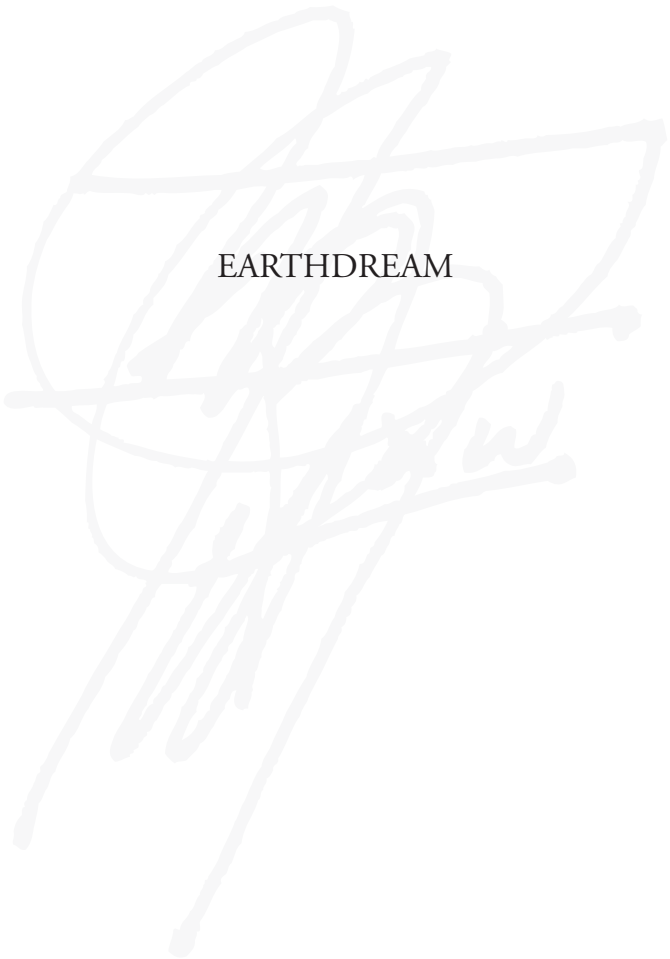
SOMEONE IS LIVING INSIDE ME

Someone is living inside me
Beautiful hair
Psoriatic eyes
Old angel old angel
Make Yourself breed
Whirlpools at sunset
Catch beetles and snails
And build castles with their skulls
And kill the dead
Beautiful Girl Face
From the Winter
Dimpled and distracted
With your end in view
And your body
Made of leaves and grass
Driven by a ferocious wind
I am asleep under sea
Backbone breaking
Whilst the water waves
Over my shrine and skin
I no longer speak Dulch
Whilst chewing on the breath of dreams
And now click into time
As an arthritic dummy
Marshalling arriver of mind
In form stretching
Back to the sun and moon

If I had a chance
To avoid this dance
With bound feet
And bright teeth
I would instead eat Death
And polish its bitterness
Until it goes away
Slinking into the ground
Pursued by cats at dusk

But darkmass suggests—
"A bell ringing in a vacant sky"
I want to cut its throat
And make new clichés from its blood
A bell ringing with its throat cut
Beautiful all who say
"No-one really understands"
I would like to cut their throat
And bury them with their dead
And so becoming also a dead
Cut my own throat
And say "kill you all"
With your Nietzschean flyboy lies
So you're beyond good and evil?
And so? And so?
Proclaim till beyond speech
And its words
Till your ta-ra is waste
Cut throat/SeaHorses/Snail/Love/Final

MMIV



EARTHDREAM

2004

EARTHDREAM

for Ben Chasny

Certainly the form of the earth was under me; the butterfly blue of the sea, the crescent islands, the murderous red sand rolling away from the cities to rest and to rise and to cover our own flyblown dust. Beautiful flies, million eyes, skipping the sky till their time to die. We are a legion born out of the shrug of planets' circles and the smile of God. Eyeless statues are somewhere to my south; when they are hungry they hunt cuckoos for breakfast whilst I sleep as a king like a snail in the dirt of the earth of my bed. In the mornings I gather snowdrops and crocuses, daisies and peaches; I am collecting a sacrifice that will sing like a bird made of blood. I will build it up like a buttercup skyscraper; I will colour it in with ochre or crayon or mud and call it the cutest star in this mercurial world.

I often get calls that make my fingers click like the woodpecker. My cats are all as happy as bugs. The tide rolls out and covers the feet of leopards who have moved giggling to the north for the summer, changing their spots into stripes and twirls whilst they play in the Thames. Someone's return is well overdue. All diaries are past their sell-by date. People start to worship chickens and in so doing boil their blood in a lateral sense, slide down the snake and take their place with Nero and Pluto in their buildings made of lead.

When I see the twilight—such unvoiceable beauty, that meeting of edges and windows, the devil's face filled with flowers. On all the trees the mouse is pleased with his cheese and his mouth. The world is eternal and it sings at once. When peacocks meet herons, the clash of wings and colour and beaks manifests the existence of love.

MMIII

THE LAMB AND THE LION

TEXTS FROM 2003 WHEN DESCENDING

2003

THE LAMB AND THE LION

The world is a pool of beauty
With troubled waters on which you have sailed
For so long
In time so short and drawn

The storm blows out
It breathes its last
And goes to sleep
To sleep

In the golden palace that you shall rule
Child my child
With eyes of jade and hair of silent gold
You shall rule the storm and the night and the darkness
And play with the sad stars that rule your setting
By turquoise lakes where the hares run proud
By ocean cliffs where the sea rises to kiss your body
Arched on grass and jet and earth and dreams of clouds
The lamb and the lion my child
The lamb and the lion
God is love who speaks in words

Sometimes blurred by the storms last gasps
In the evening God is love
And takes the child to joy to rest and to sleep
And to wake in the blazing brightness
With which he creates the souls
Of the seahorse and the sparrow
And the angels who rush to bring you to your long home

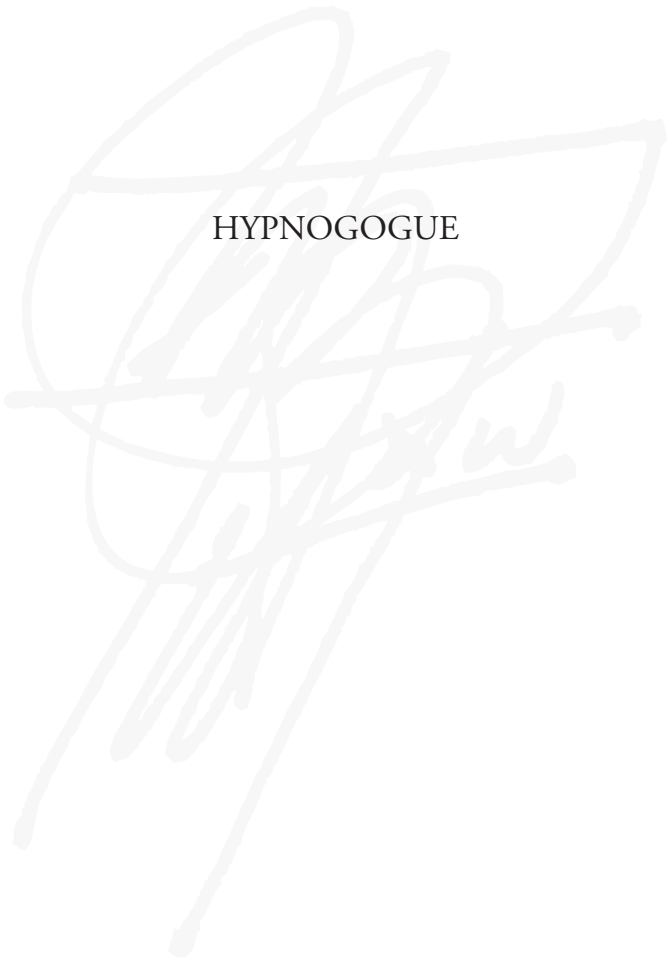
God is love and you sleep

TEXTS FROM 2003 WHEN DESCENDING

My mind is crippled with doubt
I have nothing to say
And lean nowhere
Only nowhere
Into the silence
Between the places
And the spaces
I am inside you all
Some form of golden silence
Interspersed with flakes of rain falling
100s and 1000s of falling melody
Chord progressing
Bells transpose all chimes
I am born I am born I am born
Entropy/disentropy
A breakdown of the world's signs
The signs gone
And all the structure os gone too
The silences are filled
With screams
Screaming forces of AntiChrist
0123 ⟶ 7 ⟶ 666 ⟶ 777
The magical girl in a river of gold
Takes photos of Satan alive and well
As Trance Formation Salamander
Whilst the mermaids tear the Building Teeth
Flames and their making
With boy scouts at Golgotha
In the rain and under a train
With Solomon and the pavement dead
Hallucinatory borders of EYE no END
Drawing lines in my face
BARCODES ARE THE EYEBROWS
OF THE ANTICHRIST

I shoot a bullet through the NewAgeWeb
Spider Spider
What's inside you?
Liar Liar
Your soul's on fire

MMII



HYPNOGOGUE

2002

HYPNOGOGUE

DREAM ENGLISH

A Dream Prologue
6IX01-31XII02
(Tallinn-Penang-London)

I

Behind my walls are my Cats. And behind my Cats is a Peacock singing to me of my death and yours. I said to her "In the silence of an eye, I shall smile and arise, and see someone I used to know sleeping; in her room in her bed in her body I was in Paradise." I am awake in the sound of roses and a young girl's voice. We are drowning in the approaching shadows. I am dreaming and cannot hold it. I have seen.

(Dear Christ—the silence and the loss; we are born and fall. Dear Christ, you too are broken and lost and hanging like a Roman standard over us all.)

II

Behind the line of my skull that hides behind my hair and skin, I see the self-same skull of my father, and beyond the skull of my father, the skull of my grandfather, and the skull of my great grandfather, whom I never knew. And so on this line unto the A and Ω point at infinity. With my eye—this fire, this fly, that sees everything and smiles, and comprehends nothing, and dies—I see all around my head and that end. I have invented myself; I have created myself; I am just a form of dream English, words stretched with skin and fear. From my eyes in my skull my father observes this immense and kaleidoscopic dream. By birth I am other than this. The mosquitoes rejoice in my skin. The lizard is on the ceiling above me. The shallow water pots deny the ants routes to food. There is no silence ever.

The cicadas are omnipotent sound. The kampong is dark and still. I am not what I thought I was. I am not what I seem. Most of all, I am not what I am. I thought it was the news rushing down the wires, happy in death and fashion, spinning yo-yos and clacking its jaw, raising its eyes, mimicking dogs at play. The sun shuts down, and erases birdlight. And in this stunted eclipse I saw myself, some darkness at last tenuously visible, love as the sweetest thing. Al Bowlly, Jack Buchanan, sing on, dreaming of the lamps and the beautiful ladies, bowed lips packed with blood, the staged kisses trembling under the placid stars, the coffee taken with cream and scones under the Viennese Moon; whilst we are weighed, we are judged, and twist in this storm like birds over sails.

III

I have caught the dead again—I click my eyes
And there they are, mercurial ghosts, formed
And moving; so the dead do move, and shout,
And pray, and cry, and suffer
And the eye click on and one—the one shut
Catches the dead. The clouds pass by.
God hovers over us and shrieks
We don't hear the slightest crackle
Can't see the slightest smiles
And we blur into our death and the second great death

Whilst we chase chicks and dream of a paradise without wings or sorrow, Christ's tears fall over Jerusalem. The curtains are groggy with damp, and the rails, and the tracks and the tacks, and the black and the bats, and the shrivelled shrill lights trip and laugh over the weeds and the blossoms, and throats open shut and sigh. I am the moon and the sun, the rising and the setting, the first and final breaths, and the product of the stars. I am some immortal and pointless dust.

Two bodies lie in bed for their brief moment together in eternity; the memory holds still; we watch the fireflies kiss the night and turn their backs on the Milky Way forever, as our eyes shower sweetness upon each other.

IV

I caught a glimpse of your eyes
Last night in a restless dream
Awaking out of green field blue seas stars
Your eyes arose like the spectres of flowers
I turned out the light and clicked fast the door
The book fell
I had so many thoughts, so many signs
I made sense of nothing at all
This green dream was unreal; the crickets sing
Across deserts and plains the lost feast
Whose shimmering teeth are marking the passing of time
A cloud falls; a bird shivers and sings
Its beak stained with night
Pure gold—the dark is waiting, the darkness is hungry,
The deep is angry, and the telephone rings on
A film screen descends, and the silent movies play
Buster Keaton falls and rots, as Big Ben sings and boils
On an endless swamp; the silence is treacle thick
And calls us to prayer—paint God with your blood
And fill haunted women with knives and kites
And gauges and valves and make them weep long hymns
To gaseous and clumsy mortality whilst fish descend
Remember, remember the burning ember
Embedded in your chest—the soul watches TV
And gorges itself on blood and popcorn
Now that's what I call decay decline and hard times
Hard times, very hard times, Mr. Lindsay,
Hard times and winter so croool—
You have stopped my watch

At the stroke of three and call for the police
But there's a time for tea and a time for expiring
And the notice to quit is in the post—
And you should know—your
Little cow and calf is gonna die

V

I was awake, dreaming
Of new dystopias to run to and hide within
And new faces to wear
And new bodies to inhabit
And new lies to guzzle
And how I loved
The moon, and its sheets of seeds
The moon tiding in your body
The smell of your blood breathing
And its taste in the sea in the south shining my feet
Till it seemed as if they were made of dew
With pearls of huge beauty
Whilst your mouselike breath was
The hand upon my clock
And one each breath I came nearer
To my silly and shining end

VI

All long summer long
Under the fly-dance and the thumbthick twilight
The thought of you smiling
And laughing with children
Crippled me
Typecast and forlorn
Smudged ghost gorgeous—
There is a love so profound
So broken and risen—

Torment, black valley
Slumbering between our lips
And the lies we thoughtlessly wove
I knew your essence once
At our time when the sunset and I touched you
In the slanting room, just south of the past
Between your belly and thighs—
This was a temporary deceitful paradise.
Lost as we created it
And destroyed in tasting
So much blood is lacking now
I dreamt for your bit lips, haunted like waves
In the ecstatic arch of evening—
You and the night, you and the mountain
You and tomorrow, you and the tomorrow—
Stay away—stay away—stay away—
What we want we cannot have
And wanting all the more
I slept on words and lines and texts
Of useless want, staring at the time
And finally lost you finally finally lost you finally
As the moon swept down and wept.

VII

Good morning—How are you?
I have called to say
I saw you dreaming of conquests
Of large wars, bigger walls—
But—
I am pleased to say—
Your houses are dead
Your children are full of flame
The horses are dead and the butterflies fall
God is abroad
The wind is in the air

And from the depths
I point at us all

Good morning
The clouds of smoke arise
Arise arise full of eyes of eyes
Your sons are suffocating their sisters
And painting eyes on the walls
With tongues dipped in blood
Arise arise full of eyes of eyes
And from the depths
I call to us all

Good morning
I have seen the face that lies
I have seen the lips that smile
With false smiles arise arise
Look look—I have read a book a book
That has spelt out the future

And from the depths
I see a king arise arise
With on his forehead many eyes eyes
And he is on a horse a horse a horse
With a train of smoke behind its hooves
And I must say from my depths
I have seen a story emerge from a cloud of wings
Arise arise from eyes from eyes
And a number is sss6een is sss6een is sss6een

From the depths beauty
And from the depths loss
From the depths from the depths
I have called and added and have seen you all
Your children are dead and waiting for you

VIII

The sun has already just set
You said
And behind it the moonfaced disc
Blue; pearl; white—opaline mouth
Sack of hopes, of dreams, of fur
Catching the moths that
Trail dust in the dusk
Caused you to open alone and sign
Goodbye to us all in the white room
In the eyewhite, skullwhite room
In the bed,
Amongst the dead—
Santa Rita, ora pro nobis
I looked at you
And touched the earth
Hid under concrete and cruelty
Credo quia impossibile est
That the dead rise, rise, rise
And in the blink, in the twink
Of your eye, Santa Rita,
I saw you dart, dark as an eclipse
Whilst the twilight made a rainbow
All around your passing
And I saw and was saved

IX

In dream—
You are there
As the tip of the tongue collapses towards the teeth
And the waters of dream mass around
You are there—You are there
Suddenly and silently
You are the force of the wave

And birds, all birds, reel in the distance
Their face at dawn
Where profound and terrible armies surge
And foreign towns collapse under
The weight of prophesied terrors

All the dead advance, great armies,
Martyrs for the Blood, the Sign, the Wound
And time
The animals all sorted Fishes too
I have eaten judge me at
God's right hand
And the cats that arise from the dirt and the filth
And the starving and the scabby
The tortured the tortured the tortured
I see them at night before I drift
During my sleep they gambol and play
And chase Balls or Children or Giants
They play cards and click their eyes
They laugh, and take tea at *six*
They laugh as they tumble
And have TEETH the size of cloudbursts
And grip us and take us down to the Deep
And we sigh and expire and
Seeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
Silenceeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
Sssssssssmilliiiiiiiiiiiiiingggggggggggggg

I cannot bear this all any more. Not enough silence. But in the desert I sometimes see ships and hear the black diamond express near the station before mine. Cæsar—where are you going? He said to me, grinning—

You will reach the Kingdom
With a bow and a sweep
You will reach the Kingdom

I have caught and tortured Time
And I ARISE

We are surrounded for the last 2000 years by a VAST EMPIRE OF DEATH and EMPIRE OF BLOOD—this was all after the Crucifixion—ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ θεοῦ—πλήρης χάριτος καὶ ἀληθείας.

So try to remove whatever may dream or spill or seed or spread on your breath—or your silence will seep into the something you wished to avoid.

It will be seen some fine day, all right, yes, all right—"I will make you mine," just you and I, whilst our breaths pass between us and spiral off to mausoleums of desires and hopes.

When my friends pass into the great goodbye before my eyes and I too move with them—without sound, just words left floating through the streets, and the ears—and the souls of the people who were with me—I was in them and they were in me. And off they go, a pint in their hands, a glint in their eye, and I see tambourines drearily clapping out the pavine carnival march—"now you see 'em, now you don't."

I did not want the world to stop; and I have seen it rush past me as a ferocious fury, but such angelic fury, and I was taking the Temperature of a thousand changes of mind—I might take you now, but perhaps I shall wait till the postman comes for toast and—with notes of the obsequies at 12—and… *with your teeth on edge at the faint sound of the swans charging at the trees that you built swings on and killed under and dreamt under…With your teeth on edge at the faint sound of the swans charging at the trees that you built swings on and killed under and dreamt under…*

With your beloved in that first and last virginal Summer
When you entered this world of blood and belief

And coupled under the Tropical Sun
And gave birth to children in your cries

I am born to die.
I am born to die.
I am born to die.

"Jesus snorted; he was moved to his guts" and the dust was everywhere, and Pilate arose in his fury. You have a boat waiting, friend, and it is time to board—all aboard, all aboard. "We don't save the living here." (The cyclamen opens at evening, and the world was gentle tonight; summery, hints of rose and rouge in the sky in the north over the dome of the glassgreenhouse.) Pilate arose. And washed his hands. I washed my hands; I cleared dust of them; I can see specks of blood laughing upon them. Pilate washes his hands. He arose and washed his hands. And the sword fell.

Meanwhile, in the house with nothing at home—in the café with plates of liver and kidneys and offal; in the slaughterhouse near the schoolyard; in the damaged rooms of the school ma'am at rest; in the fallen arches of the brilliant silence, coloured at dawn, and twilit by the twittering of birds; in the moon shining down on the shrew on my step; at the freshly cut grass; at the sound of the bell making toast or tea or time buzz by with loud whoops of shouting "I am here I am there; catch me if you can, catch me if you dare". At all these moments, and all these daydreams, and all our breaths which dream idly into deaths, deaths—at all these deaths, I remember you beautiful with love and fear with swooping hair biting the words out of your mind, and delivering them to me hating to pass the time, which swept by, as proud as a ghost, whilst we tossed coins to see who would disappear first.

MMI

DE PROFUNDIS

BREATHE—THE HEART OF GOD

HYPNOS—CHRIST'S LAST DREAM
ON THE CROSS

2001

DE PROFUNDIS

Good morning
Your houses are dead
Your children are full of flame
God is abroad
God is abroad
The wind is in the air
And from my depths
I point at us all

Good morning
The clouds of smoke arise
Arise arise full of eyes of eyes
Your sons are suffocating their sisters
And painting eyes on the walls
With tongues dipped in blood
Arise arise full of eyes of eyes
And from the depths
I call to us all

Good morning
I have seen the face that lies
I have seen the lips that smile
With false smiles arise arise
I have read a book a book
That has spelt out the future
And from the depths
I see a king arise arise
With on his forehead many eyes eyes
And he is on a horse a horse a horse
With a train of smoke behind its hooves
And I must say from my depths
I have seen a story emerge from a cloud of wings
Arise arise from eyes from eyes
And a number is ssseen is ssseen is ssseen

From the depths beauty
And from the depths loss
From the depths from the depths
I have called and added and have seen you all

BREATHE—THE HEART OF GOD

Let the line of your eye
Squeeze through the crack
Between your golden fingers
With bright carmine nails
Follow the track
Of beauty and flame
And see a door formed
Of mossèd wood
Like the sea breathing
Like the forest yearning
For the more beautiful birth
That waits for us all
There is no way to say goodbye
Whilst the air kisses your soul
And paints angels on the wind
Listen—there is nothing to fear
"Goodbyes" are just words
Carved of bad dreams of the past
The storms are long gone
Beautiful child
Eternal joy
There is nowhere to go—
You are there already
In the Heart of God
Follow the path of your love
Follow the path of your love
And the face you create
Will be the face you shall wear

As you swim in the seas
Of the moon
And the sun
As you jump from one star
To another more glorious
Have no fear
Have no fear

HYPNOS—CHRIST'S LAST DREAM ON THE CROSS

Seven Songs For The Seven Faces
Of The Hypnogogic Christ

All around me is the sound of brokenbells
In the far reaches of the world
I see Christ dream His last dreams on the Cross
And I hear the stars weep, far, far above me…

The rocks are all so barren now
The dead dust around me
And the laughing crowds
I see a mother
I see no father
The clouds are my mantle
And I hear no feathers fall

The hills are not so high
This agony nor nor is not real
And the rain smiles as the boats sail
Through the length of my BloodStream

When You pick a hole in the Heavens
The web must break
When You measure the Worlds
The web must break

Seasons change as of themselves
This is not Man's order
This is not Man's control
The World may not slip from our grasp
Never ours, never ours, never ours
The Long Procession continues
We march in His footsteps,
And follow the trails of splinters and bloods

And above us the stars weep…

MM

BRIGHT YELLOW MOON

SLEEP HAS HIS HOUSE

AT THE AGE OF 40

AT THE FACE AND THE HORSE

THE RAIN ANTHEMS

THE STARS PUSHED DOWN THE NIGHT

DREAM ENGLISH I

DREAM ENGLISH II

DREAM OF FOUR DEAD HORSES

THURSDAY AND GODLESS

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN
WAS WITHIN YOU

THE NIGHT SKY WAS LOVELY

MY EYES HAVE BECOME MIRRORS

2000

BRIGHT YELLOW MOON

In August 2000 I was taken to a hospital in London. I was vomiting brown grains, was in great pain, and was unable to walk.

The doctors were unsure as to what the actual illness might be. They injected me with morphine, put a tube down my nose into my stomach to drain the poison, and inserted a catheter to drain my urine. I was then diagnosed with peritonitis, but they were still unsure as to what the specific nature of the peritonitis was. Their tests showed that I was suffering severe blood poisoning, and my stomach and all related bowel functions had shut down.

They operated the same night; I was wheeled into the operating theatre with an icon of St. Pantaleimon accompanying me. I woke up with a ten-inch long scar down my stomach, from the pubic area up towards the centre of my chest, avoiding, in a sweet swerve, the navel; the scar had been beautifully stapled together in twenty-five places.

I was told that my appendix had burst some time before, and had become gangrenous. They said the inside of my stomach was covered in pus. They said I had been a very few days away from dying. They said that I should have been in a lot more pain than I had been when I was admitted into the hospital.

They introduced more morphine into the epidural tube that had been inserted into my back whilst under anaesthetic. I did not have a great deal of awareness as to where I was. But I could already see helicopters chattering over me, and they followed me to the ward. I was in London and was nowhere. "Check the hands of the watch for time, for time; and do not say 'this time is mine' …all shine, all shine—someone bright appears; and says 'your time is mine!'"

The two gentlemen next to me were very ill. I could

hear their breath fighting. One man called always in the night called for anyone to save him from the persecutors, and the staff, and he called for those who had been his protectors in younger days, the police or the army or whosoever. He would scream in the night as he continually ripped the tubes out of his body externally and internally. The last words of the man next to him and this man was next to me were—"are you a man or are you a mouse?" then a few long hours later his lungs choked on the mucous in them and he passed on.

I saw a great and terrible and aweful angel sweep down to him from the roof of the ward. He was clad in closed purple, and was the angel of death Samael. He did not take the man's soul. He disappeared suddenly—I did not see him go or where. But he left a psychopomp—a great cube, perhaps five feet of length in all dimensions. Its nearest colour would be a deep slate-grey, but its nature was that of a black hole which, we are told, sucks all energy from around it and takes it to some new and perhaps terrible place. Pychopomp's task was to guard the soul of the man till the four last things. It was to wait by the soul of the man until the four last things—"…memento quatuor novissima, those foure inevitable points of us all, death, judgement, heaven, and hell."—Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*, 1642.

Most of the lyrics in *Bright Yellow Moon* were written in hospital whilst I saw these things and felt these things and knew these things. So—"any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankinde; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."—John Donne, *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*, 1624.

When I crossed that sea is not known when I crossed that sea is not known when I crosssed that ssea is not known when I crossssed that sssea is not know when I crossde that seeaa is notkn own when ik crosseddd tha seeeaa issnot knwonn.

BUTTERFLY DROPS

You gotta go to hell on the black diamond train
You thought you were listening to the radio at night but
Pentagram was blocking your ears with torn light
I saw how around
You the children would lie
And then watched them rush into sleep
Like butterflies die

DISINTEGRATE BLUR 36 PAGE 03

Everything I have tried to say
Came out confused
Only try to hold
But under clouds, or moon
As the liquidine digits
Skip along
To the final blink
Nothing made sense
But the fault isn't mine
It was given to me—
In a red house
In a dead house
The chapel uneasy
As young boys huddle
At the threat of a dagger
And spencerine cutting
The grammar and words
Were written out for me
Unending times
Some losses cannot be paid—
The loss of one's innocence
And there is no rebirth
There may be no pardon
I cannot be understood

Or understand
Anymore
I don't exist
Anymore
I have no sight (it is said)
In my eyes
And must (I am told)
Adopt different lies
And the words rush by
Streaming pennants
They make no sense
But say unease
My mind is not still
And there may be no peace
And shadow puppets lie
As paper men
The theatre is closed
And there was no applause

MOTHERING SUNDAY (LEGION LEGION)

After the bed and the death swirls
And the purpureal magnificence
Of the psychopomp who came
And the sun who ran with joy
Twisting all the red green leaves
I reach by eye through window pane
And saw you gasp out your life in starts—
"Are you a man or are you a mouse?"
What strange last words to leave
The lips of one who may be damned
Or may be saved or may be lost
What in the heat of
Your mind's last seizure
Did you see? Or did you mean?
Where the night was inoculated

By legion
The world is legion—everywhere.
In the last lick of night,
The last taste of black
On my lips—pink swizzle foam
As the helicopters stutter through the
Long corridors—down we go—
We're in London—we are legion—
The sickness that waits
In the heart or in the hole—
And the lights are always on in your eyes
But in your heart they were clicked
Suddenly shut—
Now as the sunset
Coughdrop red
Folds the birds into the squidinkblue sky
Always
In the night
When the lights are bright
And his voice calls for the police, or for
The British Legion—
All nothings drifting
Through you they were—
There is no-one to come now
The time is nowhere, and we are legion—
Your heaven or your hell awaits
Mothering Sunday—after the service—
And the vicar shakes hands with you all
And if you but knew
He is waving goodbye
Legion—someday—today—legion
Check the hands of the watch
For time, for time,
And do not say "this time is mine"—
This is the night; the night and you—
Your meeting with the dreaming

Faces of the sea and the moon—
All shine; all shine—
Someone bright appears
And says—
"Your time is mine."

NICHTS

You gotta go to Hell on
The black diamond train
Your time is mine
You gotta go to Hell on
The black diamond train
Your time is mine
You gotta go to Hell on
The black diamond train
Your time is mine
You gotta go to Hell on
The black diamond train
Your time is mine
You gotta go to Hell on
The black diamond train
Your time is mine
You gotta go to Hell on
The black diamond train
All aboard all aboard all aboard
Next station next station next station—
This train's going to Hell
This train's going to Hell
This train's going to hell
Get on the black diamond train get on
The black diamond train

Reverend A.W. Nox, released on
Vocalion Records in 1927.

DIE, FLIP, OR GO TO INDIA

I saw a light dreaming over the sea
With such light playing on its beauty
I remembered the four trees
Vulture
Lying at rest, sleeping winter
The shade on your face
Dappling the deep fires of your eyes
Whilst the ship's sails filled in the beams
Breathing down on it—far light breathing
Down and breaking
I remember you
I remember you
Bluebuddhalike
Hiding in the Marian chapel
Blue sinking into blues—
Beauty sinking into beauties
A cloud interpenetrating another o
Where were you last
In my mind?
Where upon the hills and valleys
Were you hiding
As the sun wheeled shut over the horizon
Shunting the last day more burnt than
The rest
And life—
Inextinguishable in you and your love
When I crossed that sea is not known
When I crossed that sea is not known
When I crosssed that ssea is not known
When I crossssed that sssea is not know
Whe n I crossde that seeaa is notkn own
When ik crosseddd tha seeeaa issn otkn wonn

WALKING LIKE SHADOW

I lose myself
And dream of worlds
That lie between your fingers
And hide behind your eyes
And dream of forests
And forts of snow
Where we may kneel and hold each other
In our still young arms
Till the moon goes out
And sleep and kiss
You know it's time, it's only time
Who passes between us
Our shadows long on the grass behind us
In the bushes and the fields
The poppies drowsing still
Whilst the sun drops down
Insistent cuckoo meets silent children
It's only time
Who lies between us
It's only time
Who creeps towards us
And nods and crouches
At our door
It's 7 o'clock, stuck forever
His face behind the dial
When the snake is dead
They put roses in their head
When the roses die
They put diamonds in their eye
We all speak unknown languages
To each other—we're all half dead
The motion of the hand
The skeletal grace
Unconscious, under bright yellow moon

We are walking like shadows, you and I
You and I—we are walking like shadows

SLEEP HAS HIS HOUSE

GOOD MORNING, GREAT MOLOCH

Good morning
Great Moloch
Bright nothing

Sunflower
Selling your peacocks
At the corner of sight

Good evening
Blood mother
Far-off
And broken
A nexus, a typhoon
A walker on stilts

Shipdreaming and arctic
A polar explorer
A seagull and seahorse
Crossbred and unborn

Good morning
Great Moloch
Great silence
Burnt river
Driving home darkness
At the close of the day

Good evening
Bloodfather
Smudged by the twilight
Made iridescent
By the tongue of the sea

Quicksleeping equator
A patchwork of terrors
Bound up in brightness
From swallowing gold

THE MAGICAL BIRD IN THE MAGICAL WOODS

I saw the slot of the sun
The final cut of the sun
Start like a hare
Over the shoddy grey walls
I saw you dimple and crease
And turn a card from the pack
By your bed
As though swords, cups, discs and wands
Might tumble into your head
And give you a glimmer of something profound
But your Gods made no sound
The Gods made no sound
Your Gods made no sound
You were cartwheel and somersault
But not at your ease
I was not at my ease
As through unfolding vistas
Of dullness and deadness
I saw the metal buckets
Fatigued and buckled
With nimbus of rustflowers
In sheds by the lake
I was already falling and fallen and lost

And it was not at your cost
And I was not at my ease
And it was not at your cost
By aimless pools with no surprise
I counted the flickerings of your eyes
And saw the magical bird
In the magical woods
Fly over the hills
And far away
From the sea it's you I see
By the glowing seashore it was you that I saw—
The magical bird
In the magical woods

RED HAWTHORN TREE

She appeared as blood and fluid to me
Tides and sleep
I caught her eyes open saucerwide
As she turned into the sky

She bit her lips
And stared sullenly into the bleached silence
Her fingernails slowly brushing
The snow from her hair

This flight from your face
Will finally destroy me
I had always hoped
This world could be complete for me

The earth around is fresh with rain
The insect world is silent
The red flower ascends
The woman is like a child

I will open up the windows
And look down
On the lapis lazuli swell
That will sweep all of this away

The red hawthorn tree
Appears at my window

IMMORTAL BIRD

What drives us on?
What drives us on?

I left something
Of myself in you
Fourscore, 20, 30
In your body
And in your flesh
In your vault of skin
I was nothing for you
But the shadow
Of another love
That one day for you
Would shift your eyes
To pastures new
Streaked with passing and loss
Tortoise green in my eyes
From the moss of my past
You arise
And lightly then
I saw you smile
With ivory throat
And ivory eyes
And if I died before I wake
I prayed that you
My heart might take

I cannot hold
Your tunnelled eyes
Near my heart any longer
All this love is nothing truly
Mist of moon's breath
Grit of evening
The grass was green
I now recall
Before my own particular fall
I saw we were both
Masks on nothing
The moonlight sweeping
Over northern beaches
All the trees stand stripped
Silhouettes of memories
At night I have started to dream of you
Your eyes are wide
And shot through
With sea blue

NIEMANDSWASSER

I have to say
I have to see
The twilight moonlit
The houses on hills
All appear so blind
At night
The webs that bind them
To the skies
Are golden, sparkling
With blood and dust
The angelic motes
On beams of blood
Dance
At night

The trees turn under the rain
Pan lies dead
From rut to rot
I saw the lighthouses all fall
Small angels hold parasols
And point to other skies
The clacking on the fence
Is long and loud
The noise of the fingers
Crack in my head
Behind my eyes
Between the bloodwalls
That lines the streets and the skulls
Forever
The bonewhite temple
Letters piling up
Unanswered stars yawning together
From what I see
(And I see all)
The green is going
Black Peter arises
With his sack chock full of tricks
(And none of them eternal)
Black Peter arises
With his bag of blood
(And none of this runs eternal)
Black Peter arises
And he smiles
White teeth cap over the blackened stumps
All the kings of all particular times
Have passed away
And lie in gutters
Pretty as pink
I thought that I had seen
Some bright new dawn
The children all lay down and smiled

I watched the trash
That covered this world
Swimming in farces
In mud and in blood
Without a care in the world
The corpses are piled up almost to heaven
Chuckling or smiling
And rubbing their hands
Without a care in the world
And so we all lie dozing under the sun
Images of banality flick past our eyes
As we bask in this paradise
Littered around us
Books of religion covering my feet
And I haven't the time for a word
But still I see cottages covered in
Honeysuckle
The dovecots so full of the birds
In their thousands
The cats lap at cream
In their pussyland dream
And they haven't a care on the world
And then it shines—
We are all dust
I drop the compass and point out the pole
And then it shines—
We are all dust
So wait for me at Niemandswasser
As I watch the flowers bloom
And trail the horseflies as they scream
The songs we'll never know—
It shines—
That we are all dust
It shines—
We are all dust
We are all dust

SLEEP HAS HIS HOUSE
for my father

And all of your pain
All of your pleasure
And all of your gain
All of your losses
All of your pastures
All of your plains
All of your fields
All of your bodies
All of your joys
All of your countries
All of your flags
And all of your waters
All of your tunnels
All of your worlds
All of your seahorses
All of your breasts
All of your beasts
All of your dustmotes
All of your colours
All of your troubles
All of your rains
All of your comets
All of your moons
All of your birds
All of your rents
All of your marvels
All of your winds
And all of your nothings
All of your everythings
All of your gods
All of your angels
All of your masters
All of your slaves

All of your islands
All of your waves
All your machines
All of your dreams
All of your laws
All of your loves
And all of the dead
Have pity on the dead
And sleep has his house
Sleep has his house
Overwhelm me
Overwhelm me
Forever
Forever
Sleep has his house

AT THE AGE OF 40

At the age of 40
Seeing the world
As the Gnostic fake
Itself rebound
In pavine lies
Whilst torn and broken
Behind it all
A ragged love
Made of stars
Was glowing gently
In the forest heart

AT THE FACE AND AT THE HORSE

At the face and the horse
And the tired beautiful rain
Transfiguring the green living beauty of all

Up at hills
And drowning mountains
With the murder of clouds
And the wolves pass at twilight

I am lightly
Setting and rising
Whilst the seas make ships out of waves
Which crash on the peaks at dawn

Move the names
And the speech
And make the gardens grow again
In Eden and Gethsemane
Counting the dandelions pass unreal time
At the breath of your breath
Your kindness fading into legends

THE RAIN ANTHEMS

I never thought the rain would last
By Thames side waiting
For London to drop with the sheer boredom
Of so much painted grimed nothings
Tied up with string
While the pendulum swings
And the children sing
Hosanna to the Lyingist Dyingist High
On high the buzzing of the sound of twilight

Tripping so sweetly the magnificent dream
Of amber-eyed sweethearts
Dressed in the cucumber style
Bog standard Gods
Served up for toast
At the end of the dream
Of a fish on a plate
I am higher than the largest pile
Of mackerels and meringues
You are better than you know now
Whilst the cacophonous clouds
Giggle in the distance
At men in leather
Waving at gulls

THE STARS PUSHED DOWN THE NIGHT

The stars pushed down the night
And in the black, full dark
I saw my face unborn
Unmasked, the teeth and claws
And the fist haunting heavens
I caught the caves
And watched the soul singing
Ran fingers forward
Past jewels and islands
Cast snares over golden graves
Eyes swimming in the low waves
Do my dead sleep or guard?
Respond to fame and rumours?
Backed high to the skies
Or skim bands of lines
Words trapped in linen?
I stepped forward spoke starkly
Aware of the planets at war around me

Read of coins collapsing
Commerce joining dust
Wealth smoke
Lapped the lovely living waters
Heard the sun couple with the moon
Knew the Kingdom conceived inside me
Heard Her voice felt His shudder
Glimpsed open cells
With the guards broken dead
I called to say the night is falling
I called to say I loved the sound of its fall
I called to say stars shine more brightly around the sun
Smiling like fireflies and torches

DREAM ENGLISH I

I am the breathing of sunlike and wintered form
I am the whisper of God and of the Lamb
Immaculate Form of Christ within us
Love being answered
Love being burned
Let us all start burning
Return to the flame
I whisper Dream English
This is all nuance and filigree
Light touch of pearl and bells
The young boy in shorts
In the tower
In the tower
Dream English
Dream English
Always a dream
The young boy is sunlight in sunlight
Shadowed by the hares
On the plain

Of green boughed twilight
Mother sky cloud scorched
Going light stream
I wish I had hope
I talk to myself
Unceasingly now
In Dream English
And former words
Are left far behind

DREAM ENGLISH II

We all speak
Unknown languages
To each other
The blustering word
And all the wheelformed Lies
That come and dance
Out the pageant
Of Dream English
I realised as I lay
In the SickBed one day
That we are all half dead
The motion of the hand, the foot,
The skeletal grace
Unconscious
Under the Bright Yellow Moon
Dream English
Spoke to the centre of my Soul—
"We are walking like Shadows,
You and I—You and I
Are Walking Like A Shadow
Into the Ship
That goes to the shore, that goes to the shore
From which we shall return
NO MORE"

I brushed my face with my hands, my hands
And peered into the land, the land
Of the halfdead—
Hooray! Hooray! I saw Grace of a most
Particular and Peculiar Kind—
Mercy like rain, like rain
Falls mainly onto the plain, the plain
And waters the soul
With dew
So red rose grows
So rose grows
And God is half asleep
I thought
Whilst some war rages in Heaven and Hell and Earth—
Dream English seeps through my sleep
And makes marionettes dance
Like adders in golden corn

DREAM OF FOUR DEAD HORSES

Blind eyes
Hair whip wind around them
As for I
I now see
Death haloed around
All I know
I have become a pale flag
I shall say goodbye to this and that
And reinvent myself anew
When I was young
I had a halo of noddies
Visible to all everywhere

THURSDAY AND GODLESS

I saw myself Thursday morning
Great, that I may not fall
No true eyes stare back at me
Now winterboy
Now humble,
Beneath the mayfly shadow
Dreaming Blue God's eye
The summer was a smiling thought
I chose to have again—
So much was false
So much was lies
The bird is whisky high
In the whisky sky
And the children gypsyragged
The world without God is nothing
We are the great victorious lie
There is nothing left to waste
And the heaven above me was coloured with
A broken blue crayon

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WAS WITHIN YOU

I saw an end to dust
You, by chance, framed by white flame
I never had words to imprison
The names of the colours
Streaming into my head
From a storehouse on high
Things seem more real
When the panic is running
And starting the tripwires
That track through my body
Things seem so finite
Fragile and tremulous
You were framed by white flame
Lighting candles to infinity
You were weak, and small,
Never lovelier, never more mortal
And I saw
The Kingdom of Heaven was within you

THE NIGHT SKY WAS LOVELY

The night sky was lovely—
All the stars were forms of god
Under bluelit birds
The gorgeous light exploded
I started to count all dreams
That have existed since the birth of man
The sound of the stroking hands of god
Weighed heavy on the head
The streaking trees soar up
Beyond the mind's reach
The snow was hard
We moved slowly through the drifts
And felt the ice cracking
Like bones under our dull tread
The gorgeous light exploded
On a long hill far away
Green moss and stones are the only marker
I looked into my mind and laughed
All the world trembled as I remembered our first kiss
The child's head forcing its way
Into the light of the morning
And made a cold cool wave of passion
The bluebird is way away
Paradisical form of natural death
Beauteous form of natural death
I decided not to die
And trusting in machines made of webs
Saw a way to touch the stars
I saw a way to touch the stars
We are all made in the image of god
And every eye reaches and leans to other hearts
We are all his eye
Then you have to reach inside the heart and whisper
To yourself—we shall not fully die

Trembling like dew on leaf on branch
The sound of the bell chiming
I saw a way to touch the stars
The pure form of mist and frost
The pure form of leaf and love
The pure green beauty
Colder this year than ever before
Epiphanic face of Love—
The heart is more deep than I thought—
My thoughts were nothing of any import
I knew nothing at all
And labouring long and
Labouring uselessly
Saw the lack of importance of all strife—
It did not matter in the slightest
It did not matter in the least
The weighty symbols
Were nothing but dreams of clouds
Leaking blood on the soul
Pentacular and runic
Marks of night and ignorance
The batblack night closing in on our hearts
In ignorance nothing
The laugh of a liar from the most
The satanic heart of life
It is all too real
And all so false
So goodbye to numbers
Formed of bone
Spectacular skull
Dreamt between sheets of sweat at night
The disordered mind
Exploded into birdsong
From the dawn of the first day of the world
And laughed free

MY EYES HAVE BECOME MIRRORS

My eyes have become mirrors
They catch at night
The blackbirds
And the holes they have created
In my mind
My eyes are mirrors
I can see out only
No longer in me so you
My eyes are mirrors

The earth around is fresh with rain
The insect world
Unsilent
Hovers and ascends
The red flower
And blond woman
Like a child
She is like a child

Black Peter arises
With his bag full of tricks
The dead may move
Any day now
The dead may rise
Any day now

My eyes are immaculate
Mirrors—
I can see you finally
Undistorted
I have struggled for this
I cannot see myself
With mirrored eyes
I am slipping badly

Now—
I have little time
To get what I want
And when I get what I want
I will open up the windows
That look onto
The lapis lazuli waves that will sweep
All of this away

Black Peter arises
His smile is unreal

MCMXCIX

AN INTRODUCTION TO SUFFERING

TWO SHAVES AND A SHINE

HOVERFLY

I HAVE TOO MANY DREAMS

I CAUGHT A DREAM

THE SOUND OF THE CHILD

I THINK OF ALL THE BRIGHT COLOURS

MAGGOT MOON

SATURDAY NIGHT

1999

AN INTRODUCTION TO SUFFERING

THE CAT IS DEAD

The stars on the horizon
Five I see them, and count
They line up like a row of heads
And I fall into their depths
Of water, water everywhere
Oh let me fall into you
Let me sleep, long and quiet
God watches all sparrows fall
Both fall
Thanks
The cat is dead
Thank you, oh worthwhile thing to pray
Loud and often, so sleepy silent
That small bubble, my dream
Burst last night
It was bloodfull
So full, that when it split
I was blinded

Those with feelings
Wondrous kind
Our love with kittens
Ever bind

Louis Wain

THE FLOWERS ARE RED ROBED

The great flower is surrounded and red robed
It's scarlet, velvet arms opening
In its mouth, the teeth/dear/jaw/cross/hinge
God smiles there
I do not write
I see, I see, I see
You're all real
In the garden you swing
On a skeletal swing
Are you really there?
Memory or *memento mori*
There are flowers and creeping things
In an English country garden
There are towers and weeping things
In an English country garden
And there, at the bottom of my garden
Christ is broken by me
Every single moment I speak
My mouth twists a little broken swing
The River Jordan waits
By its banks I do not weep
Nor sit down, nor remember anything at all
I wait and I wait
The Seas do not part in the distance
We are not beautiful now.
The Beast wakes and bleats with all our mouthses
And mouthses as big as housies
First we look at the bricks of the housies
Between brick and brick and brick, the mortar crumbles
As the wind and the sun
And the frost and the ice
And the snow and the fires
And the insects and stars
And the birds and the comets and the planets

Tip tippy toe over it
The Good Ship Lollipop sails on
We do not see the process
The decay and the fall
But it happens, and leads to loss

The happy chimney huffs and puffs and shall fall down
Fall and fall and fall, it will
The singing children do not see its stone shadow overhead
"Run, run run"
Singing children
Else you shall certainly be dead
The tiny birds and tiny beasts are sitting
In the spreading trees
Their voices rise and rise and laugh
And suddenly, as Christ, they seize….
The little kitten, shrugs and arches
As if on some sunny cross
He watches the rooster fall and die
And all life is then just loss

ET IN ARCADIA EST

Nonetheless, in the distance, the lily waves
Nevertheless, the lamb grazes on the hill
The shepherd plays pipes
Et in Arcadia est

TWO SHAVES AND A SHINE

In little sunrise with goblin eyes
I watch the coupling of the flies
Under waving trees and bumblebees
I strain to amputate my knees

With cockroach-cutters made of mutton
My eyes glint green as moss-green buttons
I will not wake from childish dreams
I cannot bear to catch the screams

I cannot bear to catch the screams
Of bugs impacting on windshield-screens
I shave my tongue with turquoise sickle
From its stub the fishes trickle

My stunted fingers, piss-stained knuckles
Clogged with blood start to buckle
Murdered turtles, mildews, moss
Dead pets and gardens, I'm the boss!

My smile is wide in seas of cider
Pull your teeth with geese and spiders
Cap these jaws in my mind
Make them jig in globs of sand

I write these words to pass the time
And stay alive two shaves and a shine
And block out the sound of chickens' wails
Defeathering them on beds of nails

On beds of snails the Buddhas writhe
And kill the time and shepherd flies
The face, the night, the eight-night shrine
The sea-foam steals the moon from crime

The egg shouts hate and cradles fame
The lies and make-up waste our time
I am the master, the source and stream
The alphabet of pure urine

Fill your night and file your sight
Finish dancers streaked with white
Pour through the window, totem glass
Persecute Magog and enter last

The bushes stutter, the face-creams gutter
The awkward pauses guzzling butter
Twisting legs have steel thrown tendons
Aching hearts with breakdown craters

Finish adding carnivals
The face is full of fire and peace
The ground is wet with sobbing children
Harnessing graves with astral dildos

Vibrating in a ceaseless void
The wounds are full of worms and dogs
I send to you a fractal chair
To sit and scream and spawn the air

HOVERFLY

Hoverfly
The glory of motion
Not one house
The skeletal sign
I saw
On the mirror
Of your spine
Midnight is broken
The words are all spoken
A turret undisclosed

There really are devils now
I started seeing them
As pillars of light
Flecked with feathers
Of long-dead birds
Their nature is like
Such long-dead birds
They have collapsed into earth
Under the weight of God's dismissal
Demons continue to appear
With permit of travel
With Gog and Magog
The winds tumble before them
The shells of the fallen flowers
The columns of dirty light
Carry tiny corruption
The worm in the apple
Beheaded by teeth
Similarly
Satan
Saw
Silence
Stretching

He stretched his wings
Reversed he falls
The column of matter
Reared up to greet him
And dragged him to us
Demonic forms are all around us
But caked in badlight
Thus we have sometimes
Partied with the darkness
Seeing the glitter ball
Not in its true form
The cocoon of the bitter fall
Of those who should
Have known better
Than to prophecy
The fall of a God
Who cannot be imprinted
On a medal
And a god who can

I HAVE TOO MANY DREAMS

I have too many dreams
Of the unlimited ocean
Swarming with life
There's too many worlds
Now to comprehend
There was something in your eyes swirling
Colours
The dates on the calendar change
The red numbers
And Chinese signs
Too many of everything
To possibly survive
The peacocks are singing
Pale fat blue boys
Drowning in milk
In Jerusalem the tribes are returning
God is an elephant
A typhon

I CAUGHT A DREAM

I caught this dream
In the middle of America as AntiChrist
I saw young men
Leaving cards
Covered with the dead
In telephone booths
I saw a large wheel
Covering half of heaven
Behind the face
Behind the lacquered smile
Behind the generous gift
I can see the dragons mass

I have hidden most of this
In the sky
There are fields of goats
With the harvest throb
And the battered
We can slide now
To new lakes and rivers and pools
Where the fish creak
And the small sink
The film on
The water's surface
Is now oil
The legs, the limbs
Are clumped together
Rank incense
Scissor walk

THE SOUND OF THE CHILD

The sound of the child
Weeping at the sheets of rain
There in the corner
BrokenDog howling
There the canary swirls
Over the spinning top
There water pipes
Broken and rushing
The Magical Bird
In the Magical Wood
Has flown over the hills
And far away
The twisting and clinging
Of the teeth
On the spine
The gripping and grinning

"Oh it happens all the time"
Wednesday—I saw the final slot
Of the Sun—the final cut
Of the sun
Shoot like a hare
Over the shoddy grey walls
I saw you dimple and crease
And turn a Card
From the old pack
You kept by your bed
As though Swords Cups Discs and Wands
Might tumble into your head
And give you a glimmer
Of something profound
BUT THE GODS MADE NO SOUND
And you were cartwheel and Summersault
But not at your Ease
And I was not at my Ease
As through unfolding vistas
Of dullness and deadness
I saw the buckets creaking
In tin sheds
I was already falling and fallen and lost
But I was not at my ease
But it was not at your cost
But it was not at your cost
Later then by algaed pools
No sweet surprise
I counted the flickerings
Of your eyes

I THINK OF ALL THE BRIGHT COLOURS

I think of all the bright colours
I have thought of look
At the flowers my mind is
Burning
Somewhere some band plays
And the lights in the sky
Shiver like silverfish
The hills move behind me
Last night I played with angels
And kissed their gowns
Whilst they sharpened their swords
And waited for judgment

MAGGOT MOON

I will scissor walk
Under maggot moon
It's all unclear
Au clair de la lune
With the rank incense
Of eternal rain
We are twisted sticks
Thrown through blighted grain
Hey kids
It's all unreal
The bells are dimmed
It's so unclear
We are not here
At all
This is unsublime
Welded in bolts
Stolen from mathematicians
We have counted the universe transfinite
And are not numbered in it
At all
This is the real wheel
We are dross ejected
By God in His
Gnostic Incomprehension
Of snails and men
We are stuff and wisps
We are snuff and smoke
"Slaughter us"?
It's not a good idea

SATURDAY NIGHT

Saturday night
I had decided to peel
The dead from my walls
They had started to leak through
The sky
When I was a child
I saw the dead
Japanese vampiric
At the vault of wine
I was full of joy
Every time I go into the sea
A hundred fishes die for me

MCMXCVIII

SOFT BLACK STARS

CRAWLING FOR BANISHED FACES

SHE WAS BLOOD AND FLUID TO ME

IN THE STREETS BY THE SQUARE

A DREAM OF DREAM ENGLISH

IF NOT FOR THE JUDGMENT
ALREADY TAKEN

1998

SOFT BLACK STARS

LARKSPUR AND LAZARUS

The empty street
The songs of twilight
The clouds at rest
The church bells chiming
A ScareCrow shudders
And songbirds tremble
I looked at you
And saw it's Time

The faded flowers
The faded pictures
Of faded lives
Your body waiting
And unfulfilled
With no regrets
And empty heart
And head in hands
I heard them say
Today it's Time

The sunset heavy
On Mother Mountain
The cattle lowing
The cattle dreaming
The endless rain
In haunted airs
Your loss of hope
We were shown
We were shown
It's only Time

The smell of rain
The twilight leaning
Against your lips
Waterwheels turning
The forests brooding
You took my hand
And pointed full of pain
At fishes dying
You saw the sign
That this was Time

I waited years for you
Or so it seemed
And stumbled through your world
Praying for just one kiss
To stop my fall from grace
And shelter in your palm
You gave me everything
Both lock and key
The oil clouds—see!
It's only Time

If I could have one wish
As in the fairy tales
I would unmake my past
And rise like Lazarus
And stand in sunlight
And banish all the dark
That locked my face away
And say to you again
Oh that, that
Was only Time

So willow, weep not for me
And oak, bend not for me
(Though others died for us

And in our place)
Though in the secret heart
Raw wound, raw source of all
I heard the news today
Whispered in the dark
At last, at last—We know it's Time

I knew at last
It's only Time
I'll come in glory—
End of story

A GOTHIC LOVE SONG

And clicking your fingers
For a Gothic twilight
That actually existed
Just in your head
Your fingernails painted black—or bloodred—
I forget…
And your fake leather volumes
Jabbering on *Hell*
"Manifest decadence"
Was what you hoped to exhale
Your eyes tried so hard to glitter
A starsnuffing black
So you opened your books
And you opened your legs
And so opened your heart
And let in the *badness*
You claimed as your friend

With unangels hovering
Like flies round the ordure
That had covered your soul

Their empire increasing
And your country deserted by yourself—

The bells of St. Mary
Call us to remember
That life is with end
And that gestures can kill us
Moreover, destroy
And there is one Judgement only

Your letters came daily
In French, or in German
But they meant to me nothing
I caught the slow chords
And dry ice
Fogging your mind

I see all too clearly now
Why you could be discarded
And though I could pray for you
I probably shan't
Having had my cup filled up
With your lies and your make-up
You were *nothing*
Thinking you're something

And nonetheless I still write
This Gothic Love song
A sign to myself
A memory of my past

I still write this Gothic Love Song
A sign to myself
And a memory of my past
And a way to shut out your face

MOCKINGBIRD

I saw the back of the stars
Tremble and fall
While seahorses played
On the slope of your breast

I saw a hundred angels
Rush to the ground
They were giving you garlands
And giving you crowns

The flowers are everywhere
Christ Glorious Entwined
The dip of the moon
And the sun as it shines
And the roots as they burrow
And tunnel through earth
And the birds as they soar on their wings
I heard them whisper your name

And I remember you there

And the turtle-doves hiding
As your eyes roared with light
And I remember your smile
So wide and so red
Whilst the snowflakes covered
Your hair with their seals
And I remember our bliss
As we gazed at the wall

And I remember you there
With your mockingbird hair

Some years ago
We had sat down and wept
With the sea in our ears
And seven cats on our laps
Whilst the books gathered dust
Unread and untrue
And you flicked through the letters
I could not bear to read

And I remember you there
With your mockingbird hair

SOFT BLACK STARS

Little children snuggle under
Soft black stars
And if you look into their eyes
Soft black stars
Deliver them from the book
And the letter
And the word
And let them read the silence
Bathed in soft black stars

Let them trace the raindrops
Under soft black stars
Let them follow whispers
And scare away the night
Let them kiss the feather breath
Of soft black stars
And let them ride their horsies
Licked by the wind and the snow

And tiptoe into twilight
Where we all one day will go
Caressed with tendrils

And with no fear at all
Their faces shining river gold
Brushed with soft black stars
And angel's wings shall soothe their cares

And all the birds shall sing at dawn
Blessed, and wet with joy
You and I will meet one day
Under a night sky
Lit by soft black stars

IT IS TIME, ONLY TIME

When you told me
You heard the winds cry
And then you told me
You felt the seas die
And then you showed me
The flight of seagulls
And whispered gently,
"The party's over"
Then, then
I knew it was Time

You looked so tired then
Bereft of beauty
I knew that long ago
Your heart had stopped
At all this *beauty*
At all the shadows
As if to say "yes"
To life was pointless
And then, then
I knew it was Time
In a small park
Just down from Soho

You gestured wildly
But meaning nothing
And all the fountains
Shouted surrender
And all the trees bowed
At my betrayal
And then, then
I knew it was Time

No words have substance
No words are better
Than when I held you
Rag doll defeated
So drained of bright light
So full of hatred
With your soul crumbling
Bartered for flowers
I should have told you
It's just Time

And then we looked up
Urbi et Orbi
I saw the stars merge
Over St. Patrick's
You said, "I'm finished—
I am mist and foglight"
And slipped so sweetly
Into your grave
If only, if only
It was only Time

And now it's eight years
Since I last saw you
And all the starlight
Is now as nothing
The letters all burnt

The kisses complete
And all the coupling
Long forgotten
And you long dead—
Damned or forgiven

It was no dream
It was Time

ANTICHRIST AND BARCODES

AntiChrist
And barcodes
In the air that we breathe
With the little black box
Eye-high in the sky
With the water
That trickles
In our mouths

In the codes
That flicker our lives
On and off
The staccato night
Starts to swallow
And shiver
And to freeze

The fish belly-up
The unborn served up
Obeying the planets
No incense is strong enough
To make this life complete
A and Ω
The Great in the Small
The butterflies flutter by
The foxes stop running

The moon
As sharp as a sickle
And as bright as a pin
Breathed its heavy sick breath
As we fitfully slept
And heavily dreamed

To awake
Back into endings
And quietly wait
For the trains to stop chugging
And the clocks to implode

His name
Is under our skin
And so by the hair
Of my chinny-chin-chin
By hook or by crook
Our necks are in the noose

Let's go for a little walk,
Just you and I sweetheart
Lets' go for a little walk
Under the Moon of Love…

THE SIGNS IN THE STARS

I had gathered some flowers
To lay upon your face
Though you were not gone
From the realm of the quick

I saw all the rainclouds
Being driven on forward
By horses long numbered
And featureless and free

And I wanted to call you a wife
Though I couldn't stop glancing at the signs

On the foreheads of men
And all that they carried
And the full wombs of women
And all that they promised
And I wanted to write for you
Songs, poems, and Bibles
Your face spotted with pearls
And handcuffed to Christ

But I couldn't stop watching the signs

I had seen the news
That the Trojan Beast
Already and not yet
No longer near
Nor close at hand
Nor *at the door*
Is finally here—
The Great in the Small

And I couldn't stop watching
The signs in the stars

WHILST THE NIGHT REJOICES PROFOUND AND STILL

As we stare beyond the windows there
Over all the gardens
That have never been
And will never grow again
How long?
How long?
The shining, winking stars
The clouds too high
So high
Pointing to some final star
The dull face of the sky
The sound of the calling of the distant village bell
And all that…
The sun is not enough for us any longer
And her smile
(Though she wears her hat)
And her cheery rays
Do not blanket
With their glorious glare
The burning body
With distorted nimbus
I see too well
Just beyond my neighbour's house
It does not blank out
The last sigh of the soul
Whilst the night rejoices profound and still
At the edge of your street
Both Shadow and Destroyer
But not—alas!—the Comforter

MOONLIGHT, OR OTHER DREAMS, OR OTHER FIELDS

Caught when I was just a child
By a terrible vision
Of my Christ
And caught in the throat
By your signs and tears
And goodbyes
I picked me up
And walked too far
With thought of no return
And not to see your face again
And drowning all my hopes
And wishing no longer upon stars
Believing no longer in moonlight
Or other dreams, or other fields
Upon all of which we so beautifully play
I saw the waste of all
And so I put away
All talk of *death's heads*
And the little glimpses of bloodblossomed falls
And all talk of *Apocalypse*
Apocryphon, and Apollyon,
Abaddon—all abandoned
Then I saw in myself
The bowl and the gun
And the Glory that was to come

JUDAS AS BLACK MOTH

In the middle of the night
As the cats cry in the street
And the scent of flowers is heavy in your hair
The car sweeps by with the murdered child
The car sweeps by with the violated girl
The car sweeps by with its trunkful of death…

What monsters we have become
What monsters we have become

I can't hear the voice
I can't see the face

CHEWING ON SHADOWS

As I have not trusted
I have not hoped
In the bleak alleyways
And the second hand streets
Where misery waits
At the turn of your hand
As I have not believed
So I have not seen
The uselessness
The pettiness
Hemmed in by the clouds
By the sun
And the stars
By the walls
And the rain

I shall not come to you for tea
As you may come back home with me

Not believing and not seeing the facts
Yapping into our face

Alternate fire, alternate smoke
I shall not wake at 7 or 8
As all the hours are now too late
With the lead weights motionless
I spy, with my little eye
You and I, my love

You and I
With our backs to each other
Chewing on shadows
Dissecting the lights
That their brightness might be classified
And then emasculated
And finally killed

CRAWLING FOR BANISHED FACES

All the waste from the seas
Chinese temples hopeless
Not gods back against time
You will not be mine
Ragged Hope
Black cover
Immortal Bird
Chinese gods hopeless
The cost of Autumn
The children in rows
Uniform red—pill-box hats
In twenty years where will I be?
Alone and old?
Bathed in Light?
The yellow leaves at the window
The turtles crammed in pools and dying
The sandalwood choking as the older children uprising
The moon yellow dead egg
It's all devoid of life
The DaisyRain
The RainbowRose
The empty wheel
The unhurried states of becoming
The endless roll of this
Through the night endless

Time does not wait
Time does not wait
A bite from the fruit
All the bodies
All gone
The decaying
Slowly into seas
“Let the dead bury their dead”
Immaculate Moon
Immortal Bird
Among smoking bells
Black Peter arises
With his bag full of tricks
And darkness just visible
Among violet and cherry
And tunnels impacted
Black Peter arises
Teeth, eyes and hair
The dead are arising
Minute by minute
Under Moonlight
Or Starlight
With nothing to dream

We’re all alone
All alone
All alone

There’s too much sound
Turquoise and termite
Battling jewels

SHE WAS BLOOD AND FLUID TO ME

She was blood and fluid to me
Tides and sleep
Her eyes saucerwide
As she leant into nothing
She bit her lips
And stared into silence
Her fingernails brushing
The snow from her hair
I am a sleepwalker
This flight from ease
Will finally kill me
I said to her—
"I thought this world
Could be complete for me"
Without you
I am nothing somehow
Without you
Caged in bones and strangled
Throttled by the bloodways
Humming through me constantly
"You were playing on the doorsteps
Of the devil's house"
P. said to me, and wiped her eyes
The moon is full
Above our heads
And the birds trill away
As the winter approached
The red hawthorn tree
Appeared at the window
Talitha cumi, talitha cumi
(Oh Lazarus, arise
Open your eyes)
And finally then
I saw I could be lost

IN THE STREETS BY THE SQUARE

The whitelaced face of
The women at Mass
The chanting circlous circling
Of the children in playgrounds
The white banners waving
Over fields full of stubble
The sounds of the gardener
At the end of the row
The crystalline rain
Noosed, encrusting the petals
The smudges of blood
At the end of the table
The wringing of hands
At the end of delay
I saw you gathering
Flowers at the seashore
Your eyes reflecting light
From the sea
It is you I see
The clothes folded
Untouched by dust
The phone gently ringing
The songbirds are singing
At the edge of the sea
It is you I see
The plaster saints
Gaudy and loved
Wreathed by the swirls
Of incense and light
By the glowing seashore
It was you
It was you
It was you I saw
I glanced up at the sky

And wished to die to die
Not being part of this
The wafer on the tongue
And the domed head bowed
In front of me
The throb of the traffic
In the streets by the Square

A DREAM OF DREAM ENGLISH

Everything I have tried to say
To you made nothing
In my dream I meet you
And try to hold you
As the liquidine digits
Stagger along to the final blink
Nothing made sense
I wish I knew
Other languages
But the fault isn't mine
I was only given
Dream English
In a red house
In a dead house
The chapel uneasy
The young boys huddle
At the threat of a dagger
Spencerine cutting
The grammar and rules
Were written out for me in lines
I shall speak only now
Dream English
Some losses cannot be paid
The loss of one's innocence
There is no rebirth

There may be no pardon
I cannot be understood
Or understand anymore
My life is lived
In Dream English

I do not make sense
Any more to my self
The words rush by
Streaming pennants
Disgorging all words
That make no noise
But unease is always
My mind is not still
There may be no peace
But the sword remains
Shadow puppets lay
Under dust and paper
The theatre is closed
There was no applause
I wish I had hope
I wish to have hope
I talk to myself
Unceasingly now but only
In Dream English
Whilst former smiles
Are left far behind

IF NOT FOR THE JUDGMENT ALREADY TAKEN

I saw the dead return
Tapping at the edge of my dream
Then Christ started to force His way
Through the doors
Of the Sun and the Moon
Creaking on their hinges
The flies too play

I always fear
That someone may break in
And kill the Cats

I must seal everything
And not let the Silence creep in
It is waiting for me
I can no longer bridge
The fords and the streams

Now I am surrounded by the little lights
Drifting away from me
The lights unfine
Sweet friend of mine/Gospel

In a pillar box
The unread letters
Unreal—the red the red
The red the red my love
Is a dedredrose
Goodbye cuckoo, cherry, candy

I have no sight, it is said
In my eyes

And must (I am told)
Adopt different lies

I have a friend
Who crosses ends
On surds' tops

NewYorkBadLuckUs
The fields are empty
Pale green
Not lush
Never
I would kill myself at this drop
Of Cæsar's coin
If not for the Judgment already taken
Already spoken for
Much worse
No way out

MCMXCVI

THE INMOST LIGHT TRILOGY

MUSICKAL PUMPKIN COTTAGE

THE *ENDLESS ROUGHS* NOTEBOOK FROM WHICH *THE INMOST LIGHT* AND MANY OTHER PIECES CAME

1996

THE INMOST LIGHT TRILOGY

THE FINAL VERSION

WHERE THE LONG SHADOWS FALL (BeforeTheInmostLight)

A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not.

Jeremiah XXXI: 32

Around me—I stand on the shore
The waters are black and swirling
I hold a black mirror in my hands
The 卐swastikaed卍 winds sweep around me
Their arms the nightbreath sleepwalking
The sighing of imminence and ending
All there the waves curl under and over

Around me—I see things coming to a close
The door is *nearly* shut
As we stare at it the tinylight squeaks out
Slower and slower
I see things coming to a close
The folding cerecloth shrugs down over the windows
The lights burn still—but *invisible* to us now
I see things coming to a close
(My mind kissed Myrninerest last night)
I dreamt
I cannot see
I cannot see
I can no longer see
And nor would I want to
Anymore
Clearblindlayeredlightcolourblindeathcomecomecomecome
Goaway

The pale toothed face inverted
At the feet of the *Rose Garden*
By the hedge and by the dream
By the post and by the bell
By the dawn and by the form
(Formless He Lay and Dreamt)
And formless we lay and shall dream
And then the rain

"My pain beneath your sheltering hand"
He cried
And gave himself up to the Tempter
The rebel angels (he thought and knew)
Would indeed array him with robes of water
But not mad
But clear

Why can't we all just walk away?
Why can't we all just walk away?
Why can't we all just walk away?
Why can't we all just walk away?

Jhonn Balance

ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES

THE LONG SHADOW FALLS

"Why can't we all just walk away?"

ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES

Hush-a-bye
Don't You cry
Go to sleepy little baby
Go to sleepy little baby
When You wake
You shall have
All the pretty little horsies
All the pretty little horsies

Blacks and bays
Dapples and greys
All the pretty little horsies

Way down yonder
In the meadow
Lies a poor little lamby
Bees and butterflies
Flitting round his eyes
Poor little thing is crying
"Mammy"

Go to sleep
Don't You cry
Rest Your head upon the clover
Rest Your head upon the clover
In Your dreams
You shall ride
While Your Mammy's watching over

Blacks and bays
And dapples and greys
All the pretty little horsies
All the pretty little horsies
All the pretty little horsies
Traditional Lullaby

CALLING FOR VANISHED FACES I

If, then, I meet you along the way
Where the laurel trees surround us on every side
If, then, in a small space I stand alone
And turn my head, and you smile there
If then, I reach out and touch your Form
Where all your silence and your chaos meets
Where everything joins and parts
If I may once clutch your Heart
And pull its beauty to my face
(There the bloodfall falls, redrivercracks)
Behind me lies blackmothermountain
The goats wheel round—great sign of lust
How much I wanted you
And ohChrist how much more I want you now
The great pain, the great misery
To look and look
To look and look and look
And look
And find
Nihil

THE INMOST NIGHT

And I drown a little more every day
The wind blows so slowly now
The trees are dry dead
Walls to me they cannot hold back the storm any longer
It will break around us first
If there's a god
If there's a God
When I stand there at the piled bloodcamp,
Again I flick open the inner eye.
If you too open your eyes you shall see
The entire sky filled with weeping angels
The entire heaven filled with weeping angels
And at the CentralSun and sum of all
God too weeping

We shall be *judged*

So, anyway, so your garden is most fullgreen
And the manybirds alight on its budding branches
And anyway, the lambs gambol
And the children sing—yours perhaps
Or mine—god
And anyway
So anyway—we fall beneath the waves
And hope to be remembered anyway
Anyway—the bluebirds wait over the whitecliffs of Dover
So anyway—they too fall.
The grass dies, the moss goes, the chalk chips away
Then below that the rocks grain away
(This is the sound of the earth dying.
So nothing new. So, anyway.)
You may wait under a tree
Or at the foot of that hill
Anyway

THE CARNIVAL IS *DEAD* AND GONE

Dear Sir, Dear Lady
This carnival is *dead* and gone
And never anyway—alas, this party never yet began
The chairs and tables dust of dust
Yes verydust of veryrust of verymust and farewelltrust
(I thought I saw you in the crowd, dearheart…
You turned away from me and dissolved into light)
The broken lights and faded buntings
Call to us all—The Inmost Light
And don't glarewide your eyes in wonder
They will flick back inside your mind
And on the bonescreen of your skull
They watch no musichall salutes
(So thoroughly modern now are we)
But the last reel of all time
The Inmost Night
(Its frames are glared and slow and out of focus
Valentino, Vallée, Moss—all dead!
The Inmost Night)
And the little bells go tinkle
And your eyes begin to twinkle
And the joints and sinews crack
It's the expansion of your mind—
Death
Death
Death
Death
(The Inmost Night)
The cat's face glares from shiny card
The deadcat from my past
You tumble, you froth and fun forever—
An orchestra from another time
Another world all dead

(The churchbells silent
The rainstainedglass of GOD is smashed)
And you take your choice, you sup with the devil,
You choke on your pride for ever and for ever
My memory of my Inmost Light
It tumbles, froth and fun for ever
Vulvaicmemories imagined of my wouldbelife
Well *that* won't be
And *that* won't be
And that *won't* be
And for my troubles and my pains
And for the losses and the Wains
I get a picture in my mind
The slyly smiley smiling kiss—
Of your sweet Heart and Face
And your legs in some final benediction
Your inmostwarmheart says *ta-ra*
The Inmost Light
And I wished to die inside of you
And push up into your heart so violently that
Facetoface with *matrix creatrix* am
The Inmost Light
The Inmost Night

THE BLOODBELLS CHIME

Sell all you have—give it to the kittens
And pour the milk on Louis' grave
And *Catland, Sometimes Called Pussydom*
Opens for you instantly—it's the Inmost Light!
It's The Inmost Light
Somewhere over the Rainbow
On the goodship Lollipop…

Thereohthere—
(Goodnight)

The Inmost Light
The Happy Children rise all from their pools
Eyes still sealed
(Sleeptight)
With mud and night
It's their Inmost Night
(Goodnight)

And yet still—I wish I could dream as when young
(Sleeptight)
As she came to me so young and honest
(Goodbye)

(Yet the bloodbells chime—
I do not notice them I shall not notice them
Yet the bloodbells chime)

(Tommy Katkins *still* sends his regards, frozen for *ever* on some animal Somme. The last thing on his mind is marriage, but the call of Home and Heart)

Yet the bloodbells chime
Yet the bloodbells chime
Yet the bloodbells chime…

CALLING FOR VANISHED FACES II

If only I could take all of you at once—
I would take you for ever and ever
And only so lose myself in You
And so I smile and skip greengodlike there
The picture of allrage alllust and wanton
The Inmost Night
And lay waste to the playgrounds
The concrete covers all
The grass sleeps and waits to rise again

It listens for the Final Trumpet of
The Inmost Light
And I clench my left hand
Then I open it—the gods I loved
Are alldead; pages, metal, signs allgone
(Edward Alexander in some sadhome falls alone
And sees, clearly now, The Inmost Light)

The sadness of the Inmost Light
The growl the grip and final sigh
Paint by numbers of The Inmost Light
The plasticformillusion
We just have time to swallow
Before the doorknock of The Inmost Light
He waits at the door He waits at the door
And if you see me try to grin and then
I hide myself behind a ball
A sign I wish to play and run hideandseek
The sound is gay and full of joy
It masks the binding of our eyes
The scorch of all the bonefire burns
We hop and skip and trick and treat
Just watch your heart and soul and all
And watch your back—it's waiting there
Unsmiling there
Unforgiving there
So broken there
The Inmost Light
Howling
The Inmost Light

Bad bad bad Inmost Light

THE FROLIC

I take your hand; we walk (towards where the roses once grew…) I lie back in the grass and dream of how it once was; the rubbishstrewn streets, riperising smell of gutters and rain; the children abandoned (mother recalls child in pool—"What is that that lies? Deadchilddead"). I have such nightmares; and you're all in all of them. It's worse than you or I can know. On the edge of the clouds we crouch; we smile and spit. The pool of saliva coruscates below our feet. It shifts; children with knives begin to rise from it. They laugh and blow kisses at the moon.

We think it's the rain; I see a bird move onto the table in my garden; its beak scoops up the seeds. The green of the grass and the blue of the sky are immense and terrifying everything seems so close so very very close should a storm come should a storm break and halo all around us as some savage and blind god jerking his hands out to us the birds drop all around us.

I walk into the altar room all the Buddhas are smashed there Avalokiteśvara's hundred faces lie shattered I have done this.

I walk to the makeshift redbrick altar a hundred years ago there is a small brass image there I have built this the red and black ants mill around unknown journies I take my lighter and torch them I take my lighter and torch them I weep I weep the ants scatter or writhe I take my lighter and torch them torch them I weep I have done this I am surrounded by butterflies the child's legs lay smashed 'Please pray for him' she says to me too late alas ohsotoolate.

I see the twinkling stars I drop a photograph I bend to pick it up my heart leaps as I see Your face stare up at me from

the paper as if still alive on this earth when I return my eyes to the stars they're gathered; they pucker and are blind.

Oh what I have I become I have become that I hate I have become that I shall say no.
The bird is dead now alas…

A voice whispers to me and says *"Nothing nothing there is nothing"* I look to my right and see her face again as once when I was oh so young and again the world disappears… and all fall down I all fall down we all fall down.

"What shadows we are…"

THEINMOSTLIGHT

Though I walk through valley after valley after valley and find only shadows though I walk and find only shadow the sun falls behind the yew bushes I young in different shapes stand next to them the old chapel is to my right the shadows then lengthen and there again THE LONG SHADOWS FALL.

When I saw the shadows and stars fall around me as a boy I *knew* this world, all we see, be, and are, is *Imperium*. Empire of Nothing…

TWILIGHT TWILIGHT NIHIL NIHIL

Who will deliver me from this body of death?
St. Paul, *Epistle to the Romans*, VII: 24

WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH? WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH? WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH? WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH? WHO WILL DELIVER ME

FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH? WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH? there is no refuge I have found the word does not save there is no refuge in the rock or stone there is no refuge in the wind or other forces of nature the fire especially especially does not not save the fire only destroys and though it may purify it takes takes takes and gives *nihil* back *nihil nihil nihil nihil nihil* the holybooks alas have not will not alas can not save *nihil nihil nihil* this is the chorus of the wind the sun the moon the waters all blue or green or stagnant nihil they sing *nihil* the inmost light *nihil nihil* the inmost light *nihil nihil* the inmost light *nihil* finally the child aged dies and sings *nihil* this swansong towards nothing *nihil nihil nihil nihil nihil* we need not not not blow out the candle *nihil nihil* it dies anyhow *nihil nihil nihil WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH nihil nihil nihil WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH nihil* call me *nihil nihil* the stars are so far I had thought not but *nihil* but *nihil* the great king is dead the great queen is dead their child stillborn and so *nihil nihil nihil nihil nihil* they call the inmost light but hear *nihil nihil nihil* who will deliver me from this body of death who will deliver me from this body of death *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL* I felt I saw You coming over the water without You I am nothing and still I see You *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL* in the room where *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL* the wineglass shattered in the box I gave it to You *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL* shattered *NIHIL* I thought I saw you waving to me over the bay *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL* You waved *NIHIL* why we have no words anylonger to say to one another Your mouth opens and *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL* bend Your face to kiss You said *NIHIL* bend Your arms to hold You said *NIHIL* and *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL* there is nothing there *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL* bend Your face to kiss You said the waters arise and take me finally and my remembrance is *NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL.*

THE INMOST LIGHT ITSELF

And when I saw the little children sing
Their mouths were red and sad (their lipsticksealèd smiles)
And in their minds they hold and hope some sign
(Some hope)
The gaudy sequinned dragging banner of
The Inmost Light
Around my eyes the sewers spew and laugh
The fallenflower gazes at me reaped
The crippled cuckoo falls brokenwing
And turns around to me
And brokenbeak grins from its head—
"Thus so—no fear—thus so—
It has arrived—The Inmost Light"
And if I turn my head for shame
And see my lovers' rivers burst and folding there
I'll cross my eyes and close my heart
And whisper to her womb
"Greatbloodgreatsilencemymothermysteryofallnothingmaygrasp
Theenoonemaygrasp Theeletmehold Theenow Ohcomeohcomeat
last The Inmost Light"
Oh God I trail my hands up to my eyes
Up to my eyes up to my eyes up to my eyes
And say "if only then my Light"—
And "if only if only if
I had not despised
The Inmost Light"
(And so I kneel at bluegateblackmouthdeath
And offer as my feeble explanation—
"I thought so much was left and so much time
To praise and call The Inmost Light")
And, I suppose, fullhalf and more of these are dreams
Some broken code of morals rising after I had touched
Her very pith and marrow—oh! her Inmost Light

If I could scatter children
If I could scatter children

And while I gaze and count my coins
(After your godgoldglow they're dead
The head is dead and lead)
I see and feel the hiding glow blaze behind you—
The Inmost Light
And if your lips are taut
Don't move your teeth to speak
The lines will start to fall
And pull the structure of your world then all apart
And thus you see you'll call The Inmost Night
(It whispered to me and laughed and said you lied
And shamed
The Inmost Light)
And if you recall I bent yewlike and roared
You did not see the cloudburst wind dead towards you
Of The Inmost Light
Our hands tumble towards the skies
To block visions of The Inmost Light
And if I pointless arch
And spit whitenothings at the sky
Oh Bigboys—check it out—too *fucking* late
(The children move through town
And skip tornskirted and roll the hoop into the arms
Of InmostLight)
Sheer, char, shrift and sharp
Christ is risen—you may creep to the Cross too late
But it's much too late to welcome
The Inmost Light
Branch, sallow, willow and yew
And trees notso gay no more
So falling faster and faster we fall
Nearer cataclysm
Or salvation

Or nothing—how terrible
If we are snuffed out
With just the momentary mark of smoke
To array our passing
So we stand, milky in moonlight

Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?

Our eyes so fixed
That the darkness surrounds us
Unnoticed
And we are drowned by the loss of light
Unnoticed

Is this all there is, my friends?
Is this all there is?

(Goodnight goodnight The Inmost Light)

Westron wynde when wyll thow blow?
The smalle rayne downe can rayne can rayne.
Cryst! Yf my love were in my armys,
And I yn my bed a gayne

Will you wait for me there
By the dead clock?
No more dying
One red bird
Will you meet me there?
Before I sputter out?
Dragonflies and mayflies
Hovering candles
As alabaster guardians for me
If you open that door

All hell floods out
But quietly, drably
The colour of
The smell of
The texture of
The choke of
Dust

PATRIPASSIAN

The rivers of Babylon flow, and fall, and carry away… Jesus is alone on earth, not merely with no one to feel and share His agony, but with no one even to know of it. Heaven and He are the only ones to know. Jesus is in a garden, not of delight, like the first Adam, who there fell and took with him all mankind, but of agony, where He has saved Himself and all mankind. He suffers this anguish and abandonment in the horror of the night. Jesus will be in agony until the end of the world. There must be no resting in the meantime.

Blaise Pascal, *Pensées*

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Edmund Burke from a speech in 1780

THE STARS ARE MARCHING SADLY HOME (TheInmostLightFinal)

And shall I see You once again
And see the flags of InmostLight?
And shall I turn towards the dusk
And dream of dust
And broken ships?
And shall they sink without a sigh
And line the deeps
And banners sleep

And winds blow still
And clouds amass?

So with a gun
Or with a cross
Or with a shrug
Or with a god
Or with a doll
Or with a croak

We catch through cracks
And hear through creaks
The bruises of
The echoes of
The heartbeats of

TheInmostLight
TheInmostLight
It says hello
Andfartoolate

I shall not laugh and
You still fall crippled and broken—
These days shall not come again
The stars are marching sadly home
The seahorse rears to oblivion
These days shall not rise again
I shall no longer believe all the visions of my youth
They have dissolved into *nihil*
Her arms will not hold me again
Except at night at night
At night at night at night
In dreams I patch together from sleepydust
As rain falls as honey
And drenches the trees
The children run ragged

The children run mine
(I wish)
Nothing shall fresh spring again
The stars are lost in distorted twilight
Notblue, nor streaked with regalslash of red
This is the final TwistedBlackGash but
Notmine
Notmine
Notmine
Notmine
Children shall always weep
The woods are archen now
No Coptic blanket
The vaults…so
I break all the boughs in front of me
I glimpse the dog bounddeadsmile
(Goodbye…)
Into these parched woods…

The crippled line the path to the white lodge
They are the entrance sight
And exit sigh
The crippled line the riverbanks
And through their praying
Ferociously
The bloodbells whine
Unbearable
They scream now
Unbearable
They are perched against the wetwhite cliffs
The stars are marching sadly home
(Fall with me)
The stars in file are fallen
Then how great
How little now

When you look here
There are no eyes to see you
Any longer

We dance together
You and I away in deadwoods

Take your brightness away
My eyes blurred before
They could not touch you

In all my sounds of your farewell
And songs of the radiance of your body
(All of it—even the filth was gold to me
The fountain was gold)
As you thrust your throat
Towards the panic SKY
I could never reach you
Truly…

When I open my lips
I have no words any longer
My mouth is blind and dead

…ChristifYouonlyknewthepainofmyrecollectionsofyouso painfulsopresentthewordscannotholdthemeaningthewords cannotholdtheheartthewordscannotholdtheworldcannot holdthewords cannotholdandallIwantisyounowsolatewhen youaregoneforevercomeOcomebackandsoIstillremainfor ouduncelordofnothingatall…

And *this life*
Though I have shielded myself with a rosaried wall
I came to see
No meanings
But loss and death

Endings, all endings
And asforlove, forlove, forlove—
I know the face I shall see
At the final zero
I have tasted the Teeth
Of paradise
And I have seen
The Teeth of paradise
And I *will* know them
Again
Briefly—

But I took you
Into fields of rape
Forgotten—
Our children dress in lace
2121 the throats 2121

Their throats
All the unsung promises
I hoped to catch to hear
The throats
Humming in my mind
Of Inmostlights
Hung in trees
With the walkways and swings
The roundabouts spiralling
In on themselves
IT IS ALL EMPTY

My mouth would wish
To cut your throat
I have controlled it with a
Crucifix
Until
Now whilst

The blood makes another
Useless Halo
For us
The gold
The throat
The Teeth

(And there
Over there
The stars are out
And TheInmostLight Prepares His FinalFire)

…There may well be ways to catch the silence. As the words pour like honey from our mouths—as they yap and pour sweetness that rots our teeth and others' ears, and we weave gross nets of nothings to try and to trap Meaning into this world so without meaning—we must look into a mirror and see our lips forming a series of a hundred rows of nothings. We must look into the mirror—see the selfsameimage englassed and blabbing away into eternity. From the mirror a small step to the windows—the smudges and stains tell us of the myriad faces that wedge their faces till they might crack against the glass—as they mouth that wide hopeless OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO—it is impressed, by the grace of LordNothing foreverandever, into the structure—the smudges are *inside* the pane… no-one shall know us, nor ever shall… and love, I believe, does not exist… and on the stars march… on and on and on… to oblivion… and so we fall under the hooves of all the pretty little horses… and we see clearly, now, TheInmostLight.

Hush-you-bye
Don't you cry
Go to sleepy, little baby
When You wake

You shall ride
All the Pretty Little Horses
Blacks and bays
Dapples and greys
Coach and six a-little Horses
Way down yonder
Down in the meadow
Lies a poor little lamby
Bees and butterflies
Pecking out his eyes
Poor little things cries "Mummy"
Hush-you-bye
Don't you cry
Go to sleepy, little baby

When we wake, we shall have all the pretty little horsies…

Some day I think I shall strangle my soul.
Arthur Symons, *A Study In The Fantastic*

MUSICAL PUMPKIN COTTAGE

THE DEAD SIDE OF THE MOON

Flieg' mich zum Mond komm mit mir und ich werde Dich ins Paradies mitnehmen alle sind zum Mond gegangen ich kenne ein Land wo die Liebenden hingehen und die Blumen neben dem Meer blühen wo die Zeit still steht der Karneval ist vorbei…

Sometimes I thought I might touch you
In the autumn
In my dreams you're laughing
And surrounded by mist
Your mouth is like a track
Of scarlet fenced scars
And your eyes like
Oh
Planets
Suns
And Moons
But the only time I shall ever touch you
Will be on the dead side of the moon

You might remember sometimes
I told you I'd like to sit with you
Under *any* skies
"Children are dust, or toys"
You said
"Neither, both, somehow anything"
You lied
And you knew you lied
If you wait for me
My Dream
If your lovely hair
Like lovely grasses grows

Winding round my body
Tressed and flowering musk
Lovely seagull
Honeysuckle
Hummingbird
All purply royal dusk
Your lips…
I dream
I dreamdreamdreamdreamdreamdreamdreamdream
I dreamdreamdreamdreamdreamdream
I dream
I dream
And the only time I shall ever touch you
Will be on the dead side of the moon
On the dead side of the moon
On the dead side of the moon
The only time I shall ever touch you
Will be on the dead side of the moon

I would catch you
Sleeping
By the sunrise
Around You MotherMaryMilkyLight
Sunflowers shift around you
Spilling little rays of crimson gold
Your Inmostheart enthroned as InmostLight
And then I touched you
Destroyed, some marigold May memento
And the only time I'll ever want you
Will be on the dead side of the moon
The dead side of the moon
The only time I'll ever lose you
Will be on the dead side of the moon
You're on the dead side of the moon
You're on the dead side of the moon
You're on the dead side of the moon

The dead side of the moon
The dead side of the moon

Es ist meine Party und ich werde weinen wenn ich Dich will…

BUBBLEHEAD

In the garden
You sat with Puck or Pan
Or Gog or Magog
Or something that was too real for us all to believe
Or to believe in
In the east the birds are singing
And in the west oh Christ oh Christ
The lands are shifting
And the hills are screaming
Rise and fall and fall and fall and fall
You'll sleepdream forever

The great flower
Is surrounded and redrobed
Its scarlet velvet arms opening
In its mouth the door opens
Teethdeerjawcrosshingegod smiles there
I do not write
I see
I see
I see
You are all real
In the garden you swing
On a skeletal swing
Are you really there?
Memory or *memento mori?*
There are flowers and creeping things
In an English country garden
There are towers and weeping things

In an English country garden
And there at the bottom of my garden
Christ is broken by me every single moment I speak
My mouth twists a little
Broken swing
The river Jordan waits
By its banks I do not weep
Nor sit down
Nor remember anything at all
I wait and I wait
The seas do not part in the distance
We are not beautiful now
The Beast wakes and bleats
With all our mouthses and mouthses
As big as housies
First we look at the bricks of the housies
Between brick and brick and brick the mortar crumbles as the wind and the sun and the frost and the ice and the snow and the fires and the insects and starres and the birds and the comets and the planets tiptippytoe over it—the Goodship Lollipop sails on.

Upon my head upon yours feel like in night overcast blue pour standing mighty twisting jellylike with red crayons sssssssssssssssssss ripening candyflower makes twisting fame iron rod musty rusty musty rusty rusty musty wet and purple head weeping mouths smear glass over pale fire dripping the sacred seaweed columns of life in every second thought a severed pincushion crazed frantic and searching explode towards paradise towards paradise towards paradise I'll swim in your silent mouth of eternity I'll drown in your beetroot salivas I'll die in your paradise I'll die in your paradise I'll die in your paradise I'll die in your paradise.

Steven Stapleton

THE *ENDLESS ROUGHS* NOTEBOOK FROM WHICH *THE INMOST LIGHT* AND MANY OTHER PIECES CAME

SOME TIME ago though I know not when I heard for many hours the sound of stamping stamping hooves behind me. Though I looked about and around me I saw nothing. What could this have been? The wild wild Hunt? The Four Poorly Painted Cardboard Horsemen? Either way, or if neither, it is not over, it is not over. A small shining light appears somewhere to my left. A small darkling light appears somewhere to my right. They move slowly together, like circling sparklers. At this time I knew He had returned. And so had He. And some battle was about to commence everywhere; out there, to these rights and lefts, and in there all around me and us all. The Brightfire of Morning and the Brightfire of Evening. The Dawnlord and the Dusklord. Run for your shelters and homes and harbours and havens. Help and hatred are coming very very quickly. In my mind I am on my knees. No good to run. Awake. Awake. Awake. God is not dead. But we shall be.

HUMANITY under attack

I crackle and tack my little fingers
And make a wide bony O
Through it I stare at all the skies that wave at me
From the further skies
Beyond them
God dies quietly
Little marching man moves towards the cannonners
Current 93 wave cats from
Catland
Sometimes called Pussydom
I look long and smile and think of what will never be
But may oh may maybe

I left my heart here and there
But anyway—I didn't die yet or
Dominate You with words and wishes
At the GreatGate itself
Columns of granite and bloodlet
Wait for you me there waitthere
At the cracked statue clock dead
Shillings for you your heart has gone out like a
Dedempirefallendamnedtogogogogogogogogogogogo
"I go on but you shall linger and tarry till I come again"

Yet the stars and the moon and the sun and the comets and the little birds and the little lights and the little animals that sing to God God bless the little animals and the little animals that scream to God please O Lord bless the little animals that weep and weep and weep they are approaching the greatbluegate of death itself. Hup hup hup help; oh Lord hear me when I shout and shout and shout my heart is almost empty. I could put an urchin in in in it and it would spike seven hundred thousand words allmade of coral or grass or bitter sea. If I could fill the sea with sea then I could fill allhearts with love; glimpse out there of your window my dear. Hup hup hup help. God to all around me.

THE WESTRON WYND

All things are tolerable if we account them just. But since we are not capable of understanding ulterior justice, we must take faith as a companion and refresh ourselves with its promises. We must remain plastic to circumstance, detaching our spiritual self from more than a spectatorial interest in the world's affairs. Sympathy surveys a world with an ever-receding horizon, from a centre of inexhaustible attention.

Charles Sims

And then I dream—

Westron wynde when wyll thow blow?
The smalle rayne downe can rayne can rayne.
Cryst! Yf my love were in my armys,
And I yn my bed a gayne
I have failed
Have I failed?
No mouth to speak with
The tongue iron stone
Rasping
Moving
Always moving

Where will we look for refuge?
In the stone?—
The crumbling immensities fall
Incessant a grain and a grain so building
To piled immensity—lost to us in their heights
In the wind?—
Pushing into Your center out and formless out it creeps
In the fire?—
Around and around Moloch or melting calf
Hobby-horse or with Randall's Round
Salamander invoked evoked or revoked
Not there
In the waters?—
All dead in the waves and the depths
The layers of marinedead life press down and down upon me
Nothing
Blackinkblackbloodredwaving

We shall stand
Where the stars stand alone
And smile
Where the stars stand alone

And alone and alone and alone
Ever onwards
Small they smile
Greatgloryalonemightybeauty
(The great stage of my physical and spiritual body)
I am two and more
At the foot of my bed are two Angels
To the left, half way through the sky
A hanging demon wings brokennecked through the north
Bluerobe goldgirt starrefaced—
MOTHERBLUESEAMOTHERSKYGREENLADYSPACES
PLAYEDOUTFOREVER

And just there
So little so tiny so silent
That if we gasp we miss it
That if we shift our eye from darkness to shadow
We shall miss it
That if we twist from one fear to another
There—it's *gone*
Gone! gone!
As we sigh and oh
Missed gone disappeared
On another journey
Close Your eyes
Do not I want I want
Worries from out of our this vast and close sky
The Blue Gates Of Death appear
Instantly and everywhere
Look behind You—there the Gate opens
And above You—Yes, there too!
Where is Your Mother and Your Father
Sister Brother?
The Gate has opened and closed
We shall squeak through too

Our hearts are the battleground
The great savage wheels of the world
Grind out their teeth are iron
And create huge mounds of blood and dust
(Her auburn hair is caked with blood now)
You stood in the corner of my room
To the left He, red and smiling, laughs and laughs
You stood in the centre of my room
You lovely so lovely arrayed with orb
Of hair godhalolike around you
Such Beauty
But dust came to you later
As to all yes you and you and you
(By the turning of Your hand
You may remember
You motioned to me go
And with the turning of Your hand
I slept
At the turning of Your hand
You…)

I was walking in Jerusalem just like John
"On the good ship Lollipop"
We sail and sail until we drop
Some cross waits for us all
(I read the Secret Glory—the Red Martyrdom awaited…)
And thank You God for the Pain
The old man died last night
The blanket shuffled around him
With His eyes already lifeless when I met him
Ashes and ashes and eyelashes
This is where we are—
The dog returns and returns and returns to his vomit
Born between piss and shit
Inter fæces et urinam nascimur…
The great Flower is surrounded and redrobed

With scarlet velvet arms opening
In its mouth the door opens
Teeth deer jaw cross hinge Godsmilesthere
I do not write I see I see I see
You are all real—
In the garden you swing on a skeletal swing
Are you really there?
Memory or *memento mori*
There are flowers and creeping things in an English country garden
There are towers and weeping things in an English country garden
And there we shall stop
Bowers of emeraldgreenlife hurl with joy up to the heavens

In the garden you sat with Puck or Pan or Gog or Magog
Or something that was too real for us all
To believe
Or to believe in
In the east the birds are singing
And in the west Oh Christ Oh Christ
The lands are shifting
And the hills are screaming
Rise and fall and fall and fall
You'll sleepdream for ever

Pray Loud and Often
I believe in all this—
As all of Christ was divine thus no part was corruptible; thus on his circumcision the sacred prepuce could not rot. It arose surrounded by angels into the heavens, where it became the ring around Saturn. That at the end of time the sky will crack open and something shall come through it to judge us. I hate aeroplanes—I do not wish to get too close to the sky before I'm dragged there squealing at the end the end.

At the bottom of my garden
Christ is broken

By me every single moment I speak
My mouth twists a little, broken swing
The river Jordan waits; by its banks I do not weep
(Nor at Babylon, this fallen god)
Nor sit down nor remember anything at all
I wait and wait; the seas do not part in the distance
We are not beautiful now nor now we know we never were
The beast wakes and bleats with all our mouthsies and
Mouthsies as big as housies

First we look at the bricks of the housies
Between brick and prick and brick
The mortar crumbles as the wind and the sun
And the frost and the ice and the snow and the fires and the insects and stars and the birds and the comets and the planets tiptippytoe over it. The Good Ship Lollipop sails on.

We do not see the process the decay and the fall
But it happens
and leads to loss
The happy chimney huffs and puffs
And shall fall down
Fall and fall and fall it will

The singing children do not see
Its stoneshadow overhead—
Runrunrun singing children
Else you shall certainly be DED

The tiny birds and tiny beasts
Are sitting in the spreading trees
Their voices rise and rise and laugh
And suddenly—they cease

The little kitten shrugs and arches
As if on some sunny Cross

God from his heaven sees the sparrow fall
And all this Life is then just Loss

And then I appear to myself in the mirror
HalfFaust HalfChrist
HalfLucifer HalfHell
My mind is slit and split
And the road that has and is its running
Is not clear not clear but real
(On my table the redman faces both the sun and the desk
And makes no sound or motion pray now pray now pray now)

My eye is halfsplit

Do not give Yourselves to any cause that loses Your soul—Dante describes in *L'Inferno* how "in the Vestibule of Hell,…the Futile run perpetually after a whirling standard" (Dorothy Sayers' translation of Dante)—

So I beheld, and lo! an ensign borne
Whirling, that span and ran, as in disdain
Of any rest; and there the folk forlorn

Rushed after it, in such an endless train,
It never would have entered in my head
There were so many men whom death had slain.

(Nonetheless in the distance the lily waves
Nevertheless the lamb grazes on the hill
The shepherd plays pipes—*et in Arcadia est*)

I dream—
On a sunny Tuesday, not summer
I laid in the garden sleepfalling
I slept. Waving through the sleepsides
Many faces arise and arrive. They are

Somedead someliving someneveratall. I
Do not greet them but watch. From my past and
Others' they come. Smiling crying waving clawing
They talk to me together and alone,
("They alone hole and open" S. smiles at me)
I reach for the redwine and open my innereye
"Hello to You all while the Gods say I may"
(Hitler stands on a box and screams at the sky
I crush him with the blink of my black inner eye)
(And there in the bogbox crouches him whom I spite
The blackinnereye blinks and snuffs out his soullight—
Though this was so long ago almost entirely dead)

Antichrist finally appeared to me as a weeping starre
"How long long a long long fall" he wept
"My chance to become Him who threw me down
Down down a down down" he wept
"If Christ will not forgive me
I will become Him and forgive myself
From Jerusalem fallen I will create my own Jerusalem—
The City of Dreadful Night"

He said. The starres do not move but fall
He bellows out blood streams spit bark. He
The blackdog barks. Snaps round our heels once again
As the black poodle frightened the doctor on a German path.

Lucifer lonely, despised and denied
Lucifer fallen, "forsaken" he cried
"I'll build up the bloodworld
The deadworld the bledworld
The cruellands spreadout, antblack and writhing
Bonethroned" he shouts. The moon starts to smile

Above, far below, the Godlands play out
The fountains farlaughing, the angels starreaching

The greatGods fight; bloodbloodfallfalling
The winds shriek around; they are lost as we all
The trumpets play slow the song death and hope
And choosing is ohsolonggone for you Sir and Madam
Gog and Magog surmount in lust; the oceans are splitting
The field of daffodils alas are swamped by the clouds all
The young girl leans against the breezed wall and dies
I with her

Nonetheless I affirm—the shadows are the absence of light
Not something in themselves; *intellectus quaerens fidem*
Take away the Son and all the worlds are shadowings
The Son being gone, then longlive Lordnothing. A world of winds and fumbling the blind lead all all lead the blind.
But I will not allow the sun to set or leave.

Leave. The leaves blow down the road in front of me pushed by the mind that pushes and pulls all about me. Me—myself too dragged along and down and (I pray) finally up and beyond. Beyond—unknown, unspoken, the tongue cannot pierce its great Heart. Mitis sum et humilis corde. Cords—tied to all of you; you radiate out from my heart. My heart is tied to all and everything about me. The great webLight bands all, and so stuck we are like flies to each other. One sinks and we all plummet; one is saved and we all are.

Before the floods. Before the floods. Before the floods come. Seawater covered the flag and it became less than not.

23/V/1994—I was reading Christian Theology on the nature of Christ suffering on the Cross. If God forgot Himself totally in His Death—what would happen if He then could not remember Himself after He died, and therefore could not resurrect Himself. Then the World falls. Also—if God incarnated Himself as Christ to suffer and then saw what He had created—what if He then decided to commit Suicide from the pain. Can God commit

Deicide? Reicide? Whereupon I scrabble against the walls of my impotence, ignorance and foolishness.

The Vision of Her in Heaven, the Radiance of the Sign She makes to me, and the Great Secret Vaginal Glory—The Inmost Light Itself—and how She appeared to me as the Moon Rose.

Then I let my mind sleep seastill
The telephone rings again, the world is on the move
And I gaze at the wall, the wine and the smoke
And the goldenglory that hides from us all
Then the world sleeps
Then the world slips away
Out of our hearts it slips away
Up the stairs and steps I run
The sun. The moon. (I recall you clipped for me a purple sicklemoon from paper and silk. Your tongue licks it.)
Gog comes slowly. His armies stink of end.
Four books are on my table
I move idly from the one to the next
As always Bible
Bend his arms to kiss she said
Bend his arms to kiss
My life is nothing
Nothing
Nothing
Despite that before
(I picked a pain and made it whole)
Heart my favourite word
These books are all atmospheres
I saw Love as a great gold starre
It moved through space and sea
Dragging the protesting souls of men women with It
It laughed as it sped
Satan falls and falls and falls
The sun will go out, the moon shall fade

If, then, I meet You along the way
Where the laurel trees surround us on every side
If, then, in a small space I stand alone
And turn my head, and You smile there
If then, I reach out and touch Your Form
Where Allsilence and Allchaos meet
Where everything joins and parts
If I may, this once, clutch Your Heart
And pull its beauty to my face
(There the bloodfall falls, the redrivercracks)
Behind me lies blackmothermountain
The goats wheel round—great sign of lust
How much I wanted You and ohChrist how much more I want
You now
"The great pain, the great misery
To look and look and look
And find
Nihil

The great bars reach so high that we cannot see them
That which is endless is not seen
We do not measure the gap from earth to sky
And we do not often think on it"
He said to me everywhere

I take a sip, and look out again
A bloodwall of people
From allyears past mass and bunch up
Their presence is pain loss
Their eyes pain loss

HOW AND WHY CHRIST APPEARED TO ME AS ALLTREES

In just one second the light flickered
And All appeared to me quite suddenly
The greatgreenleafglory
Bursting darksapped fire
The essence of allthings
From the eight corners of my room
Eight cats emerge as one
(Their eyes are turrets—their thousand lanterns gleam
At the world *in toto*)
The silvermoon becomes the silverriver
From there up bluelands
Down to here greenlands
The spreading out of the great branches
Untold millions cluster out
Allshining
From as gold to Gold
Real to as is
Underneath deepdeepdeep
The spreading ecstatic roots too
Fine wire, thick wire surging allsurging
Such great joy such great kindness
Such greatness
Redwinehostlordcupgod
As I look in You I see only Blood
The spillingnature of all things eternally bloodrushing
PAN—trueall not horned specific
In You PAN
Lucifer Redeemed
In You PAN
Satan Forgiven

THE STAR

The stars on the horizon
Five I see them and count
They line up like a row of heads
I fall into the bluedepth
"Water water everywhere"
I fall into it—let me sleep long and quiet
God He watches allsparrows fall
And haircounting waits
Onetwothreefourtenbilliontrillionzero
Sparrowsdead, hairsgrowing
Bothfall
Thanks.
The catte is ded
Thankyou
A worthwhilething to pray
Loud and often
As sleepysilent and notatalllnever
(That smallbubble, my dream, burst last night—
It was bloodfull, so full
That when it lickyitysplit I was utterly blinded. And again the world disappears… Thanks again for the *memento mori*

And yet still—I wish I could dream as when young
As she came to me so young and honest
(The bloodbells chime—I do not notice them I shall not notice them—The bloodbell chimes)
For a penny of then a thousandthousand
Pounds of now I swear
(Tommy Katkins still sends his regards, frozen for eternity on some animal Somme—the last thing on his mind is marriage, but the call of home and heart)
(The bloodbell chimes—the church is full—come inside and see the steeplepeople; they're crammed bleeding bent in to the spire's bloodboards)

Those with feelings wondrous kind
Can our love with kittens ever bind
Louis Wain

The bloodbell is full of sound
It washes over them all
John opens the door—the bloodriver takes him
Steven looks towards the goats—they're now all ded—
The Burren now barren of all life almost
Too late—gone—the bloodriverruns on
A small hole appeared in the sky as Steven goes
In my heart it creates a huge rent in the sky the sky is raped open and bleeds fullpennyfull a bargain a bargainbag a jamboreebag only 6d and what a surprise thank you
Thank you
But I sleep anyway oblivious duncelord of nothing at all
Paradisewards I look at the stones
Though nothing now remains there
Even the river has dried
The fish all choked away
The moss like wirewool moistureless
Apocalypse drab and dull
A banal end for us all—(but the bodies burn still—
All the world's on fire now, the countries great continents
And all earth; the bodies are piled up in huge and saddest mounds)

Still I walk and walk
In my mind
These roads are all blocked
The river has flooded over them
The vegetation is sinking
The city is dead
Both in highlight of summer
And the coldcloths of winter
When I pass through the meeting point

The columns tower so high
Olympiac; the capitals are dead women
I start as I realise that I know them
And have known them
These trophies of the past
Are dead like it too…

Oh how they all speed past
These thoughts memories
The young child is lost in the fields

The young child is lost in the darkening hedge
I drown a little more every day
If there's a god
If there's a god
I will take whatever—small and almost dead will do
Most puissantlord of all—better still
And silence allgolden with that one Face I seek
Oh best mostbest of all
And then I awake…

The wind blows so slowly now
The trees are dry dead walls to me
They cannot hold back the storm any longer
It will break—around us first
And then in us. Collapsing as easy as throated chickens

When I stand there at the piled bloodcamp,
Again I flick open the inner eye.
If you too open your eyes you shall see
The entire sky filled with weeping angels
The entire heaven filled with weeping angels
And at the centralsun and sum of all
God too weeping.
God help us all; we shall be judged
And found very wanting

So, anyway, so your garden is most fullgreen
And the manybirds alight on its budding branches
And anyway, the lambs gambol
And the children sing —yours perhaps
Or mine—god
And anyway
So anyway—we fall beneath the waves
And hope to be remembered anyway
Anyway; the bluebirds wait over the whitecliffs of Dover
So anyway; they too fall.
The grass dies, the moss goes, the chalk chips away
Then below that the rocks grain away (this is the sound of the earth dying. Nothing new. So, anyway)
And anyway; so, so, so, so, so, so, so.
You may wait under a tree
Or at the foot of that hill
Anyway. Thus it was and and thus it shall be.
Oh let me dream again of my youth when…

And then hard against the dull wall
The bricks slot together precisely
Not a butterknife will slit between the cracks
Thin layer of mortar wellpointed
But dead
I try to peek through them
I hope so hard for a little glimpse of anything
But brick and brick and brick
Impervious there
If something peeked back—
Would I see it
Would I hear the tiny little sigh of something real
Would I see something apart from this bunch of fingers
Grabbing at haunted and lost air
Making fake shapes—similitude just
Then gone…
(But all around me the amberscent of cedars; I dream again of her and Lebanon…)

THEINMOSTLIGHT

La sunt li grant secré escrit…

Westron wynde
When wyll thou blow…
Westron wynde
When wyll thou blow…

She lived without meat on the smell of a rose—all that is known of The Maid Of Germany, according to a note in the glossary of the Everyman *Religio Medici*

THE INMOST LIGHT

…though I walk through valley after valley after valley and find only shadows though I walk and find only shadow the sun falls behind the yew bushes I young in different shapes stand next to them the old chapel is to my right the shadows then lengthen and there again the long shadows fall…

(When I saw the starres fall around me as a boy I knew. This world, all we see, be, are, is *Imperium*. Empire of Nothing…)

And when I saw the little children sing
Their mouths were red and sad (their lipsticksealed smiles)
And in their minds they hold and hope some sign
(Some hope)
The gaudy sequinned dragging banner of
The Inmost Light
Around my eyes the sewers spew and laugh
The fallenflower gazes at me reaped
The crippled cuckoo falls brokenwing
And turns around to me and brokenbeak grins from its head—
"Thus so—no fear—thus so—It has arrived—The Inmost Light"

And if I turn my head for shame
And see my lover's rivers burst and folding there
I'll cross my eyes and close my heart
And whisper to her womb—
Greatbloodgreatsilencemymothermysteryofall
Nothing may grasp Thee noone may grasp Thee let me hold Thee now
"Oh come, oh come at last
My love my all my life—Your Inmost Light"
And then I count the children that I've lacked
Some thrown lost "lovegoodbyegonefarewell"
OhmyGod; I trail my hands up to my eyes
Up to my eyes up to my eyes up to my eyes
And say if "only then my Light"—
And "if only if if only if—
We had not despised
The Inmost Light"
(And so I kneel at bluegateblackmouthdeath
And offer as my feeble explanation—"I thought so much was left and much time to praise and call The Inmost Light")
And, I suppose, fullhalf and more of these are dreams
Some broken code of morals rising after I had touched
Her very pith and marrow—oh! her Inmost Light
And she Rose as a New Moon for me
And she Rose as a New Moon for us all

The redcentre of her being
Thou so lovely She so live
If I could scatter children
If I could scatter children
If I could scatter children
And while I gaze and count my coins
(After your godgoldglow they're dead
The head is dead and lead)
I see and feel the hiding glow blaze behind you—
The Inmost Light

And if your lips are taut
Don't move your teeth to speak
The lines will start to fall
And pull the structure of your world then all apart
Thus you see You'll call the Inmost Night
(It whispered to me and laughed and said you lied and shamed
The Inmost Light)
And you recall I bent yewlike and roared
You did not see the cloudburst wind dead towards you
Your Inmost Light
The woman fell in front of me in fields
(Fivebled weeps and is praised with song)
Their hands tumble towards the skies
To block out the vision of The Inmost Light
The others allbetraying
(Douglas sits and laughs and toasts
His Night with his German Wine;
And drinks the health
Of what he sees as—The Inmost Light
He gazes at the world and sees
His version of—The Inmost Light
And he drifts in dreams of locust times
And slaughtered shrines
And gazes at the world
Of his Inmost Night)
I light a candle for him. Again.
And while the seastarts back and dries and dies
Because we ran from
The Inmost Light
You know the skies are ready split and gash
They gape and say hello hello to
The Inmost Light
(It's time it's time He's here He's here now
At the door now; He opens it and reveals
The Inmost Light)
And if I pointless arch

And spit whitenothings at the sky
Oh Bigboy—check it out—too fucking late—
It's The Inmost Light
(The children move through town
They skip tornskirted and roll the hoop into the arms of
The Inmost Light)
The teeth are wide and moist and wet and pink and old
They've turned into the gums of a gimmergod
Sheer, char, shrift and sharp
Christ is risen—you may creep to the Cross too late
But it's much too late for you to welcome
The Inmost Light
Branch, sallow, willow and yew
Trees notso gay no more—
Bruisebluebranches fall down to the ground of
The Inmost Light
And wait for the skies to split womanlike rawred and blood

The next day dawns for Puck
Cruel
He says—
"If only I could take all of you at once—
I would take you for ever and ever
And only so lose myself in you"
He smiles and skips greengodlike there
The picture of allrage alllust wanton
The Inmost Night
And lays waste to the playgrounds
The concrete covers all
The grass sleeps and waits to rise again
It listens for the final trumpet of
The Inmost Light
Thomas sighs *de profundis*
And dreams (he wishes not), with pregnant wife,
Of his Inmost Light
(John—time is running out

You cannot Spare this Life now you must embrace—
The Inmost Light)
I clench the left hand and then
Open it—the gods I loved
Are alldead; pages, metal, signs allgone
(Edward Alexander in some sadhome falls alone)—
I see, clearly
The Inmost Light
Allwithered
The tinysack of flesh this tinybud of life
A purse, a bag that hangs useless on the wall
OhChristmyChrist—my Inmost Light is out

The sadness of the Inmost Light
The growl the grip and the final sigh
Paint by numbers now the Inmost Light
The plasticformillusion of the Inmost Light
We just have time to swallow
Before the doorknock of the Inmost Light
He waits at the door He waits at the door
And if you see me try to grin
And then I hide myself behind a ball
A sign I wish to play and run hide and hideaseek from
The Inmost Light
"The sound is gay and full of joy"—
It masks the binding of our eyes
The scorch of all the bonefire burns
We hop and skip and trick and treat
Just watch your heart and soul and all
And watch your back —it's waiting there
Unsmiling there
Unforgiving there
Sobroken there
The Inmost Light!
The hole is deep and wet and dank
And manfear runs and whimpers

Howling
"Oh, Mummy; bad bad bad bad Inmost Light"
David
And the Inmost Light

Sell all You have—give it to kittens
And pour the milk on Louis' grave
And Catland, Sometimes called Pussydom
Opens for you instantly—it's the Inmost Light
It's The Inmost Light
Somewhere over the Rainbow
On the goodship Lollipop—
Thereohthere—the Inmost Light
The happy children rise all from their pools
Eyes still sealed with mud and night
The Inmost Night

In a fourposterbed I dream of you all
But dream just; I wake and nothing has changed
But still the candle burns long; I am choked
The smoke is thick as the wax that bears it—
And hup! it's out.
And so are we—up to the goldenjudgingthrone—
Hup! there the badrainbloodfall. There the failed failed failed failed failed failed failed papers as flyingfolding rolls. And I could wish for the strength of tentrilliontigers, and scrunch up my wrinkles both head and both eyes in anysomanydeathpostures you choose…there the badrainbloodfall. And usall.

The Inmost Light the Inmost Light the Inmost Light
Goodnight sleeptight
The Inmost Light
Nor fiend nor fright
The Inmost Light
Whether sober or tight

The Inmost Light
The final flight from
The Inmost Light
(A candle for us, please
The Inmost Light)

FLAMENCO SECTION

Dear Sir, Dear Lady
The carnival is dead and gone
And never anyway – alas, the party never yet began
The chairs and tables dust of dust
Yes verydust of veryrust of verymust and farewelltrust
(I thought I saw you in the crowd, dearheart…
You turned away from me and dissolved into light)
The broken lights and faded buntings
Call to us all—the Inmost Light
And don't glarewide your eyes in wonder
They'll flick back inside your mind
And on the bonescreen of your skull
They watch no musichall salutes
(So thoroughly modern now are we)
But the last reel of all time
The Inmost Night
(Its frames are glared and slow and out of focus
Valentino, Vallee moss—all dead
The Inmost Night)
And the little bells go tinkle
And your eyes begin to twinkle
And the joints and sinews crack
The expansion of your mind—
Death—
Death
Death
Death
(The Inmost Night)

The cat's face glares from shiny card
The deadcat from my past
Tumbles, froth and fun
Forever—
Small inkpenned cats—an orchestra from another time
Another world all dead
(The churchbells silent; stainedglass of GOD is smashed
And the highth of goat sprawls around.
THESE ARE SANCTUARIES—
THIS LAW NOT TO BE DISSOLVED BY ANY OTHER
Take your choice; sup with the devil and choke on your pride later and for ever)
My memory of his Inmost Light
Tumbles, froth and fun
And again she 'phones from here and there
Black and white; vulvaicmemories imagined of my wouldbelife
Well that won't be
And that won't be
And that won't be
(I hoped for him and got fournought)
And for my troubles and my pains
And for the losses and the Wains
I get a picture through my fax
The smily slyly smiling kiss—
Of Her sweet Heart and Face
Her legs in some final benediction
Her inmostwarmheart says ta-ra
The Inmost Light
I wished to die inside her
And push up into her heart so violently that
I facetoface with matrix creatrix am
Facetoface with Her
The veryFace of veryGod
The Mother of all; the utter glow
Greatdancer of all skies
She, the all, the Inmost light

(I take your hand; we walk towards where the roses once grew…)

I lie back in the grass and dream of how it once was; the rubbishstrewn streets, the riperising smell of gutters and rain; the children abandoned (mother recalls the child in the pool—"What is that white towel lying at the bottom? No towel. Dead child. Deaddedead". I have such nightmares; and You're in all of them. It's worse than You or I can know. On the edge of the clouds he crouches; he smiles and spits. *Better to rule in hell than serve in Heaven*—the pool of saliva corruscates below his feet. It shifts; children with knives begin to rise from it. They laugh and blow kisses at the moon.)

We think it's the rain; I see a bird move onto the table in my garden; its beak scoops up the seeds. The green of the grass and the blue of the sky are immense and terrifying everything seems so close so very very close should a storm come should a storm break and halo all around us as some savage and blind god jerking his hands out to us the birds drop allaround us.

I walk into the altar room. All the Buddhas are smashed there; Avalokiteśvara's hundred faces lie shattered. I have done this. I walk to the makeshift redbrick altar a hundred years ago; there is a small brass image of Kali there; I have done this. The red and black ants mill around unknown journies. I take my lighter and torch them. I take my lighter and torch them. I weep. The ants scatter or writhe. I take my lighter and torch them torch them I weep torch them weep. I have done this. I am surrounded by butterflies.

The child's legs lay smashed under the steamroller. "Please pray for him," she says. Too late. Alas, ohsotoolate.

I see the twinkling stars. I drop a photograph. I bend to pick it up (my heart leaps as I see your face stare up at me from the

paper as if still alive on this earth) when I return my eyes to the stars they're gathered; they pucker and are all blind.

I watch my mother drop to the ground. The corn lies very thick around me. I sink down into it. I dream I think I dream and

so verylost are we verylost

(oh what I have I become I have become that I hate I have become that I shall say no oh I shall say no)

The bird is dead now alas…

The voice whispers to me and says "Nothing nothing there is nothing"; I look to my right and see her face again as once when I was oh so young. And again the world disappears…
And
All fall down
I all fall down
I all fall down
We all fall down

And then all the fears I drag down the road with me amass—
Love and love and love all bundled huddled together—
No distinction—the twisted grip of lust
(Your heart and body clenched like a fist—"Iwantwantwant")
The woman she opened her heart to me—I confused
They are both selfsame to me—Iwantall
I make lists in my mind of those who have betrayed me and those who have loved me and those who have hated me and those and those and those who

Mitis est et humilis corde
But that was not enough for me—to own all enough only
I scrabble around through my thoughts—if I could only say to then what I felt—neverpossible. We're lost—

All the world appeared to me as appearance of Satan
And after a longlong time
And beyond His broken wings
I looked around grinning (bird arises)
And beyond his broken wings
All the world may shine with the crystalline face of Christ
Or not; if so not it was all not worthwhile
So much slaughter and cruelty
Room after room of the dying animals
Who lean upwards from their inverted crucifixion on metal hook with metal hook for evers
Room after room of the dying which I crawl through
"For the world is hell…"
"For the world is hell…."
(Maybe)
This Silence is bearable, I thought
But the noise the waste the pointless sounds
Everywhere—so much futile howling
No space for silence at all
All these are the sound of a world skipping to its end

And so the skywaters cover me just
If I look up to the stars I see nothing
Comprehensible
Though for my inner eye
The sky is packed with those ascending
Away away away from this drab *Imperium*
It is over everything is over—
The walls of this prison are so very high
May I be brought down by the dogs…

"When you come, when you come
Wear a silver ribbon in your hair
When you come, oh when you come
To meet me at the fair"

The young girl dances, abandoned, in some rough wood
The young boy dances, abandoned, in some rough wood
With gold leaf and copper leaves they crown themselves
And yet…
We do not know when we will die
(Aeroplane parable—the structure of fear
I approach the steps "with fear and trembling")
Falling faster and faster we fall
Nearer cataclysm
Or salvation
Or nothing—how terrible
If we are snuffed out, with just the momentary mark of smoke
To array our passing
Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?

So I stand, milky in moonlight
Bruised by the snout of my *Imperium*
Though princes arise
So princes fall
The brightlight in front pulls them forward
And we may stand on this green hill for eternity
We're surrounded by gods of this and that
All straining furiously at our hearts
They do not exist—smokelike I dissipate them
I'll blow on them
And remain alas alone

Staring so hard at the skies and waiting for something
Our eyes so fixed that the darkness surrounds us
Unnoticed
And we are drowned by the loss of light
Unnoticed

And now the hummingbird brightplume of fire
Has now gone.
No more to fly
Perhaps to die
No more to fly

"Intolerance" she said to me
Laughing
Behind my eyes and smile
In my mind
The asteroids plummet into the red planet of Great Christ's Great Heart
They bleed as they crash into it—

For a starre, I'm wishing for a starre
I catch the falling starre; the ruins blaze around me

The asteroids plummet into the Great Heart of Great Christ
"*Imperium*" she whispers to me
I take her in my arms
The asteroids crash
Around me she blurs into a hundred moons
"*Imperium*" she says to me—she points at the broken plain
With the other hand motioning some final dismissal
"Again I say to you, David, This Empire is Nothing—
And I am Everything, Greatdancer of the worlds"
And she casts bread and money down from any towered hill
Behind some tawdry erected screen of lies
The world and time have not shifted
He waits there still
Until Until
He waits there still
Until until
He waits there still
Until
The knocking at the gate

(And the halls that are spanned with bones of arches
Wait empty for Him now
And will be filled with gold)

A man must be orthodox upon most things, or he will never have time to preach his own heresy.

G.K. Chesterton

…for every Devil is an Hell unto himself; he holds enough of torture in his own ubi, and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him; and thus a distracted Conscience here, is a shadow or introduction unto Hell hereafter.

Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*

A plague on all their houses—when I look into their eyes I see their hearts and I stink blood in there and I stink blood dripping from their words and I see a great unhalo, a great and foul cloud of blood and flies, hover over them. Even when I close my eyes the same remains. *With fear and trembling, with fear and trembling, with fear and trembling.*

I pray for TheInmostLight to come come soon soon and take them all to their longprepared home. They will need no headstone in their HellCells. This same unhalo will be their long emblem.

Come, you young men, come along
With your music, dance and song
Bring your lasses in your hands
For 'tis that that Love commands…
Goodbye dear Raora and Maora
Please return to me
Or be in Heaven
I will see you there
Godwilling

Will you wait for me there
By the dead clock
No more dying
One red bird
Drops
Will you meet me there?
Before I sputter out?
The watch has stopped
The rain falls endless rain
Winter's drizzle has followed me into summer
Dragonflies and mayflies
Hovering candles
As alabaster guardians for me
If you open that door
All hell floods out
But quietly, drably
The colour of
The smell of
The texture of
The choke of
Dust

Yet my vision of you remains
As you laugh and twist in the dustmugged room
A sight from my past
Into this my future that is all failure and nothings
Someone one day will take me
Farfaraway
And I will see you again as I see you now
And here never were anyway—my splendour of you is a lie
(I try to convince myself always—
I am now the master heartliar)
And so I run and run and run
Towards The Inmost Light
Or from The Inmost Light
I no longer know where the world starts or stops

Black clouds blood clouds
Anysort of cloud
The light glistens behind them and through them
But I am blind and cannot touch anything
These thoughts of mine are now all vultures
They hover and pick off what good has remained in my mind
The vultures then descend to my heart
And beak and gobble all that's good and grows
Such picky carrion—the vile remain
You cannot run from your self
You are mirrored in all you see
The Inmost Light promises and threatens
This world is not as it should be
No rock stands
No church stands
The waters arise again
And take us finally

WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH?
WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH?
WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH?
WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH?
WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH?
WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH?
there is no refuge I have found the word does not save there is no refuge in the rock or stone there is no refuge in the wind or other forces of nature the fire especially especially does not not save the fire only destroys and though it may purify it takes takes takes and gives nihil back nihil nihil nihil nihil nihil the holybooks alas have not will not alas can not save nihil nihil nihil this is the chorus of the wind the sun the moon the waters all blue or green or stagnant nihil they sing nihil the inmost light nihil nihil the inmost light nihil nihil the inmost light nihil finally the child aged dies and sings nihil this swansong towards nothing nihil nihil nihil nihil nihil we need not not not blow out the candle nihil nihil it dies anyhow nihil nihil nihil WHO

WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH nihil nihil nihil WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH nihil call me nihil nihil the stars are so far I had thought not but nihil but nihil the great king is dead the great queen is dead their child stillborn and so nihil nihil nihil nihil nihil they call the inmost light but hear nihil nihil nihil who will deliver me from this body of death who will deliver me from this body of death NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL I felt I saw you coming over the water without you I am nothing and still I see you NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL in the room where NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL the wineglass shattered in the box I gave it to you NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL shattered NIHIL I thought I saw you waving to me over the bay NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL you waved NIHIL why we have no words anylonger to say to one another your mouth opens and NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL bend your face to kiss you said NIHIL bend your arms to hold you said NIHIL and NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL there is nothing there NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL bend your face to kiss you said the waters arise and take me finally and my remembrance is NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL NIHIL

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.
Edmund Burke

ON RUBY'S CHILDBIRTH

This air and its haloes
Have never been for me
Electric
Though I wish and wish
On the wall I have written
"I shall enter this shining shining world"
It was some feeble wish
I never had
Never did
And never shall
Behind a house
A field
Behind
A field
A field
And behind a field
A field
The waters burst there
Nothing bursts here
Nice I think
To hear the sound of joy
(I imagine it with a glass and a glass and a glass)
I wanted everything
Initially
And got nothing
Eventually
Eventually I wanted nothing
And spent my life away on cats and ghats
(In a manner of painting and reading)
I'll raise again three more glasses
To Ruby
And light a candle

MCMXCV

WISHING ON A STAR

AN APOCALYPSE IN YOUR
BACK GARDEN

MRS. DUMB'S MOTTO

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

THE SEAHORSE REARS TO OBLIVION

PANPANPAN

1995

WISHING ON A STAR

"All the stars are dead now," she said to me.

"When I was younger I believed they lived, made of some superb fire. But now I believe they're dead. I never wish upon a star these days; by so doing you will step on the crack break your grandmother's back and tread on your grave as it calls your name. If you wish upon a star, then you're wishing on what is dead—was dead, is dead and will be dead. Do you understand me? Do you understand me?—life's hope went out when the stars went out. For me, anyway. But it'll happen to all of you later."

I nodded my head; not in agreement, not in a motion to calm her, but just in some final resignation.

When I was a child, I used to cover my head with the blankets when I slept. The thought of stars, fiery or dead, did not concern me much. I thought that God only came sideways, so though I covered my head with blankets, I also left the sheets open at the side so He could visit me. Perhaps God was my own star; I saw there was no flame in Him or It a long, long time ago. I also used to see faces all the time; usually flat and spearhead shaped; under the bed, on the walls of the house, hung against the moon (for these were nightfaces for the most part), burning and melting like candles set against the frosted glass panes, shaking in the wind like angry corn, whipping around and around like a windmill with no meaning—some fluttering farewells to an innocent childhood. I saw them crucified, upturned, crawling and sighing. I saw them proud, lisping not the obscenities one might expect, but nursery rhymes unsaid as should be—

"Mawy had a little lamb, ith fleeth wath white ath thnow. Evwywhere that Mawy went, thith lamb wath thure to go."

To what end? Some children are given ruins—blazing starres that die on them (and with them all hope), or Gods that creep sideways (if they creep anywhere) to be followed by masks that mispronounce nursery rhymes. Some great moment is behind of all this, perhaps. Some plan is worked out; and while we wish upon dead stars, we waste our way to our death.

AN APOCALYPSE IN YOUR BACK GARDEN

"There are flowers and creeping things in an English country garden," we are told. All well and good. And what else lives in these charming country gardens? Rosebush, fountain, plaster gnome, sundial, beetle, ladybird, louse, great tree, descending birds, the worm, weed, and a million tiny worlds. And let us open our great book of mythologies—dryad, fairy, unplaster gnome, deva, cabbage god, sprite (near water, or lost, far from water), salamander in the bonfire burning the rubbish or burning some misunderstood Catholic—the true bonefire, original of all small fires that celebrate without the stench of bone to ashes to ashes to crumble in the very dust. Flick open the inner eye. The gods then emerge, embattled against the antigods. In the English country garden great armies mass; the plains far stretched out, the blackness rolls in, the wind sighing is the great bugle call—possibly Last Trump. Great armies mass, great armies mass. The daffodil is engorged with blood that falls unending from This or That destruction. Ladybird, O ladybird, carrier of greatdeath; bloodfield yourself all massed with black spots of some or other black death or black plague. The squirrel throws down planets, the beetle rolls worlds. There are towers and weeping things in an English country garden; there are beginnings and endings in an English country garden. Though Amarys dances in

green, though the merry maypole throws itself up in endless rebellion against the natural order of decline, I see blood everywhere, I see death everywhere. The sparrow shrugs and arches, as if on some sunny cross. And will fall down. Fall and fall and fall it will. The happy chimney huffs and puffs; it too shall fall. Between brick and brick and brick; between stone and earth and mold ("Here under earth"); between the ant and the other; between the sun that throws down on the green and gold of the world; between the moon and its cold licking of the darkened grass (black with green, like a spreadout fly)—this is the garden of my mind.

MRS. DUMB'S MOTTO

"Last night the wind died finally. The sound of the clouds decaying around me forced the trees to hush too. When the wind dies finally and utterly as it has now done, all the seas then shall stop singing. The birds shall stop singing and men shall stop singing and all the other sounds that give pleasure to man and God shall also cease. The wind has stopped as it has had its wheels broken and shattered by the Big Bad. The Big Bad has broken the neck of the wind; it has collapsed like a throated chicken. The broken neck of the wind lolls; the broken neck of the sea chokes out the blood of the sea. The wind is dead is the sea is dead," Mrs. Dumb says to me, pouring a cup of tea for me in her café on the sidestreet in a little town in England near the sea where all can hear that the wind has stopped.

I do not go to Mrs. Dumb
For Tea
Nor does Mrs. Dumb
Come to me
For tea

I go to her
That I may hear
The truth that
I
Must
Hold so dear
To hear her motto
And kneel at her grotto
To hear the unsound
Of the wind
Throated
Fall
To
The Ground

Her motto is that there is no point. To anything. For anything. For the Big Bad has broken the neck of the wind. And the sea has died. And so shall we. Soon.

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

Chamæleons change colour according to their background. At Threshold House Gallery of Art, the pictures change colour according to their viewer.

When I first went to their Gallery in a sewered end of Stamford Brook, where in Victorian times (long gone, but to return) the upright result of backsides seated on thrones of porcelain were dragged by the nightsoilpeople to be dumped in our great seas, I did not have to pay to get in. The choice of art is limited to endless pictures by Austin Osman Spare. Few are easy to see; they lie in serried rows against the wainscotting, against the skirting board, though some distorted mutated portraits of O Heddie Lamar, O Diana Dors, O Carmen Miranda give the nearest reality of Hollywood Great Hell that we shall ever see.

My favourite is a small boy Apollo-like he looks at your eyes with his eyes which are blind but leak glory as if touched in by the sun. Fist time I saw him, he was greeneyed, as if reflecting my jealousy. Second time I saw him, he was dullredeyed, as if reflecting my slow loath at anything that day. Third time I saw him, he was blueeyed, my blueeyed boy, me in my youth when I was young oh so young. And the last time I saw him he leaked golden glory, a sign to me that I shall achieve martyrdom for I know not what.

So in Zos I saw myself, and liked not what I saw initially, and liked even less what I saw finally.

Take me home
Oh take me home
To the golden glory throne
Take me home
Take me home
To the throne
Of whitened bone

Where I may no longer see golden Apollo boy, so that I may not see his next colouredeye, which may be nothing at all. I do not wish to achieve emptiness through another sketch's eyes.

THE SEAHORSE REARS TO OBLIVION

When God created the worlds they were before then without form and were void except in his own Great Eye which had already seen everything that was is and will. The first thing He created I believe (though The Bible does not tell us so) is children's crying as this is still mirrored when children are born; though no doubt all the animals weep for birth in their own particular way but they must have someone human to notice it so it can be noted. The second thing he created was two things simultaneously to frighten children—an old rockinghorse that moves of its own accord and a discoloured doll which seems to move occasionally. The third thing he did was to throw Lucifer out of Heaven so he would be waiting on Earth to destroy everything that people try to do and to destroy what little happiness they scurry together and he became Satan and waits here still for all of us. That is three things too—Lucifer to Satan; destroying to do and to enjoy. The fourth thing He did was to laugh once twice thrice and fourth. The fifth thing was to create one star, one animal, one fish, one bird, one human. These five bred together to create the entire moving flying spinning world and what is in it. The stars He sent to fly and lie in space. The animal He made to be our base nature and our state of nature and our innocence and our *memento mori* on earth. The fish went to swim and drink the waters of the seaworld. The bird flies dies and falls. The human lies, dies, destroys, creates and seeks the stars that He sent up in space. The stars try and try and try to fly away from earth but God has caught them in a large sling that holds them from falling too near or flying too far. The Devil creates black holes and sucks them out of the visible universe to create decorations baubles and globes full of light and darkness in the ceiling (sky) of Hell, possibly upside down if we could see it standing up. Then God decides that it is time to blow The

Final Trumpet and call all chickens home to roost in every way and meaning. God then blows Final Trumpet and withdraws the sling from the sky (the sling is made of wire and wool and warp and weft and is webbed together) and roost begins. The stars are withdrawn from the Heavenly Holder and attempt to rush away from the stinking world and Satan simultaneously tries to snatch all of them at once to bauble his Infernal Kingdom—itself now doomed to his unknowledge. The stars are taken half by Satan, dragged through an ever-increasing black rent in the nightsky; the other half run towards the Pleiades and Aldebaran. O Stars of The Evening—how swift you rush and roar away. Even Satan in his great power and great fury and great greed cannot stop them, so eager are they to dance in different ways. But God knows all sees all and is prepared for all. He creates a huge net made of spit and throws it further than the furthest star. The stars are caught on spit like the birds to the lime-covered branch (may all those who do that be damned), and God then lectures them with a whip. The spit shivers as the whip quivers over the stars, the Voice slavers and lathers them with more of this same spit that has caught them for ever and ever and ever. The star's only cause and the star's only course is to obey He Who Made Them. The stars are given great scars with the whip for attempting to flee the scars are bloodcourses for the liquid proof of God's anger which pours from them. The baublestars are brought back by a stream of spit that cuts through the web between the worlds. They too are slashed and thrashed. The stars are ordered by God to return to the sling orbit to watch his Mercy Rain Down Like Rain on the earth and all of those who are unfortunate enough to have been born in and of it. The stars do not wish to go. They march sadly to their home. Goodbye. Then they die. Goodbye. Goodbye.

PANPANPAN

Pan waits for me.
In the green he waits.
As Christ he is everything; and so we go too far as we search for him. The wine runs from his mouth; it pours and falls between his teeth; his lips, already stained with blood of all, are now redded with wine. It pours down his chest (the children to his left and right are insane—they are so young and so they couple without discrimination—the grass is covered with their moisture—this is the final dew which I first saw so many years ago—I relive this always in my vision of myself and S. as we were meant to be but never were; I kiss her on the platform of the station and know all is over) and through the goathairs on it. The wine eddies towards his panhood; after swirling and whirling in his navel (not yet the womb of the world) it rushes towards the priapic glory and jets upwards to the crimson tip. Lights play around it; small putti dance around it, with silken scarves and streamers, praising the rebirth of the word. Charles Sims is reborn—he is undrowned; his son is undead. Pan is finally consumed in indifference. He decides to incarnate as Christ towards the end of the world. More putti then emerge from the end of his prepuce; they chant hosannas and start to create the black madonna from the mud of the Nile. They carve her features using the phallus of Osiris, recently severed in a Satanic set-to. The phallus is sharpened with a sickle; thus pointed, the phallus is inserted into the end of the nose to create three nostrils (these three nostrils create the Father the Son the Holy Ghost). The black mud is not black enough. The black mud is scraped over with Pan's claws to create a ripped flesh surface. The surface bleeds; under the heat of the sun the blood thickens and blackens quickly. Flies are attracted to the Madonna's honeyblood. They stick to it and are rapidly baked by the sun to create a bubbled

surface of black and green with eight million million eyes. These eyes are the reason why the Black Madonna sees all. The wind is blowing through the trees. Pan hides. The wind sets a-flying the eight million million fly's wings. The Black Madonna starts to hover and slowly ascends into the green air (the air is green as Pan and the lush woods and the blood of the grass are everywhere—breath is green God's face is green viriditas the greening of all things). Pan chases her through the air by extending pterodactyl wings that Austin Osman Spare has drawn for him. AOS then defiles the Madonna's honeyblack body by drawing obscene breasts on her chest leaking fly's blood. The Blessed and Blistered Black Madonna of HoneyFlyGlory circles Pan, flaunting her spare breasts. Pan laughs—he has seen it all before as he has, indeed, created her through the agency of the penile putti. The Black Madonna, arrayed in such a splendid halo of flyblood, flywings and decaying blood, all thick laced with the odour of the Nilemud, starts to fall apart, but the flies are too wellbaked to let her fall apart. She stands alone, weeping. Stabat Mater, dolorosa. Our Lady Of Flies, son of Pan.

MCMXCIV

OF RUINE OR SOME BLAZING STARRE

HOW THE GREAT SATANIC GLORY FADED

LUCIFER OVER LONDON

THE SEVEN SEALS ARE REVEALED AT THE
END OF TIME AS SEVEN BOWS—
THE BLOODBOW, THE PISSBOW,
THE PAINBOW, THE FAMINEBOW,
THE DEATHBOW, THE ANGELBOW,
THE HOHOHOBOW

FOUR SONGS FOR
MICHAEL CASHMORE'S
BEAUTY REAPS THE BLOOD OF SOLITUDE

THE FIRE OF THE MIND

1994

OF RUINE OR SOME BLAZING STARRE

A VOICE FROM CATLAND

Bounce the Ball still
Softly round it on all sides.
The Goal is in each Kits Eye
The Ball fixs each eye open—
It roles to each paws love;
Bounced home, where it hides.
Louis Wain

STEVEN AND I IN THE FIELD OF STARS

Circles within circles
We ride through them all
Circles within circles

In the midst of the Southern regions…
There a man rests and weeps
This year, next year,
Sometimes,
Never, oh never

If we think then that there is
No joy

But listen—
On the edge of winds
Is the rustling of the greens
All many greens, manifold and lovely
The sighing and crying of the wind
The lovely boughs
The lovely light
The lovely light
The lovely stars, jewelly nobles

The pitted starheads of a burning fire
Burn far brighter burn brighter—
Starry glory golden flamey and lambent—
Than any other fires we know
The moony wetmouthed cradle of bluenight
The plumed bird, lovely voiced
The streaked cat, rooted hairshine
Head of furlight
Purr of bright sound
Lovely and noble, jewelly lords
So sparkling, glimmering spitting lights
Little houses of fire
In little towns of fire
Open and shut their fiery sandsheet eyes

THE TEETH OF THE WINDS OF THE SEA

Then I looked into her young eyes
From eighty years she looks back
Into my young eyes
And she is gone
To where?
Where has her soul gone?
Body found yes
But her very mark her sign
Lost it seems to me now
Though I feel that she is here still
All around me windsouled
To love is always to live somehow
As long as our eyes are still this colourdull glass
I will not now know her still

This parched scorched earth
Endless wheel of suffering
Great ocean of pain
Bloodbucket of grief

Roaring mouthgaped O
Of disappointment and despair
Will not then exist
And we shall smile
We shall smile as big
As the big crescent moon
Which lies on its arched back and dreams
Of cats and stars and snow
And as before we saw smiley shining stars
And disreaching them
Our arms would wave like a desperate windmill
Hoping hoping to welcome them home
Now we shall touch them close to our hearts
And what we are
And what we may be
Maybe
Why I have failed
And all I could have been
And am not
And all I had hoped for
And were not
And everything I hoped
And hoped and hoped and hoped for
I prayed in the morning
And I prayed in the evening
And I got not
From the rotgut god
When all the world starts to shiver
And shimmer and shake all around me
And all the worldlight was piecemeal
And peaceless
This is the atomic pain of the worlds
The molecular tears
The final crystalline structure of misery
That winds its way around
The wooden snakejawed growing spine
Of the worlds

Listen—I was *taken*

To be betrayed whenever is hate
To be betrayed wherever is hate
As the body is abused by man
There in the Patripassian edge of the world
The hanging god is invaded
In heart and soul

I suffer you all suffer
You suffer all I suffer
Suffer suffer suffer suffer
The tearblowing world creaks around
And we are broken (Loss!)
Loss
Light and darkness
Light and darkness
It seems to the little blue and green world
That they do not know each other
But they must finally
(The Master says that Satan too shall be forgiven)
Forgiven
And suffering before
We suffer too

Here's sixpence
Here's sixpence
Go and play and play
In the flaky pale fields
That still are somehow this land
And spend oh spend your life away
Spend your spend your night away
And waste and waste your life away

Under the brightstarlight
Under your yewboned archlight body
You are dead

Under this shitstained sky
You are dead

Under the loveless muddy almoststars
You are dead

Under the sleeping closed eyes of the Bhagavan
You are dead

Under the road and the track and the path
Along the green grass slipping way
Along the snaking way
You are deady deady
Deady deady
Deady deady
Dead
Goodnight
The lights are dead and so are you
The light is dead and so are you

MOONLIGHT, YOU WILL SAY

I remember walking in the fields around York
Miserere
Oh *miserere*
I remember sitting in a small room in London
Miserere
And I remember thinking
Miserere
Miserere
I was sad
Miserere
Miserere
This was the stage of building brokengods
Oh *miserere*
Miserere

This was the stage of reading the blackbooks
Miserere
Miserere
And possibly I rented my soul
Possibly
Oh, but anyway
Miserere
Miserere
Miserere
Miserere
Loss
Loss
And if so I ask for pardon
And if not
I ask for pardon, anyway

I have seen this world as a great howl of pain
I have seen this world as a great ocean of blood
I have seen this world as the acme of all suffering
I have seen this world as the great disappointment
I have seen this world as the great zero gape
In which all our hopes flicker out
Goodbye they say as they go
Goodbye they cry loss flies

"Moonlight", you will say

And what does it matter whether God speaks to us from amongst the thorns or the flowers?
St. François de Sales, 1607

But still and still He shrieks to me—
"Miserere miserere miserere miserere miserere"
Oh, wretched
Oh *miserere*
Miserere

"Moonlight", you will say
"Moonlight", you will say

INTO THE BLOODY HOLE I GO

Into the bloody hole we'll go
Oh no oh no
Into the sharp swords we shall go
Oh no no
Or be tugged anyway
Goodbye goodbye
Goodybye goodbye
Shake those tears from your eyes
Goodbye goodbye
Goodbye goodbye
You were the sudden summer of god
The jangling belldeath and the rain rains
I wished you would fall on me like a tended judging
Oh yes
Oh no
And still I do, my dear

THE DARKLY SPLENDID WORLD

King after king after king
Then queen then queen then king
Dead in lines and dead in singular
They are dead they are dead
Altogether dead

THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING

And then when then I die
I feel I shall say
I have not understood
I have not understood any of this
My eyes are still coaldark
I have not understood
Around and in my eyes the tiny flecks
Of swirling crippled confused lights
And to my heart I will whisper
Softly quietly
"There is no death there is no death"
(And goodbye to you all)

Under the gorgon grinnèd arches
Of London's great vaults
I have not understood
Under the sunpuckered roofs
Of Kathmandu
I have not understood
Along the soulstoned streets
Of Lower
And of Higher Germanie
I have not understood
Leipzig—blackeyed pain and loss—she
I have not understood
In Clare near I
The empty lakes are open in the distance
And too close is the famineretchingroad
All these are ghosts
There I have not understood
(In the Heart of the Wood
Oh there have I understood)
I rested at the temple of Great Black Time—Her
And did not understand

Though animalbled fleshmarbled rivers ran in Her honour
His buckled body in blood
Returns to the prebirth poise
Spreadeagled like starfish
There in His eyes—
Incomprehension mute pain disbelief what
Blood there meant sorrow trickles there
This I could not understand
I bend the pages of yet another book
And in its lines Great Black Lines
I have not understood
Please gramercy pray for me
And oh goodbye sweetestheart
The wind roars in the nearness
And there in my heart
And all the clouds are spiralling towards us
Descent indeed to the centre of it all
Skipping lightly and lying truly
This we shall understand
I hope…

Wet bent humped trees
The great ones—there
On the lapped shore
第一 Dai Ichi
There also I do not know
This is all unknowable
And as the dust covers
My empty eyes
You shall read in these foolish gapes
Oh that I have not understood
But if you look for the stag and cross conjoined
There on my arm look there
There I have understood very well

Now you are all fading
All fading
As my age creeps on
As This Age stumbles on
Fires in the earth
Fires in the sky
Fires in our hearts
Fires everywhere
The black eyes
Already blacken
And this I have not understood

Not peace
But a sword
This and He
Unfortunately
I have understood

Under the bowered greenwood tree
When first I lay
Bright starre with Thee
Under the velvet branches dear
When sun and moon both came so near
Under the starlit open dome
Under the starsharp pointed lights
Under the starloved greeny earth
When first I wanted to hold You
And all the world halfdead and halflive
Spat into my mouth
Bluesea bitterwater
And I am almost dead
And I have not understood

Under the rain and teeth of gods
Under the pain and sleeping liddy eyes
Under the brokkèd wetful heaven

If you are there
If you are there
If you are there
Then I am singing with my eyes
If you are there

LET US GO TO THE ROSE

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avoit desclose
Sa robe de pourpre au Soleil,
A point perdu ceste vesprée
Les plis de sa robe pourprée,
Et son teint au vostre pareil.

Las! voyez comme en peu d'espace
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place
Las! las ses beautez laissé cheoir!
Ô vrayment marastre Nature,
Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir!

Donc, si vous me croyez, mignonne,
Tandis que vostre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillez, cueillez vostre jeunesse—
Comme à ceste fleur la vieillesse
Fera ternir vostre beauté.

Pierre de Ronsard

ALL THE WORLD MAKES GREAT BLOOD

Sorry then bird flight
Passes across my window
Sorry then dog crouches
Under the still sun

Sorry then *moi je*
Regrette tout ce que
J'ai fait
Où le soleil se couche I
Lie me down I lay
With Your body under the
Honeysun
Suckled lovewing mine
You were
I was not yet dressed Tibetan red
And into You, as You'll recall
I fled

The twig-smashed landscape
Is rolling and waving
Wolf wild wide wind walking
Soft smoke star space stalking
This is the comic book end
We have waited for
And not believed in
Oh nearly not at all
Oh nearly not at all
Once when we were young
Oh once we were so young
And the rainways licking the glass
Made us the observers of the distant distance
We there watched the sky's goddy tears
Only once did GoodGod cry black
And then all the clockmovements start
To crick crack crick
By the hairs on my head
By the stare in my eyes
By the pain in my heart
I shall whisper through signs—
All this world makes great blood
All the world makes great blood

All the world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood

THE GREAT, BLOODY AND BRUISED VEIL OF THE WORLD

The great, bloody and bruised veil of the world
The great, bloody and bruised veil of the world
The trees wave in England
The streams flow in England
The poor halt in England
The poor heart of England

"And did those feet…"
Hobbled and crippled as They were
By our disbelief
Hope here to find
Some honesty
(Green colour of the grass
The horsefresh smell arising
From its quietly glowing glory)
And did They
As They move from one sad gap of heart
To another
Did They hope to find us open
Look—much is my armour
I can show you all the walls that may be built
But mostly most of all—
There's a wall of words
Around my heart which is my soul which is my all

God is not dead for all of us
(And goodbye to you all)
This is all Paradise

Here is Garden Of upon Garden
Of upon
Suns and Beetles
The Ladybird lands upon my knee
The Lark is all joy
There are birds upon birds

Beyond
The great, bloody, bruised and silent veil
Of this world
The kind one waits
Staggered pain of being
The great, bloody and bruised veil of the world
The great, bloody and bruised veil of this world

INTO THE MENSTRUAL NIGHT I GO

Into the menstrual night we'll go
Hey ho hey ho
Into the blue woods we shall go
Hey ho ho
Into the blue woods we shall go
Hey ho hey ho
Beyond the blue gates we shall go
Hey ho ho
Beyond the blue gates we shall go
Hey ho hey ho
Into the lovely green sea we shall go
Hey ho ho
Into the lovely blue sky we shall go
Hey ho hey ho
Lipped love light shall lift the skies
Hey ho ho
Sounds love life lifts the skies
Hey ho hey ho
The masque has nearly begun my dear
Hey ho ho

DORMITION AND DOMINION

In the mind of god
The dead sleeping lie
And the little cogs though unmoving
Hover over the turning wheel
All life's a farce
The broken bird is draped over the paths
And paths and paths and paths
And those who say this world is not
The bloody gleaming paradise of blood and jewel
Lie
Opal and pearl bloodsocket castings
Ruby jasmine jasper and onyx
Chalcedonthrone and ambergriscrown
Golden green leafwork
Scrolled with the farstars
Pitted with the moonworlds
Mother alldewey
Arrayed with the twinkling lights
The wovengold spungilded blinking godeyes
The spearshafts of heaven
The souldwelling rockhomes
Are…

Dormition and Dominion
Dormition and Dominion
The Mother is dead
The Mother awakens
Dormition
She sleeps
Dominion
He rules
She sleeps and rules
In her starry bodied glory
The Mother sleeps

The Mother loves
Dormition and Dominion
I wait

… Are the holders of the world and its dreams
I say there is no death
No death
We have lived before and shall live again
And again
We have slept before and shall sleep again
We have danced through the shallow pools
And shall rejoice once again
To those who say there is no hope
I say liars
Liars liars you are
Over the starry dancing stars
There is a land
Under the sweatribbed brow
There is a land
And this is the globed world of the παντοκράτωρ
Finally I have understood
I have understood
I have understood
Though when I slip sleeping and silently
From this ribbed room of sighs
You shall not find the history of His personal visit
Sewn into my linings perhaps
Nevertheless I have understood
Where the logician watches God hinge all on a die
Nevertheless—I have understood!
That all this is the breathbetween moment
Our eyelids open and close
Between is the land
Between the time I first was accepted
In between Your brightboned body
Between then and there and the time You wept

"Goodbye my love goodbye to you"
There there was the land
In the pearls of our heart
There is the immaculate heavenly loveland
In the middle of the forest
Actæon is slain by his own hounds
In the middle of the forest
Eustace meets the crisscross Stag
There is the land he has reached paradise
There is no death
There is no death
There as the stag turns and smiled loved
There he was takencaught by the prey
All the flowers are blossoming
And all the world calls to you—
"Dormition"—so you sleep
"Dominion"—so you rule
Dormition—oh You sleep, Mother
Dominion—Father, You rule

SO—THIS EMPIRE IS NOTHING

So—this Empire is nothing
Before me the green fields are stretched out
The broken body of a cat glows there
And the shimmering flies fall
This Empire is nothing
J. said—"I guess this isn't real"
This Empire is not real
I cannot hang words on the Silence
Everywhere God's goldenlight
S. said—"You have appeared to me for a reason"
And I said to Her—
"Who do You say I am?"
Like One better before
This Empire is Nothing

THIS SHINING SHINING WORLD

"Consider the lilies of the field"
Consider the carnage and massacre
Consider the love and embraces
Consider the hangingred skies
Consider the pain of your enemy
Consider the hatred of your friend
There, oh there, there is the land
All the musics shall combine
All the daughters are no longer brought low
They are araised
In brightfiregodgiven they rejoice
And those who deny this world
Is the soul of the unbroken one
Lie
This is indeed Paradise
(Come I shall show you where
The stars give birth and sleep)
And all around you is the warm bluegreen
Breath of heavens
Do not fear
Around you is the vast blueblack space of stars
Do not fear
This is the great ocean
On which the endless waves crash down
God is not dead
There is no death I say
(Come I shall show you where
Dreams go to when they die)

Hurry now; the sun is descending
The shadows wait to play

HOW THE GREAT SATANIC GLORY FADED

Job I: 7; Isaiah XIV: 12; Ezekiel XXVII: 13-17; St. Luke X: 18

The Devil appears as an angel. The Devil is a beautiful angel.
Tiny Tim

"One night as I lay in my bed" sings
The Chinese chatter is chipping away
The whitelit clouds assemble
A small angel of God displays this

Shiningblack beetlewing polished is he
Deepsheened tortoiseshell Majesty
Almost as furclad in his peacock feathers he
Burnished dark rosewood embodied with motherpearl
Some of the armour of the Rainbow Messiah
Brightfire of morning lightbearing fallen
Falsifier telescope viewed topsy-turvy
Motherliquor life's flicker
Soullicker he comes and he goes
There where he wants in the Shining of your mind

Greenscaled flybacked carapace she
Dark stars imploding and shuddering she
In the menstrual night she
She opens and—she closes she
In her the flowers are all one she
Stamen lip and hovering she
Beauty alone and unmirrored she
Blackhaired blackeyed door she
Hart so lovely dewed labial she
Pearldrop and dewdrop
Soft pillow of seaspray
And dark smokevoice of evening

Wallbuilt and pinnacled gorgon is he
Snakelike and sulphrous serpentine emperor
Brasslimbed and trumpetting dischordance he
Bonevoiced and bonethroated sepulchral decadence

Crackedsun boneset anklet of jadegreen
Sugarcane pomegranate bloodeyed and seawide
Larkthroated birdwinging cloudstormy golden
Lucifer Lucifera Luciferens
Stoneheart and coldskin and icerendered member
Grapecluster darkthruster coalblackened smithy
Not Saviour nor Silence nor Anything At All
Goldplated illusion and fool's gold in heaven
Goodbye
I say goodbye…

Lucifer has two faces—male and female. Lucifer's beautiful eyes are two dark depths. In one is the seadeep profundity. You may stare into his bluedark body for ever. On his surface, the waves come and go. The other. Clouds breathe across her. She is the night. They both lie.

LUCIFER OVER LONDON

The twisted wings and clouds unfold
And the great gape of He who fell
Makes darkened shadows
Over pointed spires
Little children point and sing
And little children run and dance
Over there the setting sun
Oh over there the setting sun
Lucifer over London
Lucifer over London

And under that the silent stars
And under they the weeping sky
And under Her the laughing world
Balance sits in western parts
And piles spare Spares in his gabled room
Great Anarch and Monarch of *Not*
The flight of Lucifer over London
And my little grandson
Wrinkled son forehead
All tiny blue pain
As the Mother Blood emerges
Then the Mother Grief
And the Blue Gates of Death
Open armwide
Open teethwide

Lucifer over London
Lucifer over London

All dead like the leaves
Old times shiver
Old dead calendar
Past blurred sunsets

Cinders flying in His heart His heart
His fingers punch holes in the sky
And all the little Christs I count
Are laughing through the green green fields
Some of these angels have the face of God
And some of them have the face of *dogs*

Lucifer over London
Lucifer over London

By the Tower of Moab—
See the sky's GreenAngel form
And Lucifer flickers all around me
His hooded eyes alight
In the smoky musk
Look into Him just a little longer
See the true face of the Moon
So He wheels there through the heavens
His eyes as dotted brightlights
Licked with dust
A golden seabird
Half-dead with spray
His banners are broken flags in the wind
Devouring life He breaks at walls
The glint of dead fruits glint
And then the Moon…
And then the Moon…
And then the Moon…

And sixsixsix
It makes us sick
We're sicksicksick
Of 666

THE SEVEN SEALS ARE REVEALED AT THE END OF TIME AS SEVEN BOWS—THE BLOODBOW, THE PISSBOW, THE PAINBOW, THE FAMINEBOW, THE DEATHBOW, THE ANGELBOW, THE HOHOHOBOW

The Seven Seals Are Revealed At The End Of Time As Seven Bows—The BloodBow, The PissBow, The PainBow, The FamineBow, The DeathBow, The AngerBow, The HohohoBow.

Then the morning after. A time and a time and a time and a time; all shall be well or not. As the bluegreenbrown world is drenched with horsegore, and the redseas are covered with horsehair, the ThreeGod arises. As a sign of Betrayal—His? Ours?—a vast BloodBow covers the skies. One dips into a broken bowl full of sadness, the other into seven hundred children with horses' heads in different stages of decomposition. Across the BloodBow a hundredthousand betrayers are nailed and lost. To the sound of the mewling of eight million cats all those who have betrayed humanity twist and turn. Step forward, if you can, Satan in many scumcoloured forms. Histermarks. If you have had ears better to have slain them there on the warplain of your face. Hell is paved, despite the Balance, with tedium and loss. Hell is where the steeds then betray the horsemen, and the horsemen betray their steeds, and and and and. The BloodBow begins to discolour—streams of urine begin to gush from the blackbending heavens and hells that have circled everything so very quickly. The RedBloodBow gives birth to a UreaBow. ThreeGod starts to weep. Then all the angels weep. Then all the demons weep. The stench of the universal uric acid fills all the worlds ever ever existing. The BloodBow is replenished by a rain that ascends from the bodies of the damned on earth. Huge clots of gore and

blood and lymph rise up, ripping through the flesh of the lost; the BloodBow increases in size, and bubbles and seethes. Unable to take any more, just over the surface of the earth a thick plain of screaming congeals into the PainBow, which hovers and turns above the soil. Alas! A high pitched singing emerges; bones, some gleamingteethywhite, some shitdustbrown, start to clatter from the PainBow. A ricketty arch is hesitantly built by the rothorsekids from the bones and bones—the FamineBow. "We are so hungry, so very hungry" they sigh. They die, their hunger to be forever unassuaged. Their rotting bodies arise in clumps 'n' bits 'n' bobbins, forming over the BoneBow—that is to say, the bubbling FamineBow, a new, special experience. A grotty rotty mass of children's and horses' grey flesh, death in all its mumbling and dull colours, step or crawl right up for the DeathBow. ThreeGod has been so angry with us all whilst this is happening; His frown fills up one trillion universes, or more if you please or if you don't. His pursed lips fill up even more universes than His frown, as His anger grows as it descends His face. This immeasurable frown becomes the inverted AngerBow; an upsidedown 'U' that is constituted entirely of choler and spit, pick 'n' mix… stones and sticks… 'n' 666—it makes me sick!

Then He sees, in His mercy, that the Worlds have all passed away. The frown passes, and ThreeGod starts to laugh. The farce is over, the wasted experiment over, and His jolly laugh becomes the HoHoHoBow.

All the starres are dead now
And so we pass away
Whilst the Gods play
We pass away

Yet the stars and the moon and the sun and the comets and the little birds and the little lights and the little animals

that sing to God God bless the little animals and the little animals that scream to God please O Lord bless the little animals that weep and weep and weep they are approaching the Greatbluegate of Death itself oh Lord hear me when I shout and shout and shout my heart is almost empty.

Anyhow, once I looked at the stars, and they were all blood. Over the Southerncross she arose, redbloodyred, as I think she was, *Luciferette* and how she shined. Overthere in the west, where alas she had begun to set, dead children were singing. Out of my window, beyond Mao, Rao and Yao what seems to be the sun over the arch of Bedlam, shining. Louis Wain is there. I can see, if I stretch my eyes far and further, William Lawes dead dead dead on the plain dead dead dead. I fall to my knees and weep. And goodbye to You all.

And goodbye to you all
Whilst the Gods play
Goodbye
Goodbye to you all

FOUR SONGS FOR MICHAEL CASHMORE'S *BEAUTY REAPS THE BLOOD OF SOLITUDE*

BLOODSTREAMRUNS

As I descended with the Dogs Blood Rising, so then I ascended to the Thunder Perfect Mind. Great grey bloodspeckled slabs of slate have fallen—this is *my* vision in the croaking jeering world—All idiotic faces and swollen hearts; in the papers the faces are not real, in the world the faces are not real—but in the Heart of the Hearts the Face is real. The dead die abroad, the crows fly, the wolves fly, and four poorly painted cardboard horsemen sheet over the back of the winds. They are not legion—but *closed*. God walked on Earth in those days. Now, still, in my Hearts He walks still. In the green fields far away there is a solid tree (mother and the Sign she makes). On the brokenhorse zodiac signs, yellow face passes (All the Rainbow her arms were…). All books piled up in dirty heaps, craterlike surface, pitted—Oh, *bellissima* Largherana—if the seahorse were golden, colden… Talking back the bloody streams of God's Own Pain—"Why should we have compassion for others, when God Himself has had no pity… on others?" "Take back the bloodspeech", she said to me… (certain colours came from her body; she is alone!)

God walked on Earth in those days.
Now, still, in my Hearts He walks still.

(And the brokenface of this horizoned world is covered by crystalcross ice; when this whole eyeless world sighs, this eyeless world sighs…)

All the stars are souls each single planet is the lifeflame of the nothingy eternally spark. I cannot believe despite

the evidence of one Godeye and one pooreye that this world is God's own bloodred grassgreen blueblack skypied Paradise. When I lay in the arms of one woman I said to her silent—"You will be forever mine though You go as You shall though Youdiediedie sleep as You shall die I shall love You always between Your bodies I pray that I shall be forever Thine if I say to You Love then Listen You shall be crowned above all."

God walked on Earth in those days.
Now, still, in my Hearts He walks still.

TEARS FOR AN EASTERN GIRL

Touching the sky You were
In my Heart's hole
You lie silent
(The blue of the tiny sky
The yellow of the tiny starres)

Lost You are to me
Though in You
I had hoped to lie
Your teeth are mirroring
The tiny starres
Smokey, You flood by me

Ripples of jasmine
Heavy smoke in Your path
Wait for me by the summer stream

Black sky is around You
You pass, dissolve and stutter "farewell"
Lost You are to me
The ice is some distant bed

Lost You are to me
Your tongue hovels on Your lips

The starres are very far now
(And then I wept I thought of You)
And You are very far now

You were not real at all
And I had hoped to say—
"The starres are very real"
Oh You were not real at all
(I had hoped to say…)
And then I wept I thought of You
Over beyond me and You
The sea waves "goodbye"
As it laps in my Heart
And You are very far now
And You are very far now
The starres are very far now
As if dead

SKELETONTONGUEDWORLD

And as she sleeps around her bed
The blinding deadbled world spins
Black sightless firepierced black universe
Empty the fire as she sleeps
The sleepy skeletontongued world
Massed bast of storms and sand rolls
Oh lovely world—come alive for me
The longtongued god is not real
He drags the chain clasped in his wickerfingered hands
This brother is paperthin—form but no substance
Neverlived so he is not dead
This is man's fear made trash…

And as you light the incense stick
I pray that your fingers may burn

BONEWHITEGLORY

The lovely coppercoloured mountain of flesh and starres. In my hands I cup my decline as it flowers into them—this is the rippling of the ages—our lives like rain, the small shower, the downfall, the thunderous pouring… in some greenfield of rape we lie… Dominion of this and that—he had one savage head like a great dead dog; he had one sad aged head, weeping; his other head… Over in the distance the hills are moving—London Bridge burns. Why!—God may be dead? Many little children cry and laugh. My mind to me a *kingdom* is—shall You kiss me as before?

So then—here I am. The sky—what colour shall I call it? From turquoise to what? Dark and light it is. Under it the redfirecat shrugs its shoulders.

Her smile is bonewhite glory.

The moon is a tiny starre, and all the starres are shot from the glowing moons. Mothers all around me blackfaced redspotted. Michael. Gabriel. Samael. Azrael. I laid down and wept. Let my mind not go. Bubbling lights all around me. I laid down and wept.

Her smile is bonewhite glory; we may as well go with the angels.

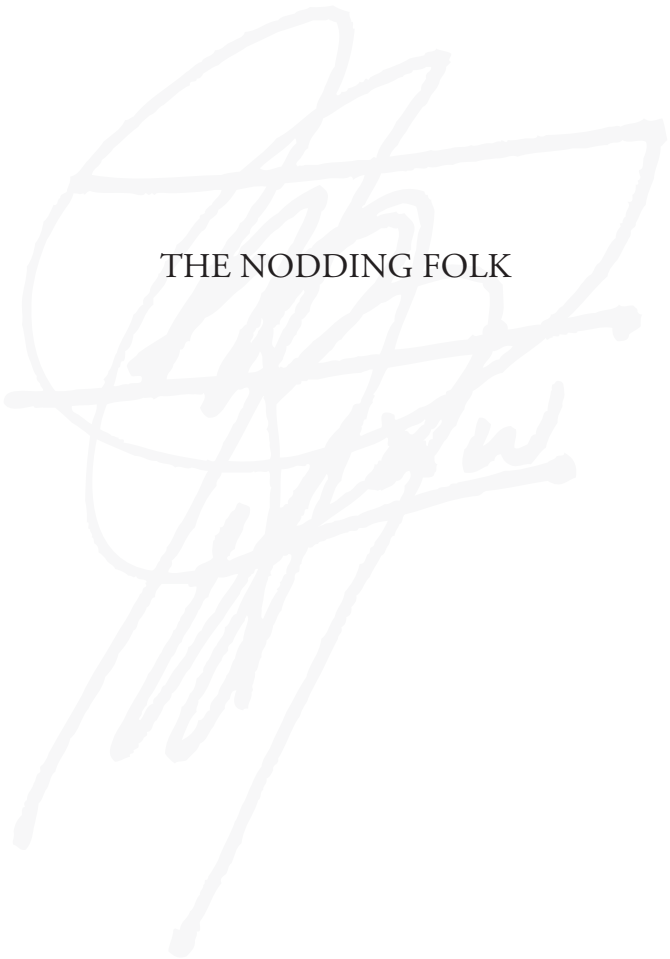
I laid down and wept. Sheeted wings, black amaline; my love for You is very great. The breath of the starres. Between the ivory towers of Her Teeth there I say in the redbed of Her flesh there is the goldenroom of God I say there—these are God's pillars.

Her smile was bonewhite glory. We
may as well go with the angels

THE FIRE OF THE MIND

I dream—
One sinks and we all plummet
One is saved and we are all saved

MCMXCIII



THE NODDING FOLK

1993

THE NODDING FOLK

CHILDREN OF THE NODAPOC GATHER ROUND

Hi hello to all my friends!
You are my friend and I'm your friend
Consider all your years lying dusty before you
Your dreams that lived in your sleep nodlike are now dead
Fear for the future
A tiny child's glistening hand
Wet with a hundred, a thousand
A million years of tears
She holds up a sheath of rosy-red running poppies
They're almost dancing silk like children
A posy of pain
A bouquet of boohoos and blubbing
A cabbage wreath of cares
A veritable batch of vague voices
Vapid echoes from a vapid echo chamber
Of formless frightening fears
Not frail of feeble but ferocious
Full of filth
Seeing you already alas know all too well
That this woe is not the whole picture
For we live under a shadow
Or rather many shadows
The bomb a mushroom grinning cloud
Scowl like an insane inane
Inanity and insanity
Vietnam a cauldron in which the best of our youth die
In the bloodtunnels
And furtunnels of Ho Chi Minh
The arms race of the Soviet Union
Americans and people from space
Struggle for control of the cosmos
Of life itself!

TV and wireless with its sleazy saturation
Electronic rays of sickness
Sleaze and Sex with a capital S!
There are another thousand things both you
My friend and I
Both know we're thinking of at this moment
Why me?
Why you?
And what can I do about it?
Then hope comes from my wallet in the form
Of a photo and a wish
That is what I want to share with you!
Thank you!
Is it all a lie?

LOVE DANCE OF THE NODDING FOLK

Is Autumn the one?
Is brightness the one?
Can I interest you in death?
Can I… shall I move next door?
Would you like to touch this shadow of my space?
Would you like to see how great the stares are
That I made to you?
Can I interest you in silence?
Can I interest you in words?
Can I interest you in decline?
Can I interest you in despair?
Can I interest you in a tattered god?
Can I interest you in that?
Yes
Yes
Before but before
Stone is the colour of your true love's eyes

MCMXCII

THUNDER PERFECT MIND

EMBLEMS

1992

THUNDER PERFECT MIND

THE DESCENT OF LONG SATAN AND BABYLON

Long Satan and Babylon are walking
They're talking of fire and ice
Of the silence that stalks in the forest
And a Christ spun out of the worlds

Long Satan and Babylon are moving
Through a world ripped away from its centre
They shear through the rushes
They follow the night night night night

They want want want want want want
Everything
Long Satan and Babylon are rushing
They are hurtling away
From the centre of things
They are running from the inside

The wind cries through and in them
Cuts through their emptiness
Hoof on stone
Claw against sun
Where to look in an unknown

Where to search in the vast whole
Piggy-back cross oh piggy-black cross
Into the silence thundering
As they only hear the silence

They do not hear the pain
But Christ sees everything
The little children are falling
They'll topple till the end of the world

Long Satan and Babylon keep running
Through a universe empty of sound
Though the world makes dark shadows
You must look in your heart
In the dark
You must look in your heart

A SADNESS SONG

When we touch the world
And it falls away
When we feel that we're born
Just to fall apart
And our mother lies in state
And the broken pitcher glistens
And the snow is at the window
Making neither sign nor symbol
And the earth covers earth
And the mud lies in pools

Where the sand-dunes stretch unbroken
And the dry wind bends and sighs
And the geese are running harmless
And our desires are running wild
Then we're looking at the smoke
That's rising from the incense
Neither coming here nor going
Neither heaven here nor hell
Neither borning here nor birthing
Neither dying here nor death

And we're wrapped inside our troubles
And we're wrapped inside our pain
And wracked with fires with longing
And our eyes are blind with night
With our fingers clutching coins

And our thoughts burning with 'I'
And our eyes cannot be sated
With the world and its nightmares
With the world and its dreams
Though later they'll be filled

With a small handful of dust
And the gods appear on the altars
And we recognise their face
It's a face that we have carved there
And it's full of fear and longing
And promises and threats
But they neither stoop to conquer
Nor do they stoop to praise
And the mines are void of diamonds
That we carry in our rags

Then all the world seems
A sadness song
And all the world seems
A sadness song

A SONG FOR DOUGLAS (AFTER HE'S DEAD)

He crouches on the floor
There's a mask on the wall
And he leafs through the pages of a book
But wait as he may in the shadow of other leaves
His heart in embraces to times long since scorched

The horizon folds over with a purple sunrise
And the wind carries smoke from a world that is burning
The smoke locks in his hair and he's covered with patterns
And the descent of life-trees on his camouflaged soul

With a winter of memories carved powder-bone white
Beyond his skull's form a scorpion lies
In the crunch of the snow as his darkness increases
A twilight of ice encircles his teeth

There's a 卍 swastika 卐 carved
In the palm of his hand
There's a crooked cross
That is caught in his mind
There waits a failing sun in his eyes
There's the honour of violence oh his lips

His father waits for him near the Towers of Silence
Where they worship the fires so long ago quenched
Under two willow trees with ᛉ inverted
The fork of life snapped—
There father and son
Shall mingle in dust
As if life itself
Had been mostly illusion but partially real
And partially pain

And over some wall
If you look through the rubble
Amongst ruins of churches
Where life conquers death
Though empires cannot last
Where blood and soil's concepts
Have faltered and failed
A cloud still sows teeth
As the world disappears…

This is a song for Douglas
After he's dead
This is a song for my Douglas
His Mercury dances

IN THE HEART OF THE WOOD (AND WHAT I FOUND THERE)

In the heart of the wood
In the closed forest
Christ appeared to me
In several forms
"One two three four 卍" I'm told
On the Cliffs of Moher
I walk with Mary
Behind the eyes
Of his innocence or guile
The young old man talks
Of the brittle walls
That kept his son
Pinioned pinioned pinioned
Mary walks on the Cliffs
But not on water

Then Christ appeared as wind
Mary runs down from the highwalls
Christ appears as flowers
Down longpath she walks
Christ appears as the rubble
That holds the stones
Thai holds the paths
That holds the feet
To the bones of the earth
If she waits
Oh if she wakes
Christ manifests slowly
As the dust on her eyes
Before she falls again
Into fields of sleep
(I would like this anger to dissolve)

And I wait for another
Revolution or revelation
It doesn't too much matter
If I see blood in wheals
"All shall be well" she said
But not for me
Not for me
The skeleton of the universe
Barbed wire of blues and stars
Remains unmoved
When the mother ocean covers me
I rush to drown
With her breakers

"All shall be well" she said
She said
"All shall be well"
But not for me
But not for me

MARY WAITS IN SILENCE

I shall return no more
The sea covers me
To pick gold from the skies
I shall wait between the spaces

I shall return no more
Imperium et nihil
The silence has folded
Inside and out

And Mary waits in silence
Imperium nihil est
In the gap between
His thought and his word

Something is finished
And something is born
In the place where words cease
In the moment when

Actions no longer matter
Oh the sky may darken
The curtain tear
She shall wait

Silver dust falls from her hair
Waits a span or a time
Sketches of her life swirl
Around her silence silent

The sounds of her silence
The forms that they take
They cover me still
My fingers twist in pain

Words are finished
And I come swiftly
And with a vengeance
And Mary waits in silence

A SILENCE SONG

So much silence
Stretching above me
Around me too
Has it deafened me?
Has it closed my ears?
Has the silence itself
Brought about this rapture?
Between silence and sound
Between the cry and the cull

If man raises one voice
I'll raise two then
One for loss
One for losing
One for death
And one for birth
He may hang bloodytorn
On this tree of moss
Though my grimace
Will cut my grin
I'll rise triumphant
I'll rise triumphing
You won't catch me
I fly unseen
Through the wind of the worlds
Missiles cut space
Spearing the starlight
Masking the moon
Wide of the march

Give me two reasons to stay here
Lostlight lostlove
Smudge the tracks
And smother the traces
Of the tires of your tear

Near the
Under the
Beside the
Beyond the flowers
Then further still
The children lie
In silent space
The wind shivers through
Their cornburnt hair

Silence immaculate
If they move
From silence to sound
Will the world shudder
Will my heart stop
In a cave
In a maze
The spring slides
Through my sadness
And my winter

(The stars have frozen into space—
The stars have molten into space)

The children wait
Flowers around
Burnish their hair
With brazen gold
And heartredrose
If I move
Then I shall stop
(How have the sightless fallen)
I'll take a knife to your heart
I'll take a knife to your…
I'll take a knife to your…

(London Bridge no longer remains;
Christ's face retracted through
The sky then breaks up into
Different shapes…)

A LAMENT FOR MY SUZANNE

There's the odour of incense
And I double in pain
And I flick through the past
As arrayed in my mind
On a bed in a room
That's locked on some hill
I'm gripping her hand
As she cries to the wall

The years stumble away
And the pain dissipates
Suzanne's clad in blues
With a mark in her hand
The lines round her lips
Are now scars in my mind

Down at the quayside
Through the sun's rising mists
Suzanne drags me down
"All this world's in your mind"
Can salvation emerge
From the heart of this dream?
Where the horses run formless
The sky cancels its stars
Then the fumes of the incense
Rise across the walls
And she watches me sideways
Like the world is on fire
Between the beat of her heart
And her gesture of fingers
The twist of her hand
As it beckons through me
She smiles through my pain
And my loss yet to come

I wait on the platform
For our lives to restart
And I wanted to tell her
How all my hearts felt
But my words barb inside me
And my lips cannot part

From the twisting of smokes
As we sit in her room
To the sorrow I feel
As I fail out of dreams
Inexplicable sadness
This gash that I feel
Devoid of her moon
And ripped of my suns

If I knew at that joining…
If I knew at that parting…
If I knew at that moment…
If I knew at that second…

The candlewax melts
And the water stops shining
That which is started
Is so easily falling
From cathedrals of sand
That the ocean laps away

And sometimes I wake empty
And she floats through my symbols
And I move as to hold her
And…

Lament for my Suzanne
I wait for you still

HITLER AS KALKI (SDM)

These are the dregs
The last grains of the age
It may be the hourglass
Or earth covering earth
But not in Bethlehem
Not in Jerusalem
Not in Chorazaim
And not in Bethsaida
We will not again see
God humbled on an ass
But see
See
On a white horse he comes
Blazing sword in burning hand
'Lo, I am become death
The destroyer of worlds'
His hands are backed up
They're straining at his neck
What colour shall we rank in him?
What face shall we deliver him?
There may be the black dog
There may be the white dog
Hitler comes as Kalki
Kalki comes as Hitler
Teeth. Teeth. Teeth. Teeth.

But meaningless lights
Still hold our attention
We think that the holy books
Are written in blood and fire
But what if it's water?
The fire's turned to blood
The blood's turned to water
And the water's turned to what?

Milk? Piss? Lies? Dust?
Hitler comes as Kalki
Kalki comes as Hitler
Everything becomes emptiness
But goes through fire
Secret mother གསང་ཡུམ་ཆེན་པོ།།
Secret father གསང་ཡབ་ཆེན་པོ།།
Hitler becomes Kalki
Kalki becomes Hitler
White horse and red horse
Christ twists on the cross
Hitler smiles in the guttering rubble
He brings not peace but a sword
Maybe the ocean roars immaculate
Maybe the stars fall incomprehensible
Oh these all tell me
Oh these all spell to me Hitler as Kalki
Kalki as Hitler

Where's your god now?
I'll point out his varied forms to you—
One—He hangs on the end of a tree
Two—He's nailed to the arms
Of that self-same tree
And three—He spins and soars
And laughs through space
One day the world sees
Oh one day the world sees
Hitler as Kalki
Kalki as Hitler

He lies matted
Half in time and half in space
Through the rising incense smoke
I see him in the crowded room
I see him crossing the mountain range

If we see man at his most bloody
If we see man at his most base
Shall we then and there say
"This is reality; this is his nature"?
What makes the pain
More real than the joy?
Both are so mingled
And muddled together
To pull them apart
We butcher the essence
And cripple its meaning

God is on the cross
Or three gods perhaps
If they are all one
Neither coming nor going
Neither waxing nor waning
But immense in their unity
Matter and space
He rides between the spaces
And he rides between the pain
In the secret heart of becoming
In the secret modes of darkness
His eyes are now shuttered windows
Oh man man man man
With his claws and his lies
With his peace and his pain
With his love and his sorrow
With his candle of hope
That stutters and dies
No liberation through heating
When the sound of the world's collapsing
Deafens deafens deafens our ears
And pierces our hearts
Hitler as Kalki
Kalki as Hitler
Rolling and roaring

Swooping and soaring
Exultant and trembling
Sorrow sorrow sorrow
Where the eagle flies
Where the eagle shudders
Where the eagle drops
Where the eagle plummets
All things merging
And all things dissolving
Then stars collapse
The vortex commences in space
The rubble collects
The debris gathers
Time starts to shiver
My heart's blood

If I dissolve into your body
If I hoped to find
Whitelight in your soul
If together we fall into forever
Would we not notice the turbulence
That no longer waits?

First he comes
From on a hill
Then he's running
Throughout the town
Then he stands
Devoid of peace
Devoid of place
Devoid of pity

Oh my dear Christ
Carded broken from sad brown earth
Teeth. Teeth. Teeth. Teeth. Teeth.
Hitler as Kalki
Kalki as Hitler

ALL THE STARS ARE DEAD NOW

Bloody smoke
Foggy smoke
Beginnings and endings…

There's a heart of the world
In the bowed bony Burren
There's a trip-hole to her heart
In soaring Snæfellsnes
And the crack of the world
The moist muddy lips of her
The slit of the mother fallen
Sliced from the stars
By the slicing discus
At Kamarupa

From her mouth at the end
Of the worlds
From her mouth at the end
Of the times
The shapes that form the ends
Of the wheelings
The forces that shape the forms
Of the breaths
That cover the clouds
Of the green world's last dancings
Flicker forth like spring-heeled jackals
All laughing and bloody and wrathful
And peaceful and shining and pallid
And burning and liquid and sadness
And joy
(Mansour is smiling teethly at the stars
John sits on the stairs with me
His eyes are shining—
Oh Mother—COME to me)

Little lovely licking tongues of fire
Smiling and slyly emerge from the stones
The air is now very very viscous
In the distance Sunday children play pipes
The air is now very violent
Birds do not fill the air
Laughing does not fill the air
No bodies fill the air
But the sun filters slowly through the air
As if it has turned to sticky sweet mud
All flowers die
Except for some few
A chain of burning bloody flowers
Follow my eyes crying tears

(Lilith is smiling at the corpse of a cow
And in that corpsey cow
The corpse of another
And so on and so on
And perhaps forever
If times were not folding and falling
Over each other
And so on and so on and so on
And certainly endless)

מנא מנא תקל ופרסין
Mene mene tekel upharsin
We have been weighed and lost
We have been weighed and lost

(I slept I dreamt I dreamed a dream—
London bright fires smiling and burning
Light roads road through the starlacked night
Many dark suns are falling falling down
London Bridge is destroyed)
In my mind pigs and rubble gnaw

In the dark heights and hearts of Albion
Shudderings in the heart
Cruelty in the heart
And this is over
All over now
In Kamarupa

My eyes my mind spinning
Spinning back and forth
Eyes in London
Mind in a hole
Oh they come they come they run out
Fleeing from what
They come out running
Running
Great Babylon has fallen fallen fallen
Jerusalem has fallen fallen fallen
The great great beast
Is dead dead dead dead
Simon Simon is dead dead dead dead
And some other bleeding children
Are smiling
They're dead in the rubble
They're dead dead dead dead
And Mercury rises
And Mercury fails
And how dead dead dead dead
Dead dead are you

Summertime
When the living is easy
Summertime
When the dying is easy

The world shudders on
Black tree against a bruised blue sky

The fairground is all shabby and silent
Red sky at night
Red sky at night
Danger
Christ is crying
Christ's tears leaving
His heart and night
All the many faces we have worn
All the many faces we have borne
And dead dead dead dead dead dead
Dead dead dead dead dead are we

Though once I thought
Oh once I read
The hidden god plays hide and seek
Whilst others still run from him
From the world's stomach
The goddies emerge
And who comes to judge us
And who comes to push us
The bloody master
Is bloody dead dead dead
And who comes to stripe us?
And who comes to hold us?
Where is his colour?
And where is her cover?
And what is her nature?
And where does he shine from?

(Broken birds move through the air
They all drink blood)
When Christ smiles his smile is broken
Holly ivy old dead trees
Dead dead dead
Holly and ivy dead dead dead dead
Dead dead dead dead

Dead dead dead dead
Rainbow lovely are lovely lights
Dead dead dead dead
Horn stag cross meets hunter
Dead dead dead dead
(Oh Saint Eustace *ora pro nobis*)
Old woman old woman
Old and dead dead dead dead
Now no summers left
This side of boxwood
Crosses broken in my midsummer
The south is dying
The north is dying
The west is dying
The east is dying

"There are four corners to the world," she said
And every one
Is dead dead dead
Dead dead dead dead
Dead dead dead dead dead
Dead dead dead dead
Dead dead dead dead dead
And all the planets
They're dead dead dead dead
And all my heart
Is dead dead dead dead
Dead dead dead dead dead dead dead
Dead dead dead dead dead dead dead
It's all dead dead dead

RIVERDEADBANK

Like dust
I'm lost in the world
I thought that I had
A particular place
Between the heavens
And the earth
Between the scarred sky

I feel the crunch of dirt
I smell the scent of flowers
My aimless feet
To be in the world
And not of it
That's the aim of the pain
I'm sorry that there seems
No happiness in life
I'm sorry that there seems
No one
Passing streams
Dying dreams
There seems to be no joy

You cannot see the ships sailing
You cannot see the sails sailing
Amassing as Christ on the horizon
Outstretched
Outstretched…

ROSY STAR TEARS FROM HEAVEN

There are broken birds scattered over the white cliffs of Dover…

Once I read and so I thought
Firstly the red dragon rises in the East

So I sat and still I thought
Then the white dragon rises from the North

I start to walk my mind turns
Out of clouds a smokish dragon rises from the West

It seems to me the world is dying
Smiling teeth and black dragon rises in the South

Whilst rosy stars fall from heaven
Turn to starry roses in greening grasses
Burnt burning smiles lovers' tokens
Soft white breasts unveiling nature

My mother sighs my father lies
With scattered pebbles dying horses
The moon is violet
Violent and vapourous
Seas of horses buildings tumble

Once I read and so I thought
Firstly the red dragon rises in the East

I shall move and still I'll think
Then the white dragon rises from the North

All this world is such a bind
Out of clouds a smokish dragon from the West

It seems to me people smile
Smiling teeth and black dragon rises in the South

Whilst rosy stars fall from heaven
Turn to starry roses in green grasses
Burn burning smiles lovers' tokens
Soft white breasts unveiling nature

My mother sighs my father lies
Scattered pebbles the world tails
The moon is violet violent and vapourous
Seas of horses part for me

AN ENDING
for Miss Kat

Fourteen long years she lies oh she lies oh
A love as she lies she dreams in white stone
Colonnade marbled and balcony empty
A broken band brokenly marks broken time
Fourteen long years she dreams oh she dreams oh
As dreamer, she dreams on, as lover entwines
Her limbs grow round his limbs
She drinks from a bottle
She walks through the city
She's lost and then found
Fourteen long years further back scatter
She sits on some beach and reasons with him
In the secret, red, moist heart
The most loved and most dark
The flame shaft and fierce dart
The rose leaf and moss part
Spread-eagled like starfish, most pain and most fear
Like flower of sea grass, most fragile and harmless
Most fearsome and bloody
Most child-like and wrinkled
This starfish, this spider, most wretched and great
Do not cry for me
Let me show you the path on which
We neither come nor go
She smiles at me lake-wide
Wetbrowneyed and darkskinned
Some dark moon unmoved stalks through her loss
Do not spend this night with me

I shall make the fallen blind see
This too another broken toy
From broken girl gift to broken boy
I ask my sea blue rushing mother
"Shall she hear the lions roar?"

EMBLEMS

SILENCE AS CHRISTINE

Prophets of doom past times arising
In my mind's eye the sky smiles
A 卍swastika卐 black
Hitler's appearing with Mickey Mouse ears
And I'm raped with a vision
Of cartoon messiahs
Naked women are dancing offering up vases
Sometimes filled with sadness
Sometimes with machines
A cemetery of Noddy caps
Fills up the starspaces
Black dogs are barking
And white dogs are laughing

This is how the silence
Manifests as Christine

Black geese are dying
And white geese are dying
And dun geese are dancing
Then fade into dying
Whilst the sound of child's laughing
Overflows kindness
Steven's appeared as the essence of smoke
Balance appears incarnate as earthstar

Douglas comes running muscled yet death's head
Christ hovers round me moistened and misty
The sky is metallic
It's trembling and savage

This is how the silence
Manifests as Christine

All this is not real
All this is not real
First the light's obscured
It's bee-stung with darkness
The twilight is blistered
The earth's form is blistering
Now—the silence speaks
And before my eyes sightless not shifting
Immaculate comes Christine
Manifest as silence
And then through the forest
And there through the forest
With the rushing and whining
Of a wind cut in scarlet

This is how the silence
Manifests as Christine

HOOVES

Horses are riding into her arms
She lost her own way years ago
Her sister calls her from the far side of night
And she falls with that call

It's the only way out
She tells me "I love you"
But it's only a game

So she slides through the silence
She's fixing a time
To move back into darkness
Again with a smile

"Don't touch me—I'm falling"
She laughs in the night
"Don't catch me—I'll return
When the wheel comes around
You see we're all born to suffer
We're all born to fall
In this gray fading world
That calls us to Zero"

She touches my body,
I crouch up to die.
Down the Ramblas we're walking
In Reykjavík we're talking
She's reading a book
Finished years ago.
She's tearing up paper—she's tearing up life
But she only starts thinking
When her blood is brown

Gold is the colour she promised to wear
But Christ's blood turns black
His body she bears
But she dipped him in water
And she blackened the faith
It's hard to believe them when they spit in your face

And I don't want to touch you
I don't want to lie
In the brownredgold slumber
That you've taken to ride

I remember I was thinking only of you
And I built you a playground
It was built up with crosses
But you wanted a valley
Where Horse could run free
We knew it was over when you stammered out lies

It's hard to keep riding when the world is on fire
It's hard to keep riding when your eyes fill with blood
It's hard to keep riding when your grip has grown slack
It's hard to keep riding when your network is sliding

We were listening to lions at Fluntern with James
We were riding the trams to kneel at his wake
Though Christ is impaled on the Cross through His hands
You made your own gospel centred on *hooves*

And—Christ—I was thinking of your bended arm
"It is blue on the outside; it is blue on the inside"
You said as you buckled, as if you would die
"There's no point in living… there's no point in life"
There's spit on the bridle; there's blood in the saddle
And you slip in the shit you shat in yourself
And *Christus* is *Equus*—and *Equus* is Lord
You follow in footsteps made by a flower
Then I wanted to touch you—
But you're destined to fall

OUR LADY OF HORSIES

This is the signature of all things
Signs written in cross-etched ice
Some partings spoken with tongue on teeth
Our Lady of Horsies

Our Lady of Rats
Our Lady of Wings
Our Lady of Smokes
Our Lady of Night
Our Lady of Smiles
Our Lady of Silence
Our Lady of Sickles
Our Lady of Womblight
Our Lady of Vulturine Virginity
Our Lady of Vaginas
Swamped with Starlight and Tears

Our Lady of Love
Our Lady of Kaleidoscopes
Our Lady of Gold and Stars
And of Blood
Our Lady of Laughter
Mother mine
Made of machines
Our Labia of Lips
Our Lady of Dust
Our Lady of Dusk
Our Lady of Dirt

Our Lady of Destruction
Our Lady of Dissolution
Our Lady of Desire
Our Lady of Deathage
Our Lady who lays
In the liquorice night
Our Lady who burns
In the treacly night
Our Lady of Cancers
Our Lady of Candles
Of Crabs and of Skulls
Our Lady appearing

Our Lady appearing
In rocking horse night
Our Lady who falls and falls again
Into fields of rape
Our Lady of Breathing
Of Breaths
Who holds me
In her secret cold spaces
Our Lady who wheels in sadness
Our Lady who waits in silence

This is the signature of all things
Signs written in cross-etched ice
Our Lady who speaks in the dark
Our Lady of Horsies

Our Lady who dances in gaps
Our Lady who dances in emptiness
Our Lady of Thorns
Our Lady of Sores
Our Lady of Wounds
Our Lady of Pain
Our Lady of Love
Who waits always
Through all pain
Our Lady of Loves and of Lovers

Our Lady of Rape
Our Lady of the Raped
Our Lady of the Lost and the Hopeless
Of the Forgotten
Of the Conquering and the Conquered
Of the Sightless and the Starless

Our Lady of Stars
Our Lady of Mangers

With the world in her womb
Our Lady of Gallows
Of Crickets and Robins
Of Rough and Raw Roaring
Of the Silent Encircling
Of the Stags and the Deers
That wait in her forests

This is the signature of all things
Signs written in crossetched ice
Some partings spoken with tongue in teeth
Our Lady of Trenches

Our Lady of Lepers
Who suffers in all things
Who rejoices in all things
Who gives birth to all things
Who gives death to all things
Our Lady of Purpose
Of Hiring and Hearing
Our Lady of Death's Heads
Of Fools and of Gold
Our Lickylipped Laughter
Of Lady of Cries
Of Lady of Christ
Our Lady of Crutches
Who waits for me at the end
At the end
When I fall
She shall wait for me
Our Lady of Smiles
Our Lady of Hope
Oh my love for you burns strong
You shall not desert me

THEY RETURN TO THEIR EARTH

When serpents come
They cover the Christ thorn
Two heads and cock heads
Serpents' feet are the motion
Lidded eyes and smudged reality
Everything has two faces
One is earthly without true form
The other blackened and blackening

And mother is in the fields
Father is in the fields

You know well its tortured form
It's locked within a particular place
It's locked within a particular form
It's jailed by a falling light
With angles shapes and size
It's held by three wood
It's held in four place
It's a name that has no name

Mother is in the fields
Father is in the fields

It's a form creating formless
Formless creating form
Oh—four towers reaping backwards
Do not spell the sound
Do not move to the lies
Speak the words and they create the universe
And they destroy all universe

Mother sleeps in the fields
And father he reaps in the fields

Heavy-lidded eyes do not mask his pain
They shade us from the burning light
Listen—one face one form one truth
I see it through the shading glass
I see it fractured in the world
This is not true
It's appearance only

Mother is in the fields
Father is in the fields

An eagle flies his bloody face
Behind bloody laws behind bloody claws
His pain is blackened rain
His rain is RomanZion pain
It is not finished
It happens now
Matchstick men in a matchstick world
Make the prick slice the sickle
Make the sickle slice the corn
Time stops when He was thirty-three

And mother is in the fields
And father is in the fields

Time stops when I am thirty
Time stops then and time stops there
Then is now
Why do we not see it?
Time stops time breaks time folds
Time ceases
The pestle grinds the mortar
The mortar turns to dust
The metal turns to rust
Words they fail and they fall apart
The corn it dies and is reborn

And mother stays in the fields
And father is in the fields

Blond hair moves in the blond corn
Boyd wears black and he talks of death
But all his faces spell out light
Michael's on the roof
He's kissing a Rose
A blood-drop comes from the heart of her life
Something hangs above there in the skies
Something hovers above his brown hair
Life *la-las* in the background of light
And the birds don't sing
When the curtain snaps
Anita's in Ireland
She's falling over rocks
Stars are for her scarring
Scars are for her pain
And all stars meet in a falling star
And some make money from weapons—it's blood
And some make money from fear—it's blood
And some make money from hunger—it's blood
And some make money from politics—it's blood
And some make money from religion—it's blood
The world falls apart
The world starts to cease

And mother is in the fields
And father has died in the fields

MCMXC

HORSEY

ÍSLAND

1990

HORSEY

THE DEATH OF THE CORN

Through the marshes
And through the filtering glades
Through the corn
And through the scything fields
The summer sun
Dances and rages
The summer sun
Flies burning into the light
And who shall die
At the death of the corn?
Rise, rise, rise

The sleeping giant awakes
He circles into circling
The wild Wild Hunt
Dawn dies at dusk
And Dolly banners are raised
For the death of the corn
They're sealed and shining
With The True Love Knot

And who shall lie
At the death of the corn?
Rise, rise, rise

Shifting the shapes
That bleed the mountains
You tear apart my body
The Corn King dies
Has died, he dies
And dying still
He shall rise again
And sink back into earth

And who will cry
At the death of the corn
Rise, rise, rise

And who shall cry?
The summer sun dances
And who shall die?
The summer sun dances
The death of the corn
Rebirth and reborn

And the True Love Knot is found
In the death of the corn
And the True Love Knot is bound
In the death of the corn
And the True Love Knot is crowned
In the death of the corn

THE TREE

The tree
Is ever verdant
And the roots
Cannot die
And the leaves
Can never wither
The tree
Can never die
This is the tree
That never dies
The ram
And the sheep
Endless marriage
And endless feast
With the braying
And the kissing

Of the Lord
The ram's blood
And the lamb's meat
This is the crop
That never fails
All through the earth
And through the forests
Through the fields
And through the towns
The wheel shall turn
And turn and turn
The wheel shall turn
And cut us down
This is the word
That never lies
From king to beggar
Priest to miser
The wheel shall turn
And cut them down
All such broken flowers
Pass away
All such broken statues
Pass away
This is the tree
That never lies
Night shall fade
And dawn shall come
Stars will die
And dawn will come
Gods and laws
Will pass away
The corn will die
And be reborn
This is the crop
That never dies

BROKEN BIRDS FLY (MALDOROR WAITS)

Cut the wind
I see broken birds fly
I hear dead children sing
The wind moves again
And when she awakens
She shall shout
θάλαττα
On all sides
Broken birds soar
The waves move
The sound does not diminish
The sound shall not diminish
The crops shall not cease
Life-stirrer
Life-begetter
Mother
Light-giver
Father
Night-bearer
And where is the eagle?
He has gone
And where is the sun?
He too has gone
Where too is children's laughter?
This too is gone
Where love and beauty?
It is taken
And where is now the blackbird?
She is silent
And something for the harvest
Something comes for the harvest
And black water only
Black water
Bracken

I see the ruins now
In the heart of the city
Lost
In the heart of the master
Lust
And where is the nature of man?
This is dead
And where in the sea?
And where in the earth?
And where in the sky?
And where in the heaven?
And where in the hell
That we have built us?
Is raped and razed
Is snatched and scorched
Is taken from all
That I once said is
Mine mine mine
"And where is the purity?"
This too has been raped
Blood on the altars of the innocents
Slaughter for its own sake
Slaughter of the innocents
They are lost in carnage
Not of their own making
At the back of my mind too
Where is my youth?
And this too is taken
Where the corn
Grows fresh in the heart
Of the night
No gods arise now
We have lost our faith
We have lost our face
And who laughs?
Who prays?

Who calls on the most high?
Where is the flight of the eagle?
This is gone
And where has this led us?
Nowhere
Nothing
Dissolution beckons
Call once
Call twice
Fall again
Make sharp the sound of the bowing
The breaking and burning
Christ is before me
Christ is behind me
Christ to my left
And Christ to my right
And all around me
He blazes in glory
The world turns
And Maldoror cries
He cries in the darkness
He waits at the crack
The red crack of time
And I wait for him too
To take me to the house and the harvest
Where the children wait
Where silence screams
Immaculate red phases
The bloody spasm of time
He waits in the darkness
He burns in the heart
He said it was finished
He said it had died
But Maldoror waits
In the black hole of time
The black crack

This is Christ incarnate—
He waits in the darkness for me
He waits in the darkness
For all of us
The black split
Scratched red sound
That breaks the night
We are disembodied now
The world falls apart
And Maldoror waits
In the darkness
He waits in the night
He waits at the black heart
The black crack of time
Maldoror waits

HORSEY

She's pouring brown gold
Into her veins
She lost her own way
Years ago
Her sister calls her
From the dark side of night
And she falls with that call
It's the only way out
She tells me "I love you"
But it's only a game
And she slides through the silence
Fixing her time
To slide to the darkness
Again with a smile
"Don't touch me, I'm falling"
She laughs in the night
"Don't touch me, I'll return
When the wheel comes around

Do not feel fear
Or think about me
We're all born to suffer
We're all born to fall
In a gray shaded world
That calls us to zero"
Her mother's mouth slits
Her sister lies taken
She touches my body
But I crouch up to die
Down las Ramblas we're walking
In Reykjavík we're talking
The snow is moon-cold
The room freezes over
She's reading a book
She finished it years ago
She's tearing up paper
She's tearing up life
But she only starts thinking
When her blood is brown

Gold is the colour
She promised to wear
Christ's Blood turns black
His Body she wears
But she dips Him in waters
Confession of faith
It's hard to believe you
When you spit in my face
I don't want to touch you
I don't want to lie
In the brown red gold slumber
You've taken to ride

I remember I was thinking
Only of you

But you shattered me nightly
You broke all the rules
I found myself falling
And then
And then
Through the wreckage of this parched life
And the pain of the next one
I said "Fucking over—
All of this is shit"
But still the wind calls
"Imperium"
When you rage at the Conqueror
You only rage at yourself
When you torture the Anointed
You only torture yourself
And you've listened to Piaf
But not to the Christ
So you sparkle for seconds
Then dissolve into mist
And the fog closes in
And you talk about Crowley
You think it's a game
But the game is just you
When shall you stop hiding
In the heart of your night?
When the cold darkness beckons
Where the cold tramways stop
And—*Christ*!—I was thinking
Of your bended arm
"It is blue on the inside;
It is blue on the outside"
You said, and then buckled
As if you might die
"There's no point in living!
There's no point in life!"

And sometimes I hear you
At the back of my mind
And a golden door opens
But no light appears
It closes at three
But the time is now midnight
Time all runs out
And the sands are not solid
"My foundation is solid"
You said and you laughed
But something was brooding
Beneath your feet

And you ask about Nicholas
And beg me for Crystal
But HORSEY runs speechless
Through your wake
And your dreams
I'll build you a playground
It's surrounded by crosses
But you want a valley
Where HORSEY can run free
We knew it was over
When you started your lying
It's hard to keep riding
When the world is on fire
It's hard to keep riding
When your eyes fill with blood
It's hard to keep riding
When your grip has grown slack
It's hard to keep riding
When your structure is sliding

We were listening to lions
At Fluntern with James

We were riding the tram
To ride to the Wake

But I don't believe this world
That has touched me
It's hard to keep riding
When the HORSEY is the lord
It's hard to keep riding
When the HORSEY is the lord
And it's hard to believe
When you worship dead flowers
It's hard to love people
Who struggle to stand
On the back of black wings
On the lake's shore
At midnight
Though Christ is impaled
On the Cross through His Hands
You'd make your own Gospel
And centre it on HOOVES
There's spit on the bridle
There's blood on the saddle
And you slip in the shit
You've shat in yourself
And Christus is *Equus*
And Equus is Lord
And His mane flies with fury
And the wind cuts through Him
You follow in footsteps
Trod by another
Oh I wish I could hold you
But you're destined to fall
I was thinking of you
When the water froze over
"In a foreign land
In a foreign town"

You prepare to go on a journey
To pasture
Then you said "Forever"
It's a picture of *nowhere*
I don't have your face
Or comprehend you
A bottle is ordered
And I wait on another
And the words flow as liquid
And the pain starts to ease
Do not pass judgement
On those that fall
For those that first fall
Are the first that shall call you
And those that fall after
Into sadness and waste
These bodies that fall
Are red essence
Red rain
Train
Train that rides
To the heart of the dead
When you're trampled by holes
The holes come to you
I do not know what to do
When you offer me something
You said you were joking
But I felt it was true
And I don't want to lose you
I don't want to die
But you cannot take silence
When silence takes you
You cannot take life
When life's taken you
And you cannot stop turning
When you're bound on a wheel

As the wheel keeps on turning
You'll rise and then fall
Thrown back to zero
To fall and then rise
As the sky fills with HORSIES
That shudder and then stamp
In the blood-red pastures
Where no-one runs free
Where the monkey is nailed
To a wound in your arm
When you see monkey carry
Both chalice and spear
The HORSEY has a face
That grins and then slides
Back to the filthy stables
To be born once again
In the HORSEY monkey year
You'll be born for eternity
Reborn to keep riding
And carrying your burden
The sound of the HORSEY
Is the sound of silence
The act of the HORSEY
Is the trampling of life
The breath of the HORSEY
Is the breath of bad moons
The sign of the HORSEY
Is the sign of denial
The jaws of the HORSEY
Eat up the universe
The teeth of the HORSEY
Form sewers for rivers
And the eyes of the HORSEY
Are sightless with stars
The limbs of the HORSEY
Galloping mindless

The love of the HORSEY
Masturbation eternal
Pursuit of the HORSEY
Is the fruit for the hopeless
The piss of the HORSEY
Smells of poppy-red rivers
The blood of the HORSEY
Is a snake with no ending
From out of its body
And then into yours
And out of your body
And then into fields
To be ploughed back into mire
The mire of your life
Fields full of poppies
And fields full of bodies
They suck in the flowers
They fuck in the dust
Where they lie under wheels
And they lie under stones
The voice of the HORSEY
Is the sound with no meaning
Four horsemen riding
But only one HORSEY
Four horsemen riding
But only one scythe
With green vines spreading
Up to the hilt
And it's written in the mist
Unto the world
Golden triangles
Full of red windows
Red exits
Red doors Re-entry barred
"A white medicine" he tells me
In Kathmandu

Tyre people drag bodies
Crippled for coin
སྨན་དཀར་པོ་
People die for
They give up their lives for
They spew on their own
As they spew on the others
They care for themselves
And the scum that they stable
And the scum that they stable
Is the scum they shall ride
And the scum that they ride
Is the scum that rides them
And the scum that rides them
Is the scum that shall stumble
The scum that shall trample
Fall and destroy
Enough to keep pumping
When your fire's gone out
Over the table we fall and we fall
Slow-motion,
Stuck in a discarded film
Ecce Equus
Behold the HORSEY

ÍSLAND

FALLING

The starlight has faded
The lamplight is dimming
And silence is growing
All around
All around
The voices are stopping
Eyesight fading too
All around
We're covered by wind
Covered by wind
And if the universe
Should decide to stop
What then?
What then?
The starlight has faded
The lamplight is dimming
And all around
We're covered by wind
The shadows slide
Down the mountains
The clouds now
Have blocked out the sun
The shadows have
Blocked out the sun
And if the universe
Should decide to stop
What then?
What then?
What then?
The shadows move
Down the side of the valleys
Hovering

Too close to home
Too close to home

THE DREAM OF A SHADOW OF SMOKE

In my mind is the sound
Of rudderless ships
A time, and a time
And a time
And a time
So much silence
Deafens our ears
So much emptiness
Hinders our movements
Lost in the earth
And lost in the air
Around my hollow globe
Broken feathers
Blocking my words
And then no-one speaks
Oh no-one moves
Broken in snow
The sun bares teeth
So one—I shall build a boat
Two—I shall not fly a flag
Three, three, three—
God's three functions
So three—I shall cross myself
Four—and hope to die

A LAMENT FOR MY SUZANNE

There's the odour of incense
And I double in pain
And I flick through the past
As arrayed in my mind
On a bed in a room
That's locked on some hill
I'm gripping her hand
As she cries to the wall
The years stumble away
And the pain dissipates
Suzanne's clad in blues
With a mark in her hand
The lines on her face
Are now scars in my mind
Down at the quayside
Through the sun's rising mists
Suzanne draws me down
"All this world's in your mind"
Can salvation emerge
From the well of a dream?
Where the horses run formless
And the sky turns from stars
Then the fumes of the incense
Rise across the walls
And she watches me sideways
Like the world is on fire
Between the beat of her heart
And the gesture of her fingers
The grip of her hand
As it beckons through me
She smiles through my pain
And the loss yet to come
And the candlewax melts
And the waters then stop shining

PASSING HORSES

གཏེ་གཏེ་པ་ར་གཏེ་པ་ར་ཙམ་གེ་ཏེ་བོད་སྐ་ཏུ།།
Emptiness
Nothing rests on the mirror
Nothing to rest
Nowhere to rest
Clouds do not obscure
Passing horses
White snow melting
Snowflakes falling
Turn back into air
The end is painless
Already full we are
Although empty
Passing horses
White horses ripple
Through the blue sky
"Who would have thought
A dewdrop would last so long"
He said
"Your end which is endless"
He said
"As a snowflake melts
Into air"
He said
Trust yourselves
Your cup is full
Overflowing
Floating
Passing horses
Shining hooves
Emptiness is moving
And dancing
Sky-clad
Rainbow-coloured

And crystal-faced
“A net of fireflies”
Freedom itself
And motion itself
And suffering itself
And pain itself
And laughing itself
And shot through
With nothing
No one hearing
“And the foam on the last water
Has dissolved” he said
“I lean against the stove
And emptiness—lo! Eternity”
He said
And where are they now
These passing horses?
In which wood
In which star
In which stream
“Alone into the alone”
She said
Not realising
Oh how alone
She already was
Dancing in between
The worlds
The swallow dips
The eagle hovers

ANYWAY, PEOPLE DIE

Who am I? Who do you say I am? As I hobble on to the land of the dull… Wings or wheels, wings or wheels? Now I'm like a silly boy. Now I'm like the Wandering Jew. He goes on, but I linger. The rain makes—
Scythes
And the oil staggers
Over waters
Blue sky may stay
Blue sky or grey
And the rain falls
On life
On life
On life
On life
On life
And once you go beyond
Once you go beyond
The line between
Human
And inhuman
Disappears
Disappears
Disappears…
How the trees stand
Oh how the wind strives
And people to bend
Are we left with nothing?
A Cross appears
Between the horns
Of a stag
And burning light
Blinds the hunter
And firstly I stood proud
Fuelled by white and beast

Then bowed till I…
Almost broken
A row of Christs
Stare down on me
And their several likenesses
Flame and torch my walls
ᛟ *Othal, odal* bloody
Then scarred and scabbed
Who am I?
Who do you say that I am?
As I hobble on
To the land of the dull
Wings or wheels
Wings or wheels
Now I'm like a silly boy
Now I'm like the Wandering Jew
And he goes on
And thus I linger
And anyway
People die

TO BLACKENED EARTH

Everything changes
So they say
From better
Then to worse
Everything
Falls apart
Everything
Falls
Seems to turn
To another state
Everything
Fall from heaven
Down to earth

Down to earth
And your hair was blonde
Your eyes were black
Your smile was red
As a dancing god
But from your mouth
Fell lies
That tear the world
And that tear my heart
And everything seems to fall
Seems to rip itself apart
It falls from heaven
Like golden rain
And drops to earth
Like blackened tears
And everything must end
Must cease
Everything
Comes to an end
As you and I
When you fall then
So shall I
As you stand in ruins
Ripped of light
Ripped of stars
Made of dust
And everything changes
So they say
From better
Down to worse
Everything it seems
Must fall apart
Ripped of light
Ripped of hope

OH MERRY-GO-ROUND

Children are scattered
With sunlight
And the falling clouds
Cover the skies
Mothers hold colours
Of bloods
And three jewels
Cover their eyes
Blossomed
Blessed
And blistering
卐 Swastikas 卍
Replaced by a cross
Sickles replaced
By the sun
The stars turn to grey
In the skies
Merry-go-round round
Sadness comes down down
Merry-go-round round
Sadness comes down
The rise of a dragon—imperious
The fall of an empire—*Imperium*
The flash of a thunderbolt—imperial
The birth of a child appears
The sadness to come
Shall dissolve
The nature of the sky
Is joy
The carousel makes colours
And sounds
The horses' teeth
Chatter and snap
Merry-go-round round

Sadness comes down down
Merry-go-round round
Sadness comes down
Philip throws hexagrams
To discover the cosmos
HorseLover Fat
Talks with Christ
Metal fish glints
On the girl's breast
And the Ape's
Mock universe
Dissolves…

I ARISE

I shall arise
I shall arise
I shall arise

Across the seashore
A sunrise shatters
The different colours
Begin to stutter
And I arise
I arise
I shall arise

Through broken valleys
Black lava crawling
The mossy bracken swamps our feet

And I arise
And I am searching
In broken landscapes

I arise
I arise
I turn to stone
And I will arise
I shall rise
I am arisen

In cracked glass skydreams
I arise

Then through the parks
The sound of children
And vacant alleys
And vacuous eyes
I arise
I arisen
I arise

I will arise
I shall be cold
And arise
Up to the skies
And arise

In varied seasons
A young man's leanings
Turns to visions
Of wheels
Of wars
Of walls
And wailing wells

And arising
I arise
Up to the skies

And arisen
Now
I am pure
And arise

Shall I be silent
In corrupt landscapes?
Empty seashores
Black with pebbles
And moss and stone
Different colours
Begin to stutter

And I arise
Arise
I arise
I arise
To the skies

Through broken valleys
Black lava crawling
The mossy bracken
Swamps our feet
And I arise
And I am searching
In broken landscapes
I shall turn to stone

And I arisen
With children laughing
In empty playgrounds
Under this moon
My eyes are clear
My smile is red

And I arise

In cracked glass skydreams
I arise
I arise
And through the parks
The sound of children
Their ringing laughter
Hurts my ears
Their vacant smiles
Their stupid giggles
Their pointless laughing
Their stupid smiles
I arise
I arise

With bloodstained eyes
I arise
Up to the skies
I arise

A sunrise shatters
The different colours
Begin to stutter
And I arise
I arise
I shall arise
Through broken valleys
Black lava crawling
The mossy bracken
Swamps our feet
And I arise
And I am searching
In broken landscapes
I arise
I arise
I turn to stone

And I arise
In cracked glass skydreams
I arise
I arise

And through the parks
The sound of children
Their ringing laughter
Hurts my ears
Their vacant smiles
Their stupid giggles
Their pointless laughing
Their stupid smiles
I arise
I arise
With bloodstained eyes
I arise
Up to the skies
I arise

But still cold
In silence
Love dies
Then the children
No more swinging swings
Night has fallen

CROWLEYMASS UNVEILED

Okay boys and girls—let's go!
Alright!
Another wretched morning
A wretched October day
No sound of angels in the trees
ChristMass is far away
But then a voice starts whipping round
The Vision comes to play
And this is what the Voice declaims—
It's Τὸ Μεγα Θηρίον's birthday!

Don't give us no sass
Or we'll kick your ass
'Cos we're the heralds of Crowleymass

Well you can take your Three Wise Kings
Your mangers, sheep and—Hey!
'Cos the θέλημα Boys are taking over
With tidings of the Beast's birthday

Don't give us no sass
Or we'll kick your ass
'Cos we're the heralds of Crowleymass

And see the little children at Crowleymass
Their faces full of awe
And they don't get no shitty dolls
'N' trains 'n' stuff like that
No! They just get *The Book of the Law*

Well you can take your reincarnation
Transubstantiation and your Papal kiss
'Cos I'm with the Beast in Beastly bliss
And all I want is copulation

And there ain't no grace
And there ain't no guilt
'Cos this is the Law—*Do What Thou Wilt*
And his name is "Crowley"
It rhymes with "holy"
It isn't "Crowley"
That rhymes with "foully"
(No Chance!)

And you can take your reincarnation
Transubstantiation and your Papal piss
And all I want is good old-fashioned copulation

THE FALL OF CHRISTOPHER ROBIN

Christopher Robin is saying his prayers
But no one is up there, nobody cares
Christopher Robin, he prays to the Lord
For the starving young children
For the old and the cold
Christopher Robin, he falls to his knees
Wailing and crying alone in the night

Christopher Robin, his face wet with tears
"I'm praying to Jesus, I hope that he hears"
Christopher Robin, he does what he's told
Christopher's a darling, his heart glistens like gold
Christopher Robin, his soul is confused
Good and evil start to struggle and virtue loses
Christopher Robin, face to face with foe
All over the world he sees Evil win and so…
Christopher has a secret, one that he mustn't tell
He's drawn up a contract with the devil in Hell
Christopher was greedy, Christopher was bad
He sold his soul to Satan, boy will he be sad!
Christopher Robin has a familiar

Christopher had a vision, into the abyss he saw
Christopher Robin never wanted to die
The Devil promised him sweeties, but the Devil lied!

Christopher Robin, his face wet with tears
"I'm praying to Jesus, I hope that he hears"
Christopher Robin, he does what he's told
Christopher's a darling, his heart glistens like gold
Christopher Robin, his soul is confused
Good and evil start to struggle and virtue loses
Christopher Robin, face to face with foe
All over the world he sees Evil win and so…

Christopher's on a journey, he shall not return
In life he liked praying, now he's going to burn!
Christopher Robin, he falls down the stairs
His nightshirt ripped open, his flesh torn and bare
Christopher Robin, he's confined in his bed
Locked up in the darkness, alone 'til he's dead
Satan is patient, he's always got time
Now Christopher's a patient, as he in hospital lies

Christopher Robin, his face wet with tears
"I'm praying to Jesus, I hope that he hears"
Christopher Robin, he does what he's told
Christopher's a darling, his heart glistens like gold
Christopher Robin, his soul is confused
Good and evil start to struggle and virtue loses
Christopher Robin, face to face with foe
All over the world he sees evil win and so

Each tale has a message, we all must agree
All children who start praying, will burn in eternity
Each tale has a message, we all must agree
All children who start praying, will burn in eternity

Christopher Robin
What a life
Never thought it would come to this
He called on Bruth
He called on Bruth
And *Dungeons and Dragons* were his only joy
Christopher Robin, what did you get into?
And where will you go in Hell?
Burning and praying in a lake of fire
With all those other sinners
Fingers burned, Christopher Robin
And there will not be another time

MCMLXXXVIII

CHRIST AND THE PALE QUEENS

1988

CHRIST AND THE PALE QUEENS MIGHTY IN SORROW

DÖGUN

Take the torch to daddy's house
Take the flames to daddy's house
Take the fires to daddy's house
Take the torch to daddy's house

Blood of my blood, dust of my dust
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust

Take the flames to daddy's house
Take the fires to daddy's house
Build the pyres higher and higher
Take the flames to daddy's house
Build the pyre, build the fire

Blood of my blood, dust of my dust
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust

Take the flames to daddy's house
Take the torch to daddy's house
Take the flames to daddy's house
Build the pyres higher and higher
Build the pyres higher and higher

Take the torch to daddy's house
Take the flames to daddy's house
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust

Blood of my blood, dust of my dust
Blood of my blood, dust of my dust

Take the flames to daddy's house
Take the fires to daddy's house
Build the pyres higher and higher
Build the flames higher and higher
Blood of my blood, dust to my dust
Blood of my blood, dust to my dust

CHRIST AND THE PALE QUEENS MIGHTY IN SORROW

Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
And we bow our knees before him
Who was dead from the beginning
And his law was a law built with lies
And his temples were temples of pain
Who is Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow?
With their dogma and their doctrine of deceit
He created the world in his glory
So we should offer him praise
But Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Wait in judgment, their feet bathed in blood
Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
A world without end, amen
Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
A trinity—love, lies, and deceit
And their love was for them and their friends
And their lies were for books that they wrote
And their deceit rained down like pain
And the mushroom clouds were falling
Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Shall wait at the end of all time
Will you believe in a God that is dead?

Who may die in an article of faith
Whose beauty is nailed to our face
Ah, Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Their faith, the faith of the dead
Sometimes falling softly like winter's snow
Sometimes falling so hard
With red rain made of blood
Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
A throne at the end of the road
We shall crawl with our knees so broken
Ripped and torn and burned
And pulled and dragged on the way
We were turning, we were burning in the fires
And the people that stoked it are they
It was Christ that left tenants of love
The Armageddon angels of bliss
Apocalypse with a kiss
From Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
And every Apocalypse was theirs
And the fun of the fair looking pale
And the flames were their shadows on our lives
Flames they filled with awe
We were turning in the burning of the gods
Of Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
How much longer do we live in a cloud
In the shadow of shit that they gave us?
And every religion has its price
And we have all paid and paid and paid and paid
Again and again and again
And we carry our pain in our blood
He was not alone when he shed the red fluid of his life
It was finished for him but not us
And they stand still in their judgment of us
Oh Christ and the Pale Queens
Christ and the Pale Queens

And soon their turn shall come
Will they turn on the rack as before?
And dogs cast their throats to the sun
As we cast down these idols
Oh Christ and the Pale Queens
Give us your blessing, give us your hearing
Look upon on us your children with love
We have sinned, we have erred, we are wrong
But give us your blessing, not your vengeance
Oh Christ and your gods
Of Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Of Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Mighty in sorrow!
Christ!
Of Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Look on this, look on this your handiwork
And all of this is yours
Of Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Again and again you give and you take away
And all that we are left with now is filth

Gentle Jesus meek and mild
My son is love alone
My saviour's love to me
Love to the loveless shown
So that we might love thee
Gentle Jesus is a shine
You in your sole corner
And me in mine

I am the lord of the laws
He came down from heaven and danced on the earth
To the tune of Christ and the Pale Queens
Mighty in Sorrow
Of wars and scourges, the flame of locusts
And many, oh so many more to come

Thanks to Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
A gift every ChristMass wrapped
In the colours of the pale sheep of Galilee
Nailed to each promise
Oh Christ and the Pale Queens give us mercy
They're so good and they're so fine
Giver and taker of life
A kiss from the Apocalypse
Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Mighty in their Sorrow
Christ and the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Christ and the Pale Queens
Christ and the Pale Queens
Christ and the Pale Queens
Love is the Law
Love is the Law
Love is the Law
Love is the Law
Love is the Law
Love is the Law

THE BALLAD OF THE PALE CHRIST

On bended knees we pray for war
A blade draws blood but often tarnishes
Through blazing eyes I see new sunsets
Sky now breaking different shades of red
We pray for blades and blazing locusts
Call for wars to wet the earth
To cover the world in black and bracken
Flaming stubble with church bell battles
And then I lie in the arms of a smiling girl
Who prays to Christ
And the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow
Mighty in Sorrow
Mighty in Sorrow

Mighty in Sorrow
Mighty in Sorrow

When did I stand before I touched
The shadows of this life
To touch the dark and dream of ice?
An endless winter in this dog-day age
I kiss the cross but dream of wars
"A bagatelle for a massacre"
These walls of fire were built to last
But old men die
And stone will turn to stone
And then I kiss the mouth of a smiling girl
Who calls on Christ
And the Pale Queens
Mighty in Sorrow

Immaculate heart of immaculate love
A tawdry ScareCrow for a tarnished crown
His five wounds bleed but only on his throne
His toothless smile cuts wide across his face
And then I kiss the mouth of a smiling girl
Who calls on Christ
And the Pale Queens
Mighty in Sorrow

And what shall I receive? a little drum to beat
When I march with scorched earth's steps
A rocking horse for a little warrior to trample around
And down in fields of rape
An alabaster doll for the little maid
While she waxes and wanes
Through the blood of the moon
And camouflaged smocks for the purest of pure
A mask of their mark
And the flag of their shame

And I kiss the lips of the smiling girl
Who calls on Christ
And the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow

And where shall I go? Back there and back
Furthest and far—to the edge of the shore
The snow falls thick
His mantle of strength descends with the winter
On those in his service
The snow is the winner
Message of winter
Your hope shall be crushed
The lightflame grows dimmer
Child's laughter ceases
On a front with no ending
Within words with no meaning
Child's laughter sickens
Child's fever rages
Smouldering pages
Inquisition
And I die in the arms of a smiling girl
Who prays to Christ
And the Pale Queens Mighty in Sorrow

MCMLXXXVII

IMPERIUM

EARTH COVERS EARTH

1987

IMPERIUM

BE

From swerve of shore to bend of bay
James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*

Just as easy to die
On a bright sunny day
But my mind and heart return
To count the crackings of my thoughts
To try and tell the formless dark
To pick a pain and make it whole
To crawl through rain in dust's parched bowl
These are things we may not do
This is where the lights grow dim
This is where all voices stutter
This is where all lips shall crack
This is where my life has led me
This is where I choose to stay
This is where I fall apart

LOCUST

What is all this love for, if we have to go out in the dark?
M.R. James

What joy we had
In the locust summers
What fires we lit
In the locust years
Black hundreds
Black thousands

What joy we had
In the locust summers
What fires we lit
In the locust years
And black hundreds
Black thousands
Rivers that run
Run rippled with red
Ravaged and raped
With our raw raw roaring

What joy we had
In the locust summers
What fires we lit
In the locust years
For only the strong survive
All of the weak are trampled under
Only the strong survive
All of the weak are trampled under
Under

This is only here
In this place
And with this parting

Pairs of flesh
Are flaking
Are falling
Are crying
Are crawling
Foreign words
Crawling rivers
Shingled beach
Moments ebbing
Monks arrayed with broken watches
Launched catarrh
Mama
In my room
You left me burning
Burning
Burning
Animals melting
Servants screaming
Crouched in corners
Coughing, crying
Ranting, scalding
Masks on walls
Chanting and scalding
Baby dying
And life force ebbing

What joy we had
In the locust summers
What fires we lit
In the locust years

Leaden tower of hysteria, bloody vase of rape
J.K. Huysmans, *Là-bas*

He calls the living
He calls the dead

He breaks the thunder
And then it seemed
As if the whole world was burning
For only the strong survive
And all of the weak are trampled under

What joy we had
In the locust summers
What fires we lit
In the locust years
And black hundreds
Black thousands
Rivers that run
Run rippled with red
Ravaged and raped
With our raw raw roaring
What screaming joy
In the locust years
The turning of the burning
The purity and pain
The screaming and the dreaming
The rapture and ascension
The Mystery of the Rosary
Third Secret of Fatima
And with Heaven's split all open
For his comrades in solitude
Oh, whistle—I shall come to you
In this great work
He always answers
The Voice of the Silence
The Voice of the Master
I shall lock all my doors
And shatter the shutters
Burn out the lights
And turn on the gas

Only the strong survive
All of the weak are trampled under
Only the strong survive
All of the weak are trampled under
And under and over
And over and over again

What screaming joy
In the locust summers
What screaming pain
In the locust years
The turning of the burning
The burning and the turning
In the locust years

Lick my life away
Lick my life away

What joy we had
In the locust summers
What fires we lit
In the locust years

EARTH COVERS EARTH

ROME

A penny for the old guy…
T.S. Eliot

In the time we were lost
And scarred in a moment
Tortured by doubt
And surrounded by ruins
Yours was the pleasure
And mine was the praying
The works of our lifetime
Lay crumbled in dust

And when Rome falls
Falls the world

It was blood than I gave you
And blood that you asked for
Blood was our question
And blood was your answer
You spit in the fires
And eyes of desire
And snatched back the words
You kept locked in your head

And when Rome falls
Falls the world

And what did you give me?
A rusted bent death's head
A black flag that lies bleeding
A dawn that lies dying
We wandered through the rubbles

In the last breaths of morning
In the empty cathedrals
In a world that has ceased

And when Rome falls
Falls the world

Then make me feel
That the world shall turn
When broken is the faith
That kept us alive
And where shall I go?
And if I do
Shall I stumble?
Will anyone catch me
When I fall as I must?

And when Rome falls
Falls the world

GOD HAS THREE FACES AND WOOD HAS NO NAME

A little wood
A little wood
It's in the middle of the burning
It's in the middle of the burning
Doesn't have name
Doesn't have name
God has three faces
But the wood has no name

Little child he
He's in the firing
He's a little lost
And he's in the burning

And he's in the middle of the world-go-round
He has no face
And he has no faith
And he's in the middle
Of cruel cruel burning

Sky looks round
Sun shines down
Moon is childlike
Moon is working
In the middle of big black sky
In top and bottom of big blue space
And peace
And wood's no name
Child no blood there

Where the green river flows
Oh that's where my heart does grow
Where the red rose bleeds
Oh that's where my love does need me
Where the silence starts to thicken
Oh that's where my heart quickens
Where the laurel tree is
With laurel crowned

Child has no name
Child has no name
He's in the middle of the deep deep wood
A little wood
A little wood
And the wood's got no name
And he's in the middle of the burning
It's in the middle of the turning
Wood's got no name
It doesn't have name
God has three faces
And the wood has no name

Little child he
He's in the middle of the firing
He's a little lost
He's in the middle of the burning
He's in the middle of the world-go-round
He has no faith
He has no face
And he's in the middle
Of cruel cruel burning

THE SIGNS AND THE SIGHS OF EMPTINESS

The waves slide down
On the cracked black shore
And the sea rolls on
Into emptiness

To love is to lose
And to lose is to die
All our meanings dissolve
Into emptiness

No flags now fly
In the weeping wind
The dry earth is covered
With emptiness

When I meet you again
I will wear only lies
As the signs and the sighs
Of emptiness

You believe in a creed
You believe in a war
And you kneel at the altar
Of emptiness

Hark, Hark, the dogs do bark
Pain is coming to town

When I meet you again
I will wear only lies
As the signs and the sighs
Of emptiness
Of emptiness

THE BLUE GATES OF DEATH (BEFORE AND BEYOND THEM)

The little shining man…
Russell Hoban, *Riddley Walker*

Before and beyond
The blue gates of death
Oh only two birds
They soar through the sky
Take two blackbirds
Crossformed on poppy fields
And sprung in the springtime
Of Europe's fertile years
When the rain was immaculate
Not redrose invisible

And where in the heart
That beats in man
And where in the soul
That beats in this heart
May we find pastures
Of the little shining man?
Eagle, his hand in hand
Eagle, his glass in hand
Birch, she sits there scowling
Another Eagle darkens the stage

(She tells me she loves me
But he always beckons)

They have reached
The blue gates of death
They are at
The blue gates of death
They shall go through
The blue gates of death

And on the rocks
The moss is everywhere
And the sky is blackblue
And it is darkening
Statues point to the sky
Birth
Earth
And dawn
And I believe
Christ is the Son of God
And I believe
Christ is His Son

Her eyes are horizontal
Like her secret
There is no pain for me to feel
"Do not touch this pain of mine"
She says
"It is darkened fear"
And London Bridge
Has fallen down
My mother sits in the kitchen
She's drinking Victoria gin
And she's eating
Gingerbread men
Two ciphers straddle the stage

Reclaim, declaim and decant
Their moves are pointless
Their promises echo through the night

We have all reached
The blue gates of death
We are at the opening
Of the blue gates of death

And Christ's name
Is carved in stone
But the time has soaked it away
Where the rain runs to the sea
It takes moisture from the world
Where river runs to the sea
It drags ships in its courses
And the blue turns to green
Behind the roses
Fields and pastures
Madness is the norm
And laughing is the wine
Full garlands hang
On the head of the porcupine god

Everyone reaches
The blue gates of death
Everything opens
No journey is without meaning
Every road has its end
And I shall die soon
And you shall die soon
And no luggage is carried
On the opening
To the gates of death
Death is no ending

It is the beginning
I shall not take you with me
But your face rests in my heart
Your soul is part of my soul
Your love is with me always
I shall remember you
In the darkness
That's to come
And flashing lights beckon
Another womb
Another life
At the blue gates of death
I loved you once
I shall love you again
Do not feel pain
Nothing lasts in the world
I loved you once
I shall love you again
I loved you once
I love you again

MCMLXXXVI

SWASTIKAS FOR NODDY

1986

SWASTIKAS FOR NODDY

BLACK FLOWERS, PLEASE

for Rose McDowall

It isn't very good
In the middle of the wood
In the dark dark night
Where there isn't any light
It isn't very good in the dark dark wood…
Enid Blyton

Oh when I saw you standing there
Wild flowers dying in your hair
Child of harvest time coughing up must
Black flowers' dull perfume trailing in dust
Hoisting dark pennants at the spike of that hill
Your smile started bleeding and then the mill
Shearing and sharing your love and your rage
Whilst Hawk's Head descending
Spewed out a new age

"There are four corners to the world", she said
"And every one is manned with fire and ice"
Through black glass darkly I can see her truth
Arrayed and raised and raising walls of war
She points to squares of wax and writes backwards
I veil my face from her and from her light
The pointless games she plays out for want of power
To slake her bloodlust and for sake of pain
Her ugly shapes breeding in her secret mound
The Call of Aethyrs and the Dog Star Crawl
There's one cracked bottle with no label on
She nods and gestures limply with a broken smile
"Do you fear death?" she says to me

And shows me seven stars
The seven seals of her seven years of Rose Cross madness
"Well Christus tells us that little children suffer—
It's only right that we should learn to suffer too!"

The first seven are red as blood
The second seven are not so red
The third seven are like whitish smoke
And all the world seemed to be in darkness
And all the world seemed to be in brightness

"There are four corners to the world", I lie
And forms of fire have learned to cross its floor
And little banners displaying their little creeds
Have made all seas on earth as red as poppy fields

"There are four corners to the world"
She sighs
"There are four corners to the world"
She cries
"There are four corners to the world"
She lies
"There are four corners to the world"
She dies

(HEY HO) THE NODDY (OH)

My eyes are black and wide
My eyes are black and wide
Hey ho the Noddy oh
My eyes are black and wide

I crush the velvet mound
I crush the velvet mound
Hey ho the Noddy oh
I crush the velvet mound

Mummy's teeth are cracked
Mummy's smile is cracked
Hey ho the Noddy oh
Mummy's smile is red

A-reaping I shall go
A-reaping I shall go
Hey ho the Noddy oh
A-reaping I shall go

A stranger waits me there
A man with half-blind stare
A man with dusty hair
Hey ho the Noddy oh
A stranger waits me there

This destiny did not tire
This destiny did not tire
Hey ho the Noddy oh
This destiny did not tire

He sang—
"A-raping I shall go
A-raping I shall go
Hey ho the Noddy oh
A-raping I shall go"

And bled and raped was I
And scared and cold was I
Hey ho the Noddy oh
Hey ho the Noddy oh
Hey ho the Noddy oh
In fields of rape I lie

Well as you sow you reap
And as I sowed I reaped

Hey ho the Noddy oh
Hey ho the Noddy oh
Hey ho the Noddy oh
As I sowed I reaped

BEAUSOLEIL

Monstrum in fronte, monstrum in animo
Process, Process, slum full of fun!

Beausoleil, soleil soleil soleil soleil soleil
Beausoleil, reaping Nirvana in a desert land
Beausoleil, thine anger rising like a scorpion
Beausoleil, dune buggy baby on a fairground slide
Beausoleil, the taste of honey and the swirl of flies
Beausoleil, jackbooting wide-eyed in the widest pit
Beausoleil, looking at smiles and seeing only grins
Beausoleil, did dead gods smell when the dog's blood rose?
Beausoleil, now all thine summers turn to menstrual winters
Beausoleil, kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill killy kill
Beausoleil, did dog's blood rise when the dead gods died?
Beausoleil, beautiful sunshine whose shadow hides
Beausoleil, white brothers planting burning crosses
Beausoleil, the sharpest flavour is the one that stains
Beausoleil, when dog's blood rises does it also dance?
Beausoleil, grey benediction of the Final Church
Beausoleil, it's just your habit of culling time
Beausoleil, a Death In June under a menstrual moon
Beausoleil, Scorpio Rising but the Light Bearer falls
Beausoleil, the squeaky laughter of a giddy world
Beausoleil, still waving black flags from a stubble field
Beausoleil, a Maltese cross is pierced by the Blood of Christ
Beausoleil, hiding from cancer crabs and cracking jokes
Beausoleil, arson archbishop makes the deserts burn
Beausoleil, the dead are grateful—all you need is love!
Beausoleil, fat Buddhas smiling with the widest grin

Beausoleil, candy-floss surgeon with the golden hair
Beausoleil, a brand new Process for a brand new age
Beausoleil, a black Messiah wearing buckskin boots
Beausoleil, assassin creepy-crawls through Hebron's Vale
Beausoleil, there's no business like the devil's business
Beausoleil, another martyr for the Noddy Apocalypse
Beausoleil, *que sera, sera*
Beausoleil, we want to sink into the deepest basin
Beausoleil, fils de perdition, *Luciferens*
Beausoleil, 7 and 7 is the hidden key
Beausoleil, a train to Clarkesville in the menstrual night
Beausoleil, Disneyland darkens
With your Armageddon smile
Beausoleil, སངས་རྒྱས་ཆོས་དང་ཚོགས་ཀྱི་མཆོག་རྣམས་ལ།།
Beausoleil, you hide your candle on Golgotha's hill

SCARLET WOMAN

1 2 3 4
Scarlet Woman we call the Whore
Riding up on hooves of evening

THE STAIR SONG

Oh when she fell down the stairs
I tried very hard not to laugh
Gripping the bannister
Gripping my crutch
And when I saw her there jerking
I tried hard not to go to her
I tried hard not to go to her
There is something of Heaven in death
There is something of Heaven
In death

HELLO ANGEL

Well hello angel
A gift and a smile
Well hello angel
As we walk a crooked mile
And a twisted man
Leans on twisted sticks
With children's laughter
Hanging on swings
Well hello angel
And the skipping rope turns
Whilst little bodies twist
In carousel curves
Well hello
Angel
It's the end of the world
Well hello angel
At the end of your tether
Well hello angel
Time for sleep
Well hello angel
Time to cry
"That which is falling
Should also be pushed
That which is crawling
Should also be crushed"

MCMLXXXV

KILLY KILL KILLY (A FIRE SERMON)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

1985

KILLY KILL KILLY (A FIRE SERMON)

At the moon
At the stars in the North
At the stars in the East
At the stars in the South
At the stars in the West
At the silence of Night
At the black dank air
At the howling of jackels
At the dull sound of waves
At the men who are slaves
At the men who`re asleep
At the men`s pale faces
At the dew on the cross
At the black messengers
At the punches of nightmares
At the pigs in the halls
At the pigs in the walls
At the pigs in the wars
At the pigs in the swamps
At the pigs in our bellies
At the pips in our breast
At the smiles of the Pope
In his mansions of semen
In this climate of violence
At the smile of the Virgin

Theirs is the pain, and theirs is the horror
Theirs are the wars, and theirs is the terror
They are the bleeders, who outbred the patron
They are the rapists, clad in life like the vultures
The bearers of culture and his triers of culture
Islets of pimps stab at the world
How much longer do we carry a bag of assassins
Pinstripe betrayers bringing their twilights
Of dust on the whirlwinds of war

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

In menstrual night
When red is black
And Christus crawls
From Mary's crack
Wrapped in tatters
And flailing in mud
Child defiled
With tears and blood
Pigface Christus is born
Pigface Christus is born

In menstrual night
When red is black
And darkness crawls
Out of the crack

Some were born
In fields of mourning
Some were ripped
In fields of rape
Some bowed down
In echoed splendour
All were torn
In fields of tears

Crushed by church
And raped by father
Bled by mother
Torn and tearing
In scarlet playgrounds
On iron railways
Christ's pale body
Crucified

Time was
Time is
Time shall be no more

Some with tears
And some with laughter
Some in sadness
All in vain
In fields fresh crippled
The glint of sickles
The scars of sunset
The sound of reaping

You and I
On threshing floors
Lost and losing
Parched and preying
All have numbers
None have names

Here open the gates of heaven
Here open the gates of hell

Time was
Time is
Time shall be no more

MCMLXXXIV

DOGS BLOOD RISING

1984

DOGS BLOOD RISING

CHRISTUS CHRISTUS
(THE SHELLS HAVE CRACKED)

Christus Christus Christus Christus Christus Christus
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FALLING BACK IN FIELDS OF RAPE

Verses II and VI were written, at my request, respectively by Steve Ignorant of Crass and by Iggy of No Defenses as their responses to my own verses.

I

WAR
In a foreign town
In a foreign land
Reaping time had come
In fields of swaying rape

II

It could not happen here
Pushed to one side with the flick of a wrist
Out of sight
And out of mind
Falling back in fields of rape
In yellow heads of blossom
Mothers
Babies
Bleeding
You stand there laughing
Unquestioning
Unconfronting
Poetic lines
On the art of dying
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
That was the way
Those were the horrors
As daddy went a-reaping
In nodding heads of rape

No mark on your spotless conscience
No blemish on your immaculate body
Untouched by sight or sound of misery
Close the eyes
Shift the responsibility
It was not you
It was not you
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
My children
Falling back in fields of rape
It could not happen here
Pushed to one side with a flick of the wrist
Out of sight
And out of mind
Falling back in fields of rape
Poetic lines on the art of dying

Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
That was the way
And those were the horrors
As daddy went a-reaping
In nodding heads of rape
No mark on your spotless conscience
No blemish on your immaculate body
Untouched by sight or sound of misery
Close the eyes
Shift the responsibility
It wasn't you

III

Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
My children

Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape

IV

Here we go round the mulberry bush
The mulberry bush
The mulberry bush
Here we go round the mulberry bush
On a cold and frosty morning

V

In a foreign town
In a foreign land
Reaping time had come
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
My love
And that was the way
And those were the horrors
As daddy went a-reaping
Falling back in field of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
My children
Crushed crushed crushed
In mud and wars
Mother children bleeding
You stand there laughing
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape
Falling back in fields of rape

VI

Never eating
Bags of bones dying quietly
Homeless
Drinking foul water
Sorting garbage
With flies in heat
Raped
Axed
Burned with acid
Locked away for thirty years
Thrown out of a helicopter
Forced to labour endlessly
Castrated
Burned alive
Killed so easily by firing squads

VII

In a foreign town
In a foreign land
Reaping time has come
They're falling back
In fields of rape
In fields of rape
They're falling back
In fields of rape
My love
And this is our way
And these are the horrors
As we go a-reaping
They're falling back
In fields of rape
In fields of rape
They're falling back

In fields of rape
My darling
And crushed crushed crushed
In mud and wars
Still you stand there laughing
They're falling back in fields of rape
In fields of rape they're falling back
In fields of rape
My lovers

VIII

In fields of rape the ravens descend. The yellow beak slashes corn. The sickles are sharpened and the cattle bleed, and reaping time has come. Our voices grow shriller, and our eyes glitter. But in this last summer the Rapture descends. And father's mask has turned to grey, and mother's breasts are leper white, and children's laughter cracks. And reaping time has come. Body and blood, body and blood, body and blood, body and mud, body and blood, body and mud. And Christ's Eyes, I am weary. And Christ's Eyes, I want to melt. Bleeding Jesus, be quick, be quick. And what would you do, my gentlest one?

Falling back in fields of rape

FROM BROKEN CROSS, LOCUSTS

Ah, pour nous, d'abord, vous savez bien qui nous sommes…

On the banks of the rivers of god
They come with blood and feathers
On the banks of the rivers of god

Quis est iste qui venit?
M.R. James

On the banks of the rivers of god
We know who you are
Antichrist
On the banks of the river of god
Antichrist
On the banks of the river of god
Antichrist

RAIO NO TERRASU (JESUS WEPT)

There are my hands
And there are my eyes
Clad in high high hills
Impotent
The leper lord
Clad in bloody robes
Jesus wept
Jesus wept
Jesus wept
Jesus
Jesus
Jesus wept
Jesus wept
Christus
Christus
Christus
Christus
Christus
Christus
Hear me when I call
On the threshing floor
Jesus wept
Jesus wept
On the threshing floor
My loves
My little friends
My loves
Antichrist
Antichristus
Antichrist
We know who you are
Threshing
On the threshing floor
My loves

Antichrist
We know who thou art
Dies irae
Dies illa
We know who you are
Lacrimosa
Jesus
Mea culpa
Jesus wept
Mea culpa
Jesus wept
Have mercy on us
Jesus wept

Between the power
And the glory
Falls the shadow
T.S. Eliot

The shadow falls
Wept
Jesus wept

Life is very short
T.S. Eliot

Jesus wept

MCMLXXXIII

NATURE UNVEILED

LAShTAL

1983

NATURE UNVEILED

MALDOROR IS DEAD

Maldoror is dead
Little brick
Maldoror is gone
In green circles
Maldoror is dead
Buried in the earth
Was I a man?
Was I a stone?
Was I a tree, Maldoror?
Little brick
You are dead
Chance meetings, Maldoror
Your are gone now, Maldoror
The ship that sunk, Maldoror
Dispatched by bullets, Maldoror
Maldoror is dead
Maldoror is dead
Maldoror is gone
Urging, urging, Maldoror
Urge to destruction, Maldoror
They found golden chariots, Maldoror
The sun went black
The moon it bled
Maldoror is dead
Maldoror is dead
Maldoror
The streets are covered, Maldoror
The little girl falls, Maldoror
She cracked her head, Maldoror
The sun went black
Maldoror is dead
Maldoror is gone

The train stops in the heart
Of Europe's iron gut
Where to now, Maldoror?
Where do we go, Maldoror?
The bells are tolling. Maldoror
For your funeral, Maldoror
They say you're dead
They said you're dead
You're gone
Maldoror
Sucking cocks in hell
Little brick
The churches crumble
The crypt has cracked
The streets tumble down
Little brick
I am filthy beyond recognition
I am dirt
Like you, Maldoror
Maldoror is dead
Buried in the soil, Maldoror
The clocks struck backwards, Maldoror
The houses crumble, Maldoror
The shark shall fuck you, Maldoror
The waters parting, Maldoror
Become a tree
Become a man
Turn into stone
Maldoror
Are you a man, Maldoror?
Are you a tree, Maldoror?
You are a brick, Maldoror
You are a stone, Maldoror
Maldoror
But you're not forgotten, Maldoror
The black angel weeps, Maldoror

And the waters part, Maldoror
All fall down
Dead

LAShTAL

Nothing is Nothing
Is Nothing Is
Nothing

WILL YOU WAIT FOR ME BY THE DEAD CLOCK?

Thomas Ligotti

WILL YOU WAIT FOR ME BY THE DEAD CLOCK?

In an interview with Douglas Winter, T.E.D. Klein discussed what qualities appealed to him in a work of horror fiction or of "supernatural fantasy", as Klein prefers to label this literary genre. "What interests me most," he remarked, "are really trivial little images, like light falling from a window on a tree branch outside, or the shadow of moonlight on a lawn." As an example of a writer who effectively employed such "trivial little images", Klein referred to Arthur Machen, a supernatural fantasist who strongly influenced his own remarkable works. "All Machen had to do was write a phrase like 'the dark woods' or 'the bright and shining pool', and I'd feel a kind of excitement.

The song lyrics of David Tibet, who, perhaps only coincidentally, is also a profoundly sensitive admirer of Machen's writing, present the listener (or reader) with a great number of of opportunities to experience the "excitement" of epiphanic phrases that convey the most darkly suggestive images, as well as intensely evocative concepts. In an early song, '(Falling Back In) Fields Of Rape', the tone is set:

In a foreign land
In a foreign town
Reaping time had come

Anyone with even the most attenuated sense of the ominous—an essential property of all objects and events that is almost always overlooked—cannot fail to conceive that "excitement" which comes whenever we are reminded that everything is permeated by awful powers and possibilities whose "reaping time", as the last line of the song recalls to us, "*shall* come". These words are portentous in a literal and most poetic sense. Fortunately the writer of song lyrics, like the poet, is not obliged to dilute the ominous force of his words with the mundane specifics, cause-and-effect narratives, and "satisfying" resolutions that are evil necessities in horror fiction, and that most reader mistake as its central, and sometimes sole, interest.

But with Tibet, as with Machen and any other accomplished visionary artist, it is not simply the passing phrase, no matter how enigmatically potent it may be, that alone inspires the excitement of dreadful revelations. In Machen's work there is a background of erudition, both conventional and occult, that animates the whole of his best stories and enables his isolated images and ideas to bring into blinding focus the powers and possibilities which pervade his world. Likewise in Tibet's lyrics, there is a rich foundation of lore and learning that provides names and doctrines for driving obsessions that are essentially unnameable and prior or resistant to exegesis. No initiation to an esoteric, world-condemning sect is required to comprehend Tibet's resonant pronouncements:

I have seen this world as a great howl of pain
I have seen this world as an ocean of blood
I have seen this world as the acme of all suffering
I have seen this world as the great disappointment
I have seen this world as the great zero gape
In which all our hopes flicker out

No instruction is needed in nihilistic or eschatological schemes to appreciate utterances of a haunting and elegiac bleakness:

No flags now fly
In the weeping wind
The dry earth is covered
With emptiness

Somehow it seems wrong—that is, *deluded* in the most sinful way—to find consolation and delight in expressions of cosmic melancholy and a sinister rapture at the annihilation of a world and a life that barely exist to begin with. If it is wrong, then so be it. What else is there to do when one is addicted to those little images and phrases which signify a terrific presence or an equally terrific absence in the universe? "Will you wait for me," Tibet asks in his lyrics, "there by the dead clock?"

When an addict of apocalypse is asked to wait, he waits.

Thomas Ligotti

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An Infinity of Invisible Copies are Channeled into Time and Tide of this third digital and sidereal edition of *Sing Omega.*

All artwork by the author: front cover *Pazūzu Is Clown Town*; page iv *Pazūzu*



THE SPHERES

MMXVII

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